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VICTORY ISSUE
AUGUST, 1942

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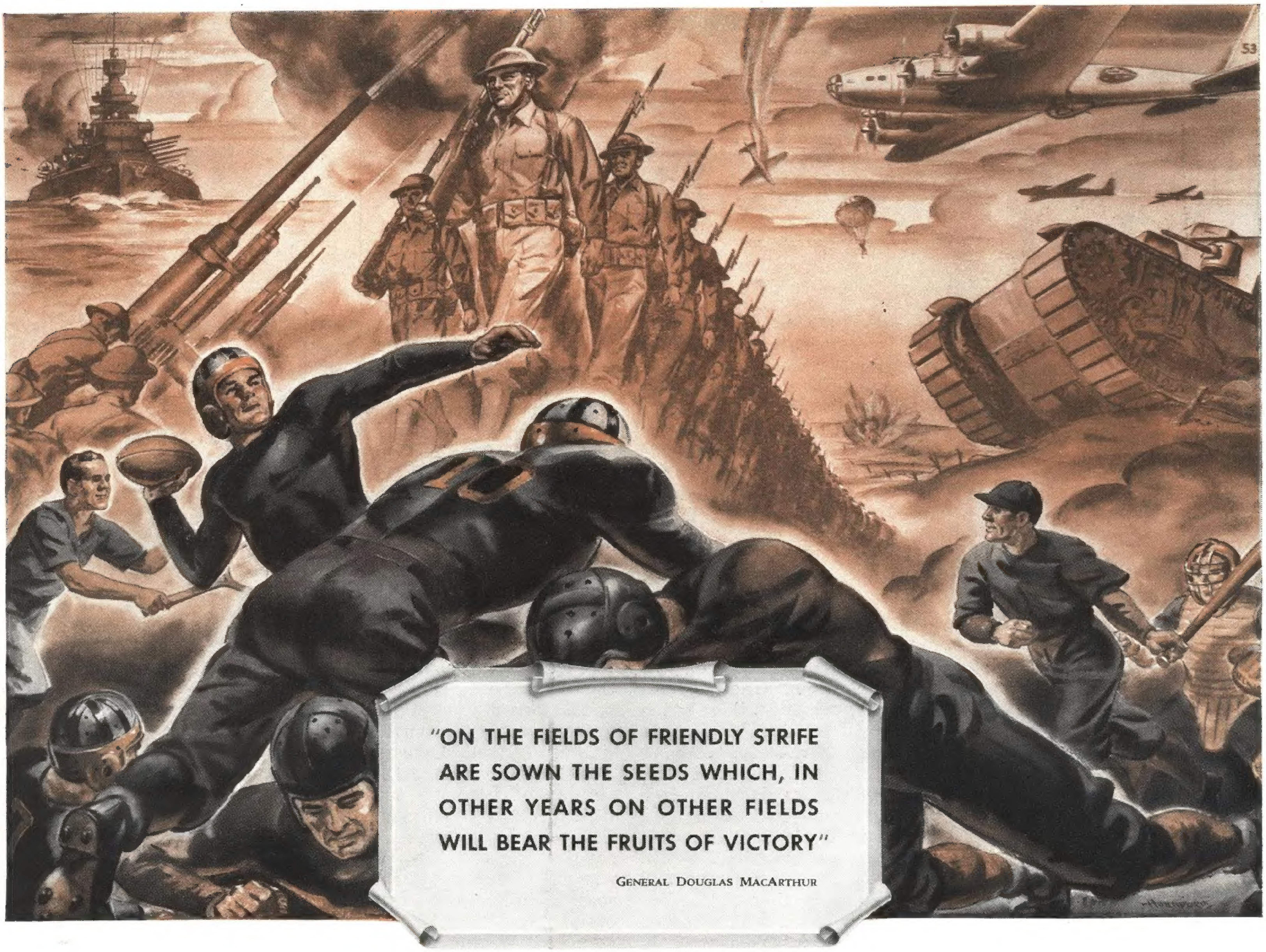

"ON THE FIELDS OF FRIENDLY STRIFE ARE SOWN THE SEEDS WHICH, IN OTHER YEARS ON OTHER FIELDS WILL BEAR THE FRUITS OF VICTORY"

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

ON THE historic walls of the entrance hall of the Cadet Gymnasium at West Point these brilliant words are etched where all West Pointers can see them—"On the fields of friendly strife are sown the seeds which, in other years on other fields will bear the fruits of victory."

This quotation was written by athletic-minded General Douglas MacArthur, today's number one American Soldier, while he was Superintendent at West Point. It could have been conceived only by an American who believed in athletics and who recognized the importance of the American way of *sports* to the American way of life—and of *WAR*.

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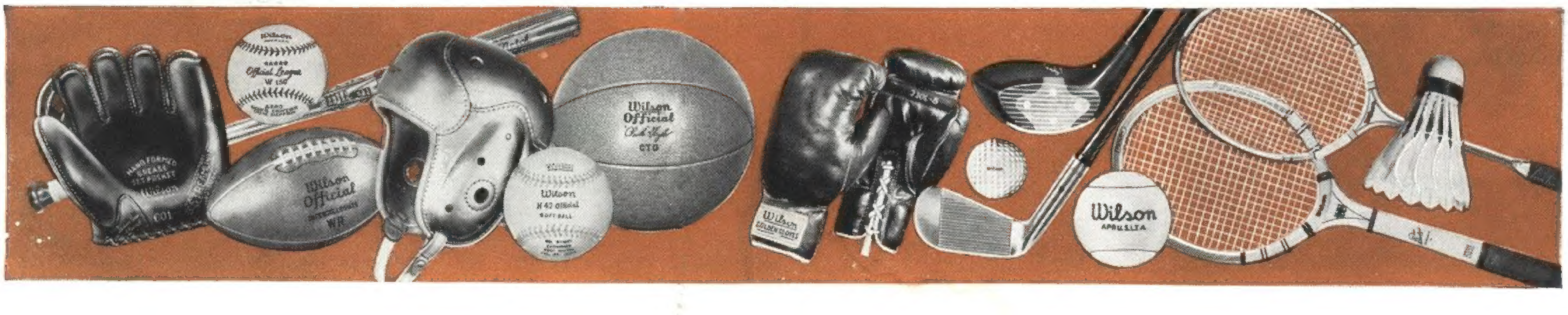

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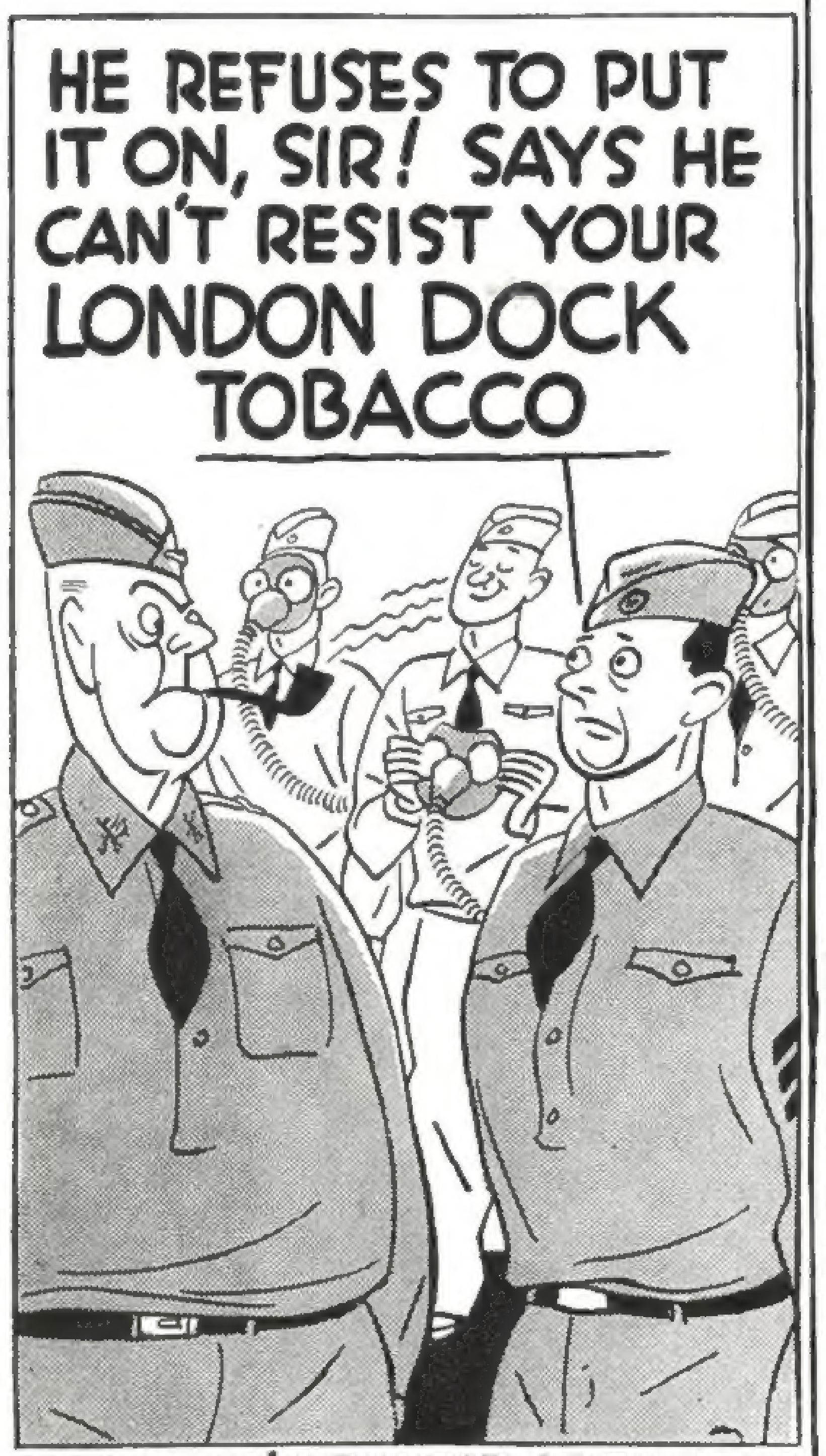
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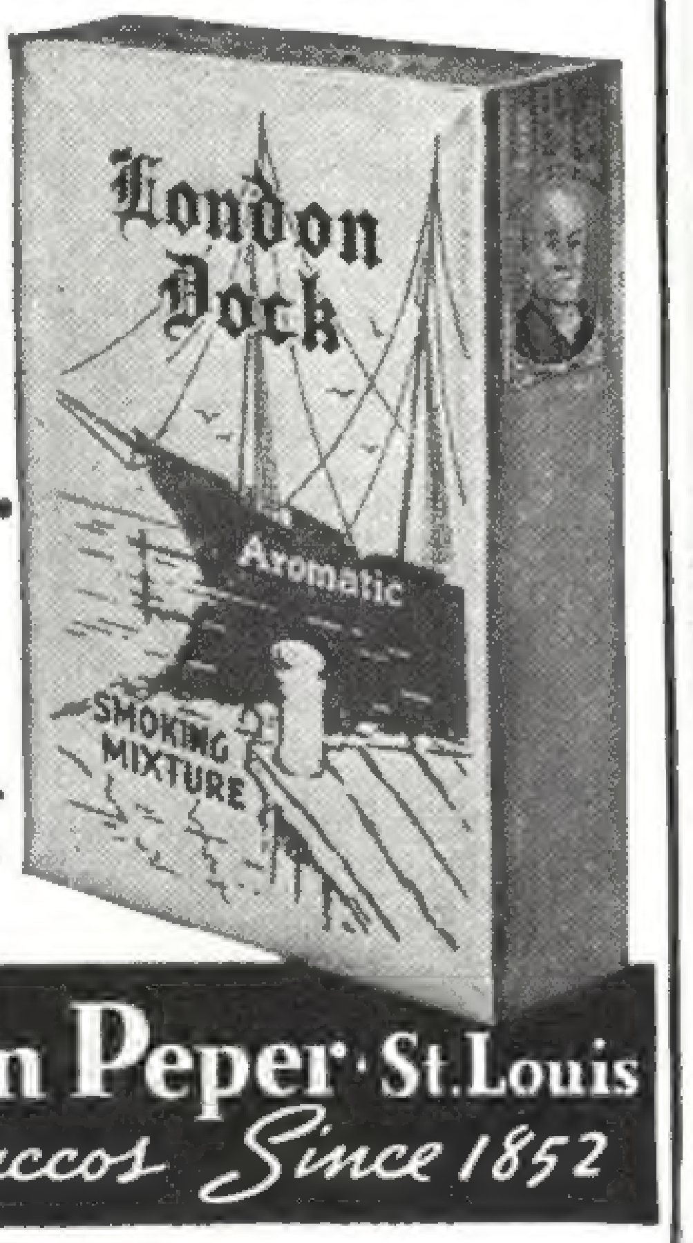

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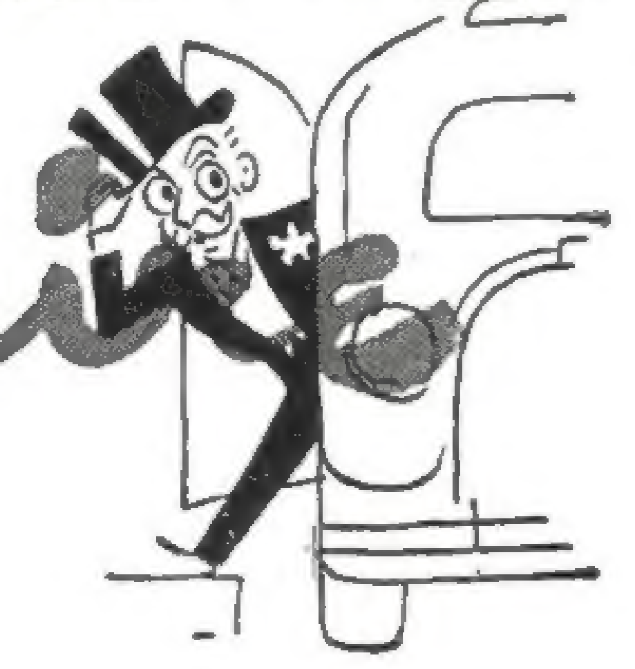
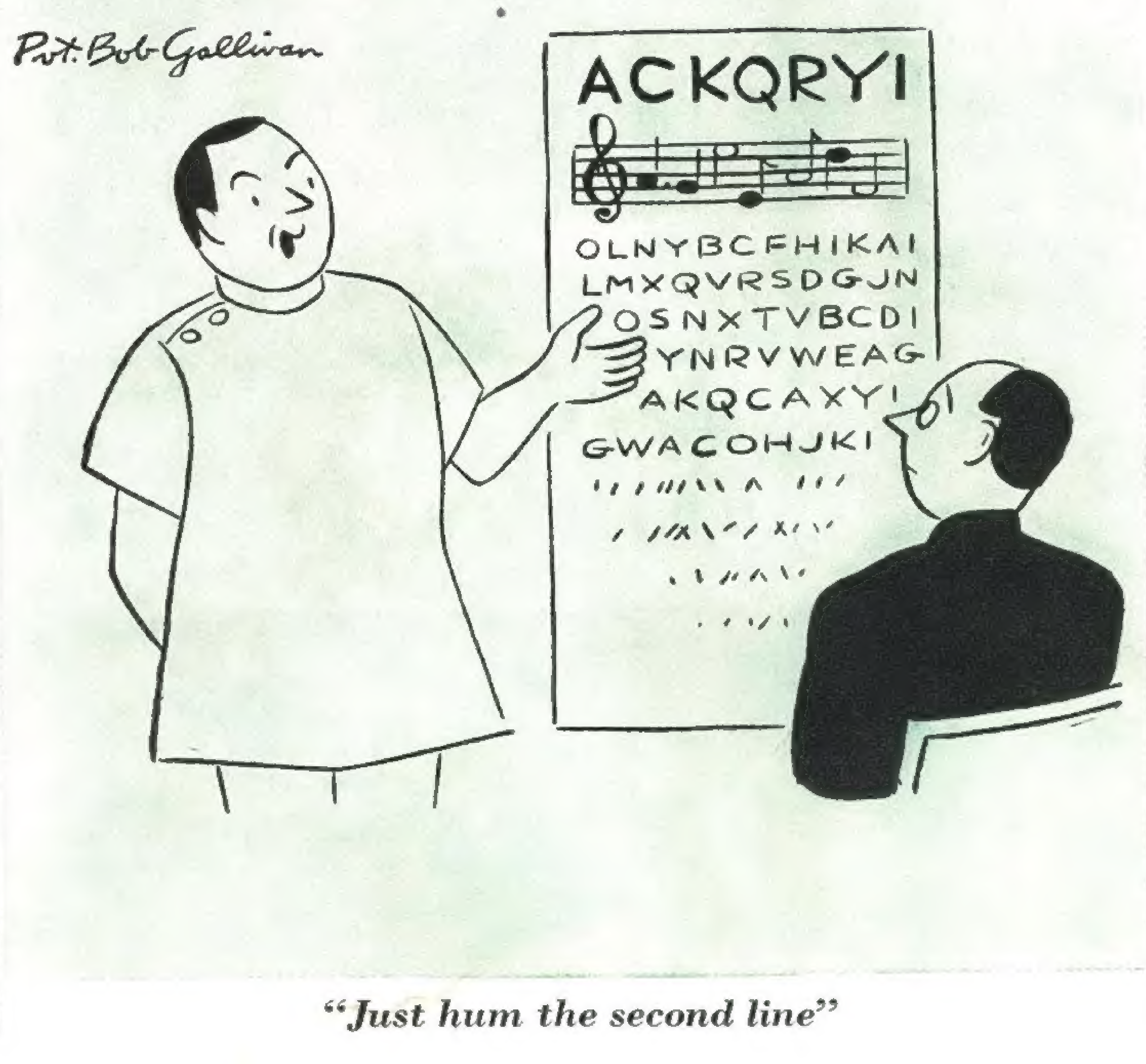


VIVIDLY nostalgia-conditioned with a set of murals by Paris-steeped artist Bernard Lamotte, the select dining and entertaining boite La Vie Parisienne (a few paces east of Fifth Avenue on 52nd Street), practically had its doors batted in by the clientele that was waiting for it. And frequentation has continued, due to authenticity of cuisine, intelligence of service, and Continental character of divertissement (assorted singers, two pianists, etc.) that variegates the evening.

SQUIRE JOHN PERONA'S glitterous flock, lacking bicycles enough to transport them to his Westchester Bath Club, are spending a zebra-striped summer in the old palm dell on East 54th. Magnum picnics daily. In case you don't know it, El Morocco's chip-in to Uncle Sam has been averaging a tidy $4,000 a month in taxes, plus war bonds and stamps innumerable . . . The Hotel Pennsylvania, which opened to instantaneous popularity in the midst of World War No. 1, is playing a similar rôle in this one, with the grandiose Café Rouge over-romped with Army, Navy and Marines and their heart interests, dancing to the not unknown music of Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra. Statler fare, served by pamperous old waiters, is all the more appreciated after what the mess sergeant slaps out disinterestedly . . . Victory gardener Prometheus of Rockefeller Center reports that the situation around the Promenade Outdoor Café is in full sprout. So hurry, hurry and reserve your radish before some dowager gets her lorgnettes on it.

PRODUCTION of that secret weapon against thirst, the Penguin Cooler (tall, frosted, and reputed to contain 4 rums), is progressing gratifyingly in the Bar arsenal of the Hotel Weylin, Madison at 54th, thanks to slews of volunteers for the assimilation line, some of whom eccentrically veer off to Martinis, Manhattans, Old Styles, etc. The afternoon shift is egged on with pianistics by boy-prodigy Steven Iles and singing by tropical heat-thrush Aurelia Colombo. After the shades of night are drawn tight, comes Latin-American Tana and her guitar; also, accordion-chested Billy Martin with his baritone. *And* sprightly song queen Marcia Neil with her everything, of the best. In consequence, Weylin Bar sessions aren't exactly hasty . . . Estimable frog-legs lair: A la Fourchette (meaning that the chef gives out with flavor and you go at with fork), 342 West 46th, boasting a back garden, flaming fruit-filled pancakes big as omeletes, clever-casseroled this and that, and wines of this wonderful country of yours . . . Speaking of which, trust you've read Mary Mabon's *A B C of America's Wines*—petite encyclopaedia by ditto.



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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Edited by **Arnold Gingrich**

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

General Reilly

General Reilly says: "Since 1909-1911 when I served in the Military Information Division in the Philippines I have insisted Japan intended to go to war with us, to drive the British, Dutch, French and Germans from the Orient. During this time I arrested two Japanese spies negotiating the purchase of the fortification plans of Corregidor. In 1911 General Leonard Wood, then Chief of Staff of our Army, sent me on a six-months' secret mission in Eastern Asia. In 1939, finding out that the Germans were experimenting in Spain with their new air and tanks and guns and tactics I went there and saw on twenty battlefields their newest methods, the basis of blitzkrieg. My published observations of these tactics were later proved correct by the Polish campaign."

•

Kent Sagendorph, author of the recently published *Thunder Aloft*, has just been called to the Army, as a captain in the air force.

•

William S. Caldwell is a student of journalism at the University of Minnesota, is a member of Sigma Delta Chi and of Theta Chi. He wrote *Rubber on the Rebound* in a magazine-writing class taught by Mitchell V. Charnley, who helped with the article. Mr. Caldwell got most of his writing experience on *The Minnesota Daily*, worked for the *Detroit Lakes Record* a short time, and, last summer, on *The Winona Daily Republican-Herald.*

William S. Caldwell

•

Guy Jackson lives in Hamilton, Ontario, is a bachelor, but not fussy. He has been both travelling salesman and sailor, has served on oil tankers, where he got the background for *Scrimshanker Jones* (p. 71) and freighters, one of them a three-masted bald-headed schooner. He likes fishing, and fancies himself with a casting rod.

•

E. G. Morris, (*Long, Lonesome Road*—page 21), a literary agent in New York, has had every type of job ranging from leading a blind man to insurance adjusting. He has sold stories and articles to numerous magazines, hopes to develop into one of his own best clients, and is encouraging himself by charging himself only five per cent commission instead of ten.

Frank Mlakar

My Uncle Poldé is Frank Mlakar's first published story. He was born in Cleveland twenty-eight years ago. After he graduated from high school, he says: "The fever that pitched my father across the Atlantic from his native Slovenia to America with five dollars in his pocket started to work on me. I was luckier than he had been: I could talk American. I moved around the country for awhile, as a reporter, coal miner and salesman of slicing machines, wound up in New York where I'm now Assistant Editor of *Common Ground*. Our idea is that the Zambloaskas, Cabots, DiMaggios and Poldé Strunas, placed together on the American landscape, spell out one of the most exciting stories under the sun."

•

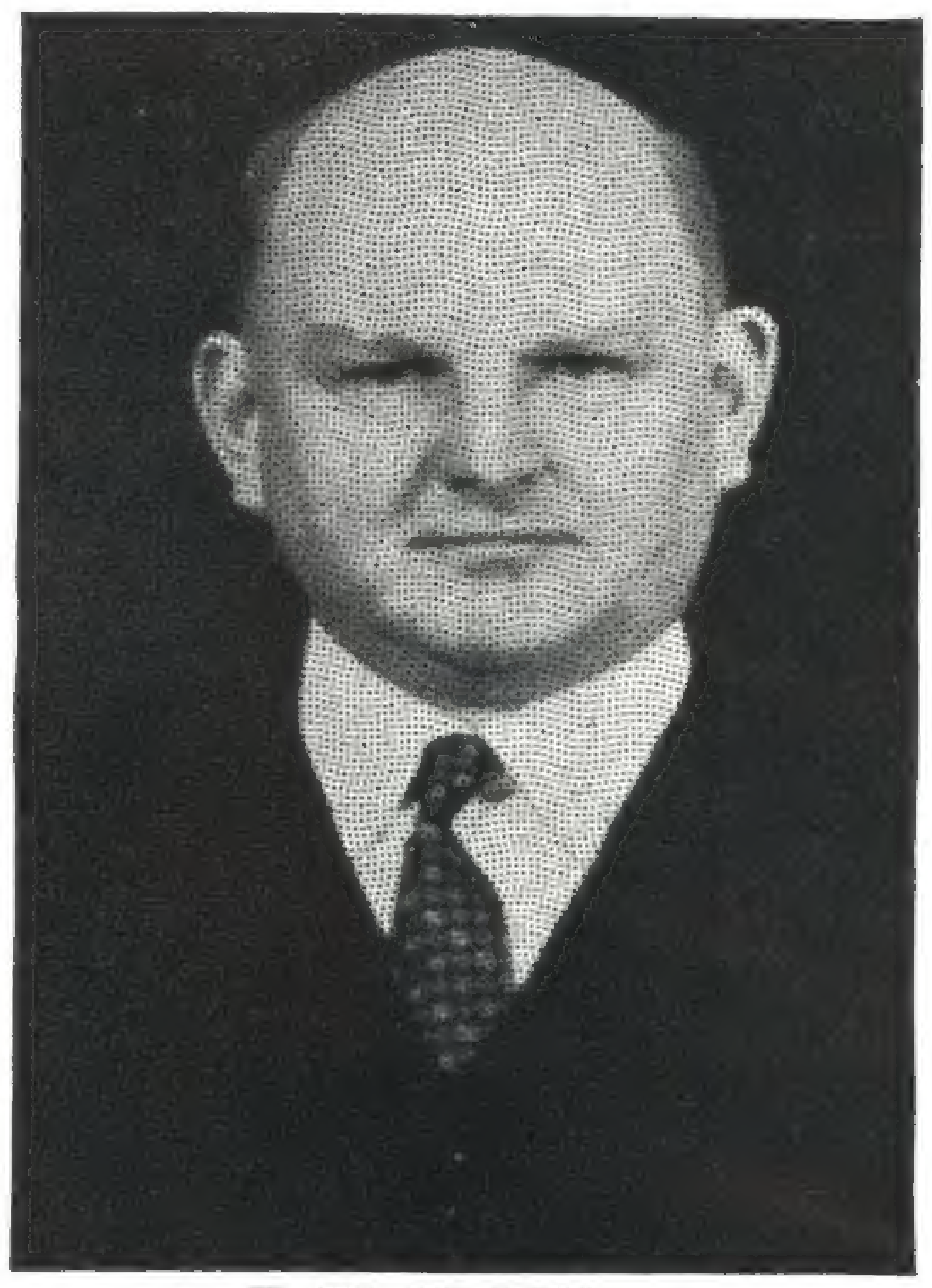
Oscar Schisgall is the author of many stories and books (the latest, *Swastika*, was published serially as *I Married a Nazi*) and several movies, one of which was publicly assailed by Senator Nye as being anti-Nazi. He was born in Antwerp, Belgium in 1901 and came to New York at the age of six. He attended New York University and after his marriage to a radio singer, lived abroad during the pre-Hitler era—in France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Switzerland and England. Now they have two sons and are solid citizens of Long Island.

•

David H. Beetle comes from Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. He attended Hamilton College, graduating in 1930, a Phi Beta Kappa, and wonders, incidentally, what will happen to that fraternity now that the government has eliminated vests. He worked nine years for the *Utica Daily Press* until Hamilton College's President beckoned him back to the cloistered walls, to serve as public relations director and teacher of English Composition. He lives with his wife and David H. Jr. in Whitesboro, and is post warden for six farmhouses in his neighborhood.

Frederic S. Marquardt

Frederic S. Marquardt happened to be vacationing in this country from his job on the *Philippines Free Press* when the conflict began—that's why he's here to tell the story, *Balance Sheet on Bataan* (page 18). He says: "I was born in Manila. My parents went to the Philippines with the very first American school teachers sent out in 1901, and my father was later director of education in the Philippines. I returned to this country for my education, finally winding up at Hamilton College. After a year's newspaper work here I went to Manila to join the *Philippines Free Press*, of which I was associate editor when the war started. The editor, along with most of the rest of my friends is either dead or in a Jap concentration camp." Mr. Marquardt is now on the cable desk of the *Chicago Sun*, and has a book under way, probably for fall publication. He's thirty-six, married, and has a seven year old son, also born in Manila, whose dialect is Tagalog, he says.



E. W. McGillivray

For eighteen years swimming coach at the University of Chicago, E. W. McGillivray is President of the National College Swimming Coaches Association. He has been a national champion of A.A.U. swimming, doing most of his swimming for the Illinois Athletic Club team of Chicago and some for the Omaha Athletic Club. He wrote an interpretation for the water polo rules in use at the time that sport was adopted by the Big Ten, and these interpretations are still nationally used. Before he took up coaching as an all-time job he was associated with mail order houses for several years, Sears, Roebuck, Montgomery Ward and Bradley Merriam and Smith in the order named.

•

For the last twenty years Alfred I. Tooke has lived in California and Hawaii. He was born in London, roved through various parts of Canada and this country doing free-lance writing until 1916 when he enlisted in the army. He says: "Reg. Sgt.-Major Tooke was discharged three years later, underwent reconditioning, and finally put back into circulation in 1922, promptly headed for Sunny California (advt.)." He lives in the northern part of the state where he plans to stay unless Uncle Sam finds some use for him.

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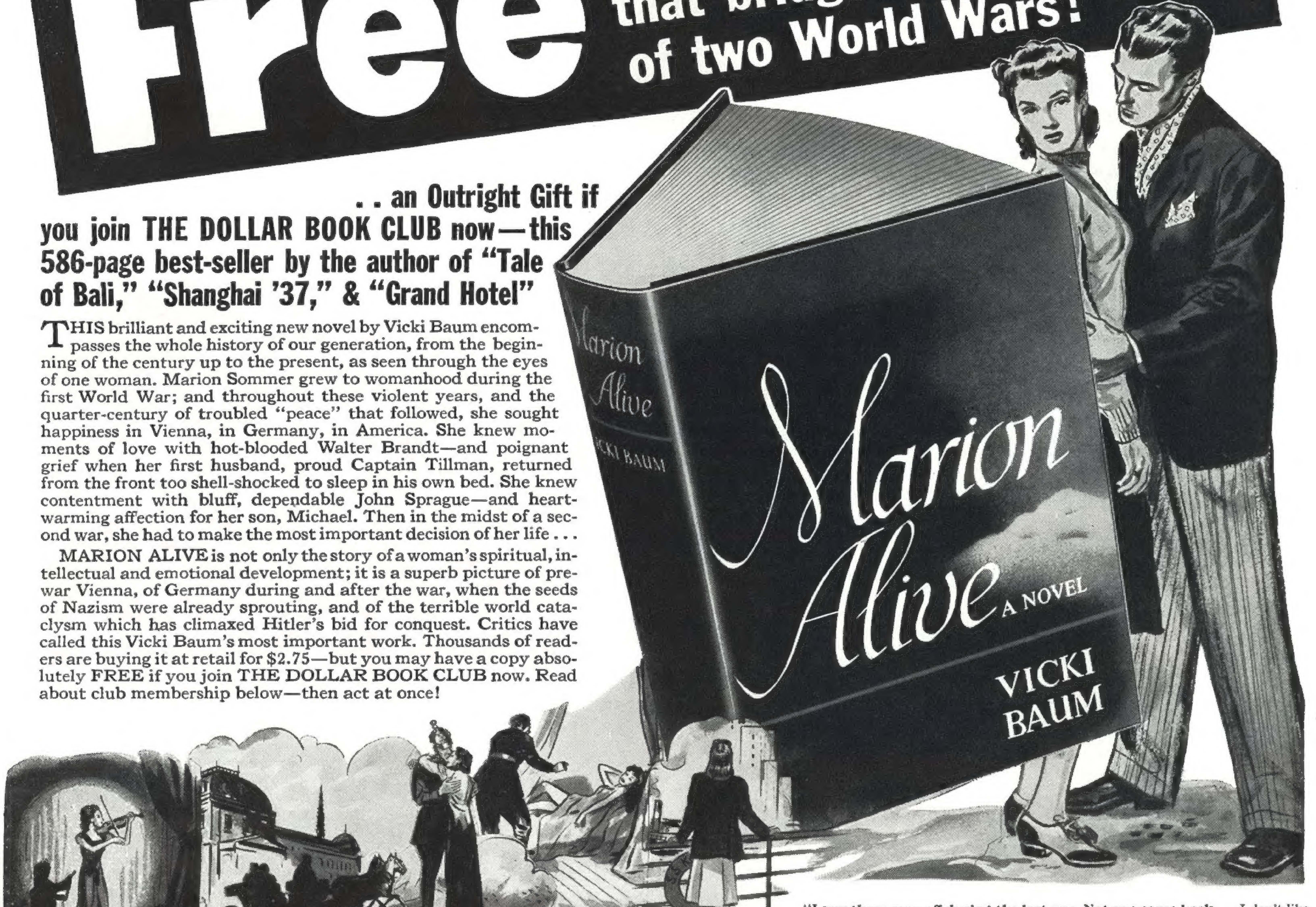

"I saw three men off during the last war. Not one came back . . . I don't like repetitions," said Marion Sommer. Ever since this war had started Marion had been surrounded by ghosts. Everything had happened to her before. Chris was young—to him everything had happened for the first time. I've been through it before, Marion thought, I knew the beginning of it, the climax and the end. Christopher smiled down at her. "Come on, darling. Get ready to go with me. It will be lovely up there tonight. So quiet, and the sky so close." That was a fateful Spring morning for Marion Sommer.

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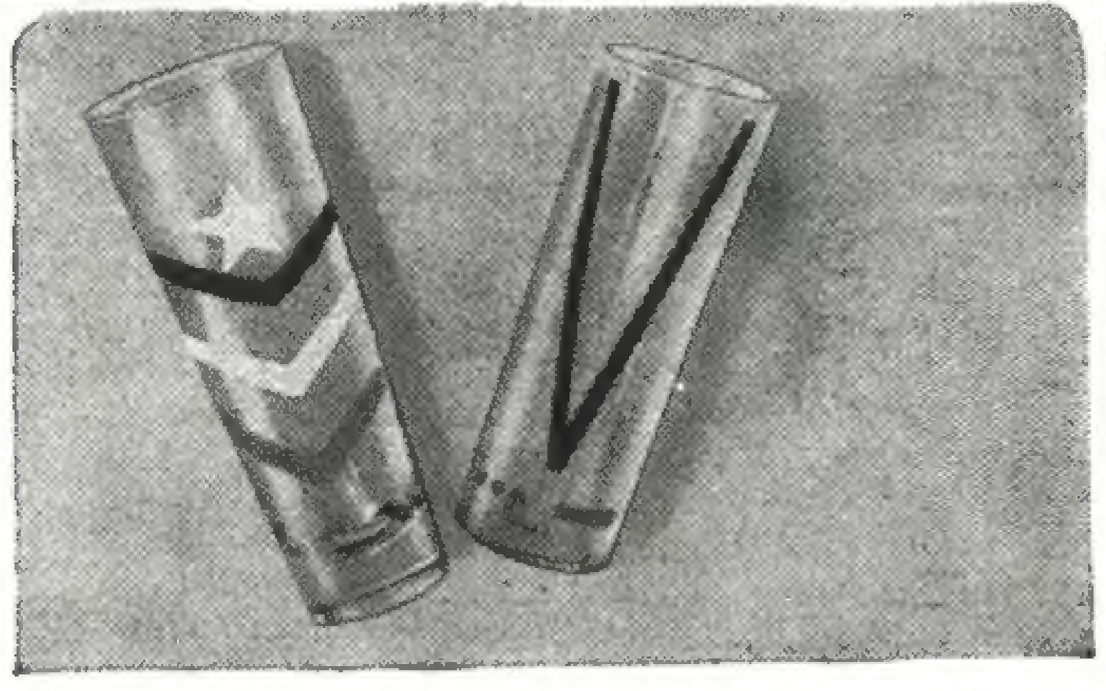

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Talking Shop with Esquire

NO FLYING GLASS. Of interest to those Minute Men of '42 who give their time to civilian defense is a liquid that prevents glass from shattering. This product, applied to windows and glass-paned doors, has been used with considerable success in hard-hit English towns, where the danger from flying glass, even though the bomb drop a block away, is almost as great as that from the bomb itself. One application of the liquid enables glass to withstand terrific force from bombs or falling debris, and while it may crack, it won't splinter or scatter. Not soluble in water, it is not removed by routine window-washing.

TRIPLE FLASH. Flashlights being an important part of the civilian defense worker's equipment, it behooves us to pass along word to you of a new one that flashes not merely one color, but three. To begin with, there's the familiar white light; this alternates with red or green at the touch of a button designated for that particular color. The flashlight itself is nicely designed in plastic. Great stuff for air raid wardens as an alternative to whistle signalling.

THIS AND THAT. Also to keep in mind to help along morale or civilian duties: Foot staples (beans, spaghetti, coffee, hot chocolate) that cook in their cans, so help us, without being anywhere near a flame. Trick being a double can; holes punched in the outer one start things cookin' . . . A wallet of fine appearance, military in two-toned brown, made of elastiglass. A real four-leaf clover is set in front for luck . . . A small but extremely luxurious pillow for your soldier to take on maneuvers, or to use in camp, for that matter. It's filled with shredded latex (allergic types go for it); the cover is water-repellent . . . An interesting way to save your pennies to buy War Stamps, represented by a calendar bank that looks, at first glance, like an attractive plastic clock. You can save anything from a nickel to a quarter each day, but a coin must be dropped in regularly in the slot at the top to change the date on calendar.

Ranger

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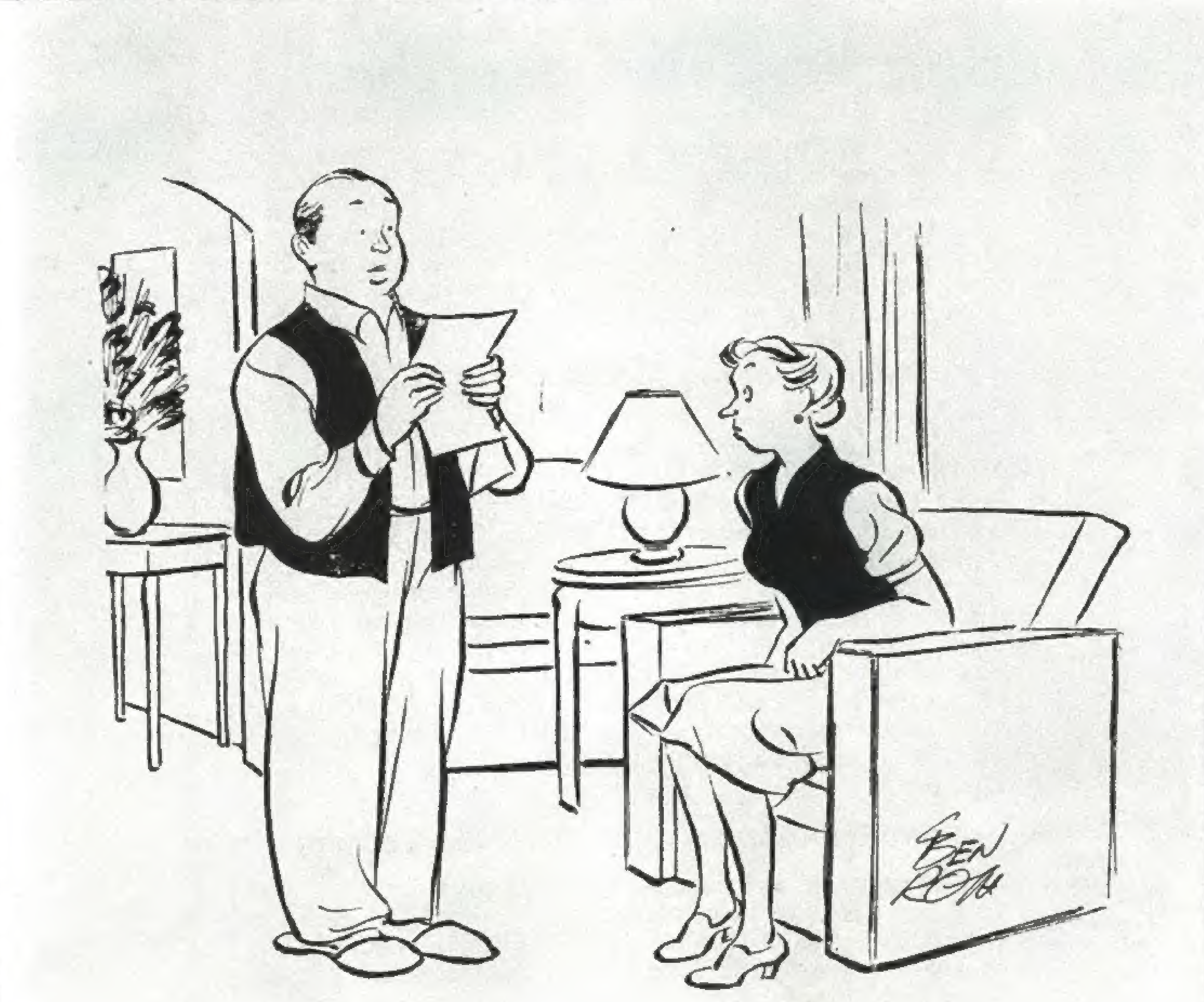

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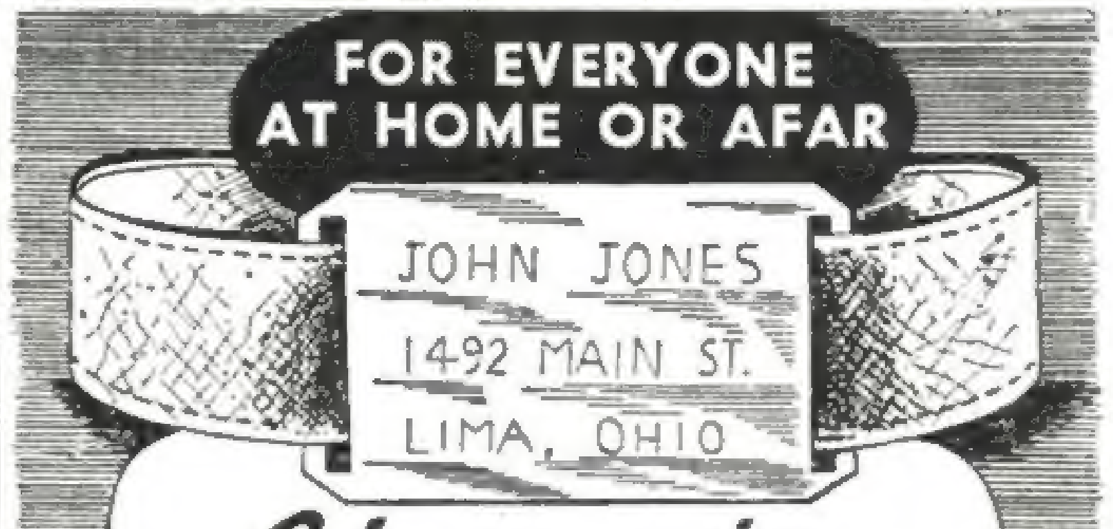

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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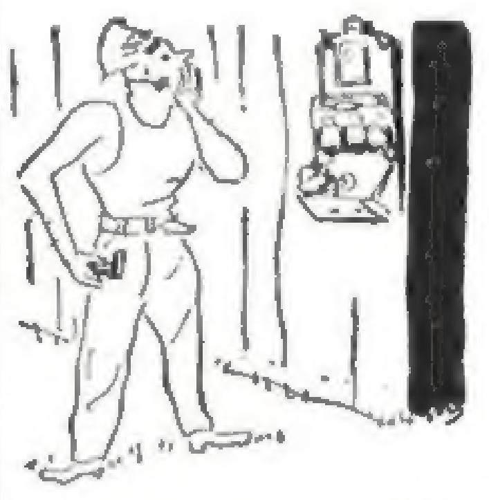
BASIC ESSENTIAL. Ask him if he has a place for his shaving and washing accoutrements, and if the answer is no, investigate a very practical shaving kit. Made of olive drab rubberized fabric, it has compartments for almost everything—razor and other shaving accessories, soap box, comb, together with such miscellania as he happens to need a parking space for. The roomy pocket at the bottom holds great quantities of stuff, and when the case is hung on the wall, this pocket drops down to form a convenient hold-all shelf. Further to make the case as useful open as when it is closed, the top fold holds an unbreakable shaving mirror, which is included in the moderate price.



DON'T FORGET TO WRITE. With none too much time on their hands, men in the armed forces aren't expected to burden you with mail, yet you'd welcome a scribble now and then. To make it easier for him to write, and also so you'll keep posted on what goes on, a clever army postcard kit has been devised, with thirty-two cards in it that can be torn off on perforated lines and mailed. The cards are at one and the same time gay and sensible, designed for writing on both sides. Each has a send-off caption, such as "Please send me..." or "I know I'm late in writing, but..." so all he has to do is pick the one best suited to the occasion and jot down a word or two. Easy for you, too, to send a set to him, for it comes already to mail anywhere for only a few cents.

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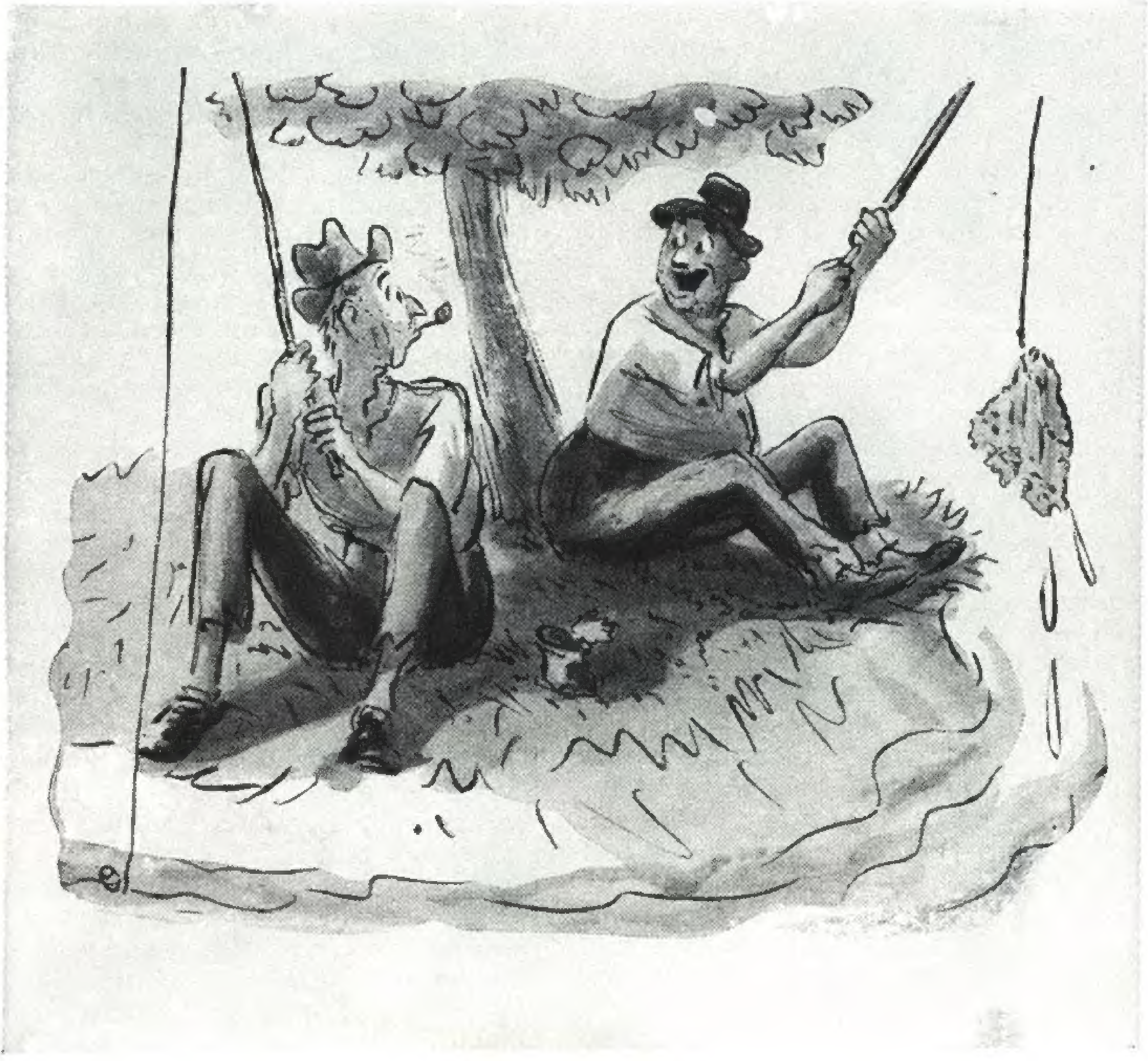

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

STRICTLY PRIVATE FIGHT ABOUT STRICTLY PUBLIC DOPE ON STRICTLY, ETC.

In your column of *The Sound and The Fury* regarding the article of *Strictly Public Dope On Strictly Private Lee* I'd like you to publish this letter for the interest of Miss Leona Lash of Los Angeles, California.

FLASH FOR MISS LASH!!!!!!

So you don't want correspondent's for Private Guy Lee!!!!!! Well, who are you to try to tell our man of the service what to do????? And I believe it was Private Guy Lee *himself* who made the request for letters. After all we didn't single him out from all the other soldiers, you know. And so what if you got a diamond ring, it takes a little more than that to keep a woman away from your man. And even if you do write to him 3 times a week, that still won't stop us, (incidentally, they must be quite *dry*, since he's asking for more letters outside of yours, Darling!!!!). And by the time your article was published in the Esquire there were more than one letter sent to Camp Sibert, Boulder City Nevada. Because whatever Private Lee ask's for we're sure to give—he wants letters, and Baby he's going to get 'em!!!!!! And we Females answer PROMPTO!!!!!!

By the way let me give you a little tip! How about letting Private Guy Lee do his own deciding. He has to take enough orders while in camp—but I'll be darn if he has to take them from THE HOME FRONT!!!!!!

Signed,
The other woman.
Cleveland, O. MISS A. M. MITCHELL

P. S. Dear Private Lee—so sorry—I just saw red!!!!!!

SENOR TELLS MISTERA OFF

I was surprised to learn that the South American males still use the "chauffeur routine" with the "misteras," or perhaps your anonymous collaborator is telling her reminiscences.

We, Havana men about town, who drink our liquor straight and get our women on the fly, have improved grandpa's technique. We no longer care for half measures, but coldly slay any "americana" not willing to play ball after the tenth round—task accomplished with the aid of our chauffeur, of course—disposing of the body in some distant and bushy country spot.

The method has its faults, I'll admit, but it has one definite advantage, viz. our reluctant acquaintances never live up to write articles for "Esquire."

Yours,
Havana, Cuba. A. G. VÁZQUEZ

RIPOSTE TO DORIS CRANE

Just a brief critique of your remarks on men that appeared in the June edition of Esquire (p. 155).

1. In me you see a man who knows he's a punk dancer and would like very much to do something about it if he could find a woman that would honestly cooperate. I feel sure a large number of us "male animals" feel that way.

2. Most men do have a habit of staring "every time a skirt whoopses by the table," but, if you'll look further, the date may resent it, but the girl that "whoopses by" loves it. Tit for tat, I'd say. Maybe said "date" will whoopse by somebody someday.

3. As to the "tired business men" deal, I believe you are right about men's being less prone to put on a false appearance of energy. The question in my mind is, which possesses the more admirable characteristic? Besides, it seems to this rank amateur that the said "false appearance" is part of a game that the girls play, while the men don't indulge. Maybe I'm just the peaceful type.

VITAL STATISTICS: Name: Jack Latham. Employer: Uncle Sam. Home town: Alton, Ill. Age: 22. Height: 5 11". Weight: 145. Bust: 38. Waist: 29. Hips: ?. Hair: brown. Eyes: brown.

ALBERT J. LATHAM
1st Lt., Air Corps.
Howard Field, C. Z.

NAVY MAKES GOOD FOR GEO. ANTHEIL

In reviewing my April issue of Esquire I was pleasantly shocked by the article entitled "The Last Year of the Great War." Mr. Antheil's foresight should not go unnoticed.

Commendations to the foresighted!

Very truly yours,
LAWRENCE KASDON
Washington, D. C.

SYLVIA'S CASE GETS A GOOD SOLVING

Esky, like the telephone directory, never reaches the waste basket around here. In fact, a pile of some 90 issues was starting to put a permanent dent in our hardwood floor. So little Esky from our house has recently started to join the armed services and I find that even in his oldest guise he is attractive to the lads. I, like Mrs. Beasley (Esquire, June, 1942), start off easily but I have a squawk or so and a tantrum or two to throw before signing off, so here goes.

The undraped gals in Esky are becoming fewer and fewer. How come? Could it be that you have a large newsstand sale in places such as Boston and are "censoring" the mag for sordid commercial reasons? Don't you know the WPB wants us to save on dress and undies materials? Let's go back to the old days of more and better undressed beauties.

As an Army wife I'd like to know how in Hell Esky's first appearance in khaki was as a staff sergeant. I know he's good but not that good, or is he? On the June cover Staff Sgt. Esky violates an unwritten Army law that forbids non-coms gambling with privates. Bad for the old discipline, don't-cha know?

My "bitter half" is very much like Mr. Beasley. I don't believe the Hon. Esquire Subscriber in this shanty ever had a red hat but he used to disappear. While meandering through the woods one day he also met a Silvia. A little bird told me (perhaps it was an old hen) so I took lessons in woodscraft and finally caught up with Silvia before she found a tree large enough to disappear into. I pulled out my trusty old camera and snapped Little Silvy. I hung onto her long enough to get a model release for the enclosed picture and then — — well, then I kicked her right smack in the center of the picture. This disposed of the Silvia problem very nicely and I now can throw a rip-roaring tantrum any time I feel like it.

Here's hoping Esky comes out of this war a General in our victorious Army. Like a good General his followers stick to him.

ANN M. BRESNAHAN
Minneapolis, Minn.

THE SINE QUA NON

I read your article, *How Attractive Are You to Women*, in the May Esquire.

In this article and others of a similar nature you have published you have always managed to ignore the first and most important question which should be, *Are You Handsome?* If your answer is no you might just as well forget the whole damned thing!

You may be an A-1 guy in all respects but if you don't have at least passable good looks to go with it, it won't do you a bit of good. Any fellow in that situation will tell you the same.

Sincerely,
PVT. 1ST CLASS, JAMES E. SCANLON

Now go ahead and tell me I have an inferiority complex. I've heard that one before.

ANOTHER SLASH AT MISS LASH

It would seem that the glint in Miss Lash's eye was surpassed only by Private Lee's (I quote Miss Lash) "gorgeous diamond" when she sat down to write us readers what a BAD BOY he had been to write that greedy plea for correspondence.

I agree with Miss Lash, three letters each week is quite enough for one private, even if he does weigh 214 pounds and is gaining every day.

You made one mistake, Miss Lash, and a bad one. Strictly Private Guy Lee may be yours "strictly" but not "privately;" not after that June issue of Esquire reached the newsstands.

S. H. C.
One of those "Females."
Evanston, Ill.

ADD ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT

Wars may come and wars may go, but Esquire will go on forever! At least I most sincerely hope that Esquire will still be going for my children, grand children, and even still further removed future descendants to read and be entertained by. Anyway, it's a nice enough thought to make me forget the woes and ills of the times. Tell your printers to: keep 'em rolling! ! !

Among your fiction stories for June were two outstanding tales: *Mr. Beasley's Caller* and *The Name of a Dog*, which amused to no end. Let's have many more by these two extremely talented writers! Manuel Komroff clicked again with the sad but realistic *Tattooed Forehead*, while Louis Paul's saga of soldiers, *A Song In His Heart*, just about popped open my ancient appendicitis scar.

Iles Brody certainly deserves a gift of four brand new rubber tires for his turkey recipes in *Man The Kitchenette*, and the *Cocktails For Hitler* of Lawton Mackall expressed my sentiments in no uncertain terms. I'm sure that most of the nation feels the way Mr. Mackall wrote, even though they might fear to admit it.

Tom Mahoney's article, *Songs for This Time*, was extremely well written and most enlightening. I'm all for knowing the facts and history behind famous songs, bugle calls, or other nationally employed pieces of music. The libraries of a thousand researchers couldn't have produced a better article than *The Place Where Good Sailors Go* by Albert Richard Wetjen, while *Adjusting Your Nerves to War* by Robert M. Yoder was not only timely but inspired as well. Last but not least, a $500 war bond to Robert M. Marks for his militant *The Eagle Spreads Its Wings* which ought to be translated into the Axis tongues and radioed across the seas to 'em.

You might try selling the army heads the idea of tickling the enemy to death with such cartoon gags as those by Corka (corkin' good gag), Roir, Lariar, McKay, and Szyk. If I recall my ancient history correctly, the Chinese used to tickle their enemies to death literally by fluttering the end of a soft feather across the balls of their bare feet. In this case, it couldn't be said that they "died with their boots on," don't you agree?

Your three year subscription means as much to me now as my war bonds. Thumbs up for our treasury department and Esquire, too! ! !

With best regards and anticipating the July issue, I shall be pleased to remain as always

Most respectfully yours,
Denver, Colo. FRED JOHN WALSEN

POSING A QUESTION ON PEGGY'S POISE

Brass it takes to find fault with Hurrell. But that is what I've the most of!

Miss Peggy Diggins, restfully posed on tufted blue satin in your April issue, is really not as relaxed as Hurrell would have us believe.

Witness the manner in which the fourth finger of Miss Diggins' right hand (the only hand showing in the picture) digs into the honey-colored satin chest draperies. It is not relaxed and therefore anything but graceful.

The little finger also seems to be used as an anchor, and the result strikes me as though the subject is afraid the draperies are slipping. Calm though her facial expression may be, the hand gives it away.

If I am wrong, I'll be only too happy to apologize! But who is going to convince me I'm wrong?

Yours very truly,
AUDREY WALLS MOSLEY
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

RECEIVED AND READ IN THE SPIRIT SENT

Your current article about superstitions of the sea is quite interesting, BUT—regardless of what old timers may have believed, back when the world was young, I am very dubious as to how many mariners now afloat are impressed by those old legends. I have been to sea myself, in the engine room, and while an occasional foreign seaman might deliver himself of a few superstitions, it was narrated and received in the manner of high school students talking about Santa Claus.

Had our friend stopped there, he'd have been all right, but he has to try his hand at etymology, as to the origin of VIKING. He says it means "robbing" but it doesn't. A viking doesn't vik, he ransacks. Ransack was Icelandic for rob or plunder, and has that meaning as borrowed in English from the minions of his late majesty Canute the Dane; it has also popped into Gaelic, where it is spelled rannsachadh, and you wouldn't believe how they pronounce it.

Viking meant Creek dweller; the "ing" being a suffix of source, as in Old English Cyning, modern English King. *Ing* does not signify the present participle in any language I can think of except English; in old Scandinavian they use "ende". Victorian novelists helped along your writer's delusion by using the phrase "to go a-viking", a twofold abortion, for not only is that an improper use of the word under discussion, but "a" never goes before a present participle. Milton made that kind of error too, with his "star y-pointing pyramid" but the augmentative prefix only goes with a past participle, where Middle English used "y" and old English and modern German use "ge".

Hoping that you find this boring, I remain,

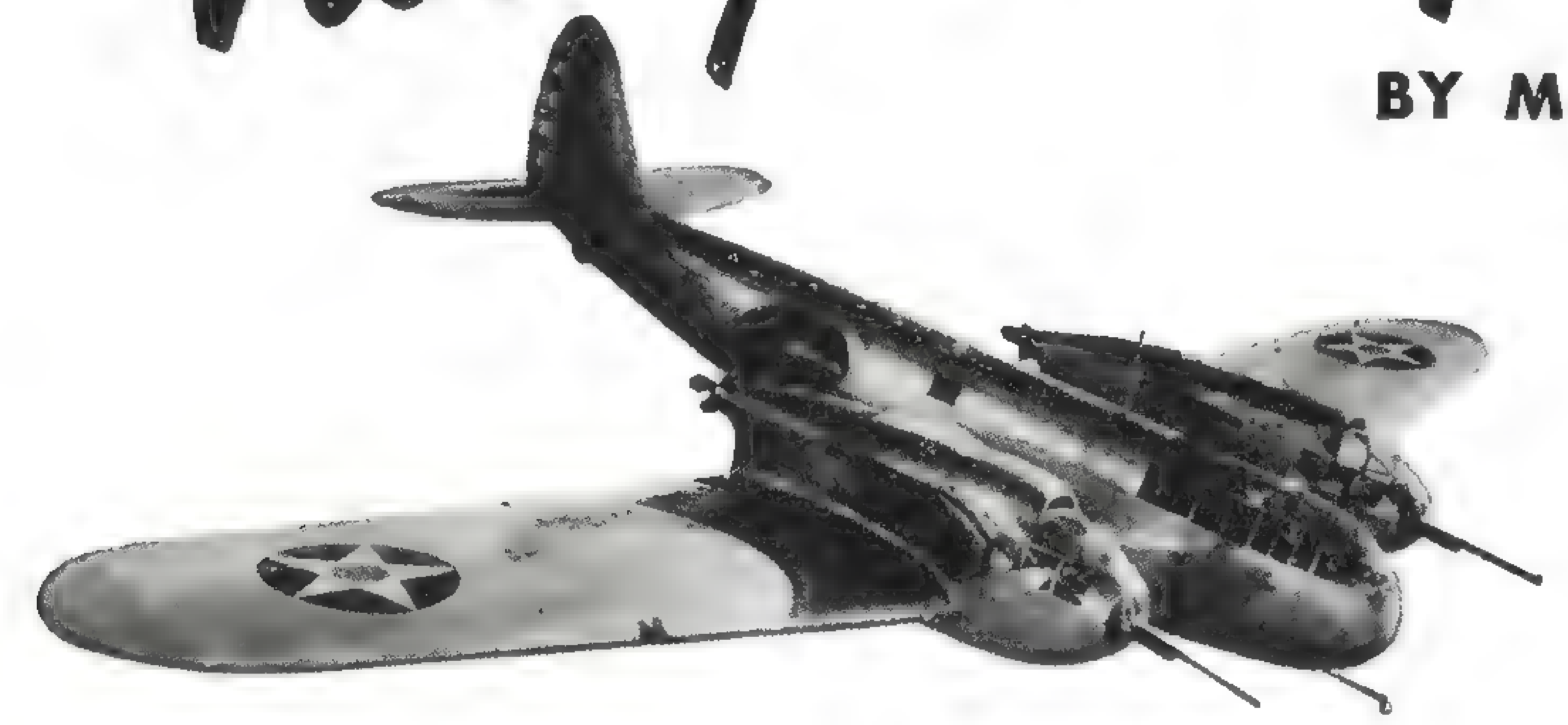
Very truly yours,
San Francisco FRANCIS B. PERRY

YOU CAN BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

WITH THIS DOUBLE SELECTION

Victory Through Air Power

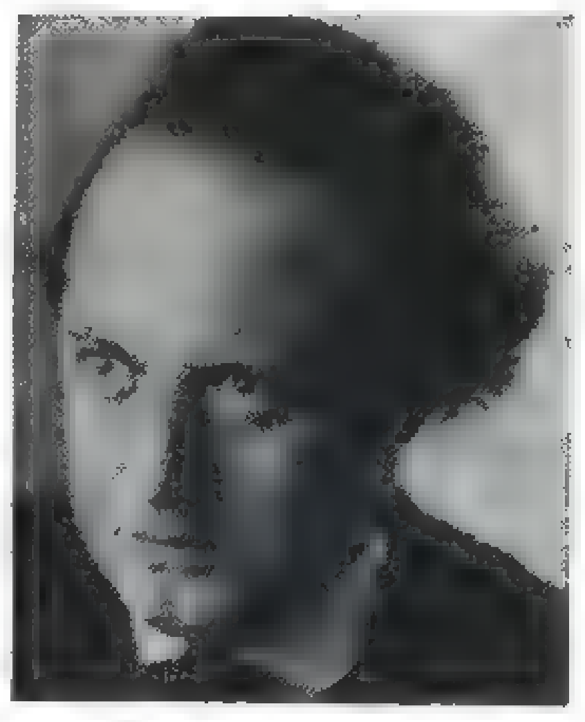
BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY



and

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

BY FRANZ WERFEL



Franz Werfel

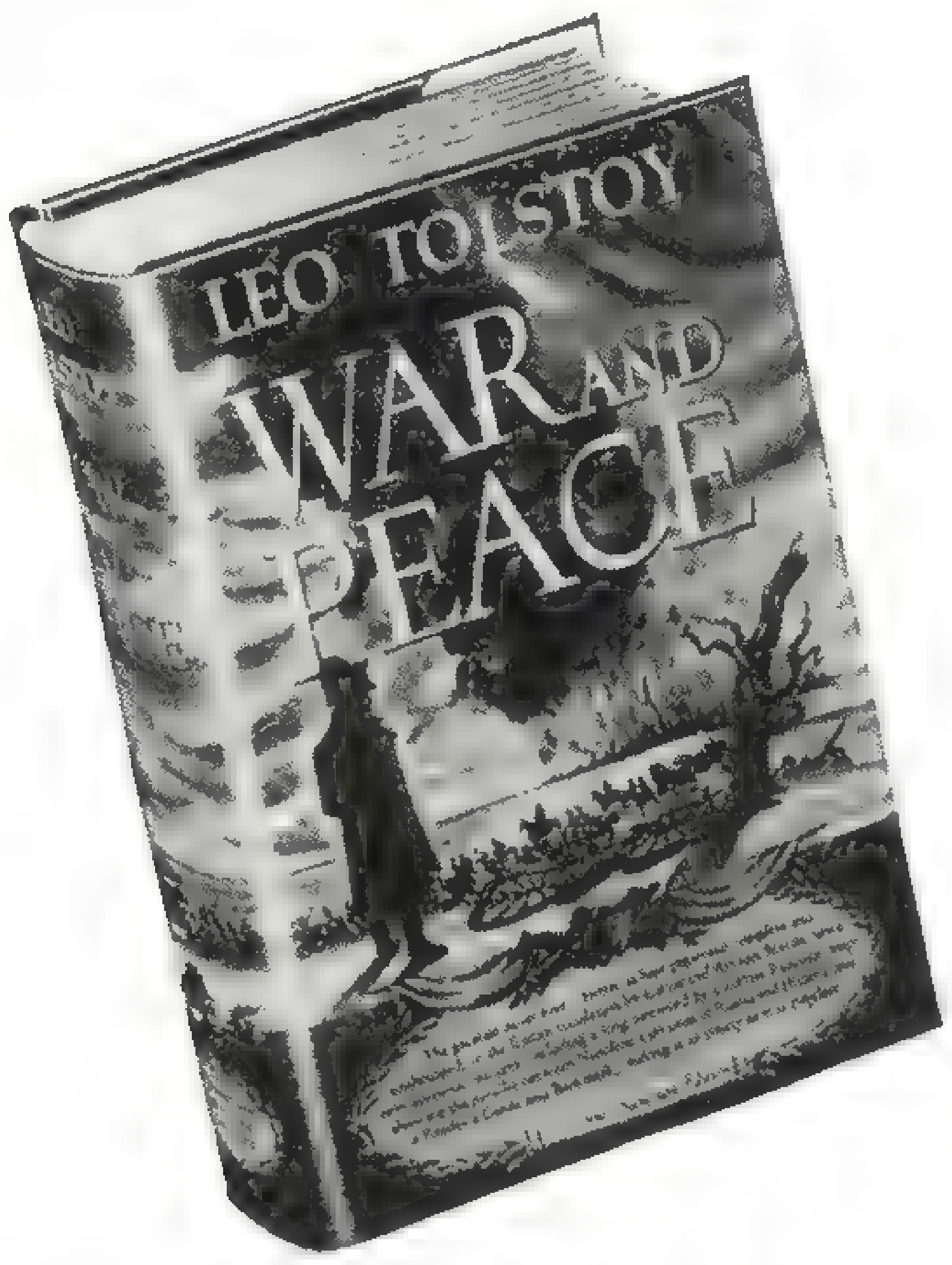
ORIGINALLY, the Club's judges had intended to send out only one book for June—Franz Werfel's distinguished novel—*The Song of Bernadette.* But at the last minute a book came up for consideration that, in the unanimous opinion of the Editorial Committee, demanded immediate distribution. This book was *Victory Through Air Power,* and it was decided to send it to the Club's members along with *The Song of Bernadette.*

"*Victory Through Air Power* is the most fascinating war book that I have read, and in my opinion a more important book for Americans than all the other war books put together," says Charles Beard. That is the comment of pretty nearly every thoughtful reader about this book. "No informed person reading it will ever again read the morning's news the same way," says Dorothy Canfield.

The Song of Bernadette "is one of the strangest of earth's stories," says Christopher Morley, "retold in a spirit of great wisdom and tenderness." The story is that of the peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous, and The Lady of Lourdes.

The two books together may be obtained from the Club—by its members only—for $3.00, a considerable saving over their combined retail price.

WHAT A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB INVOLVES:



OVER 500,000 book-reading families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They do so, in order to keep themselves from missing the best new books they are really interested in.

As a member, you receive an advance publication report about the judges' choice—and also reports about all other important coming books. If you decide you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not (on a blank always provided) you can specify some other books you want, or simply say: "Send me nothing."

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Painting the Town with Esquire

RAILROAD BIGGIES aren't exactly acting on sudden strange impulse when they drop in and check in under the spreading rooftree by the name of Hotel Biltmore, of ripe and rare personality David B. Mulligan. For he, more than any other hostelry prexy, has kept their trains busy. During quite a stretch of his career he headed and operated simultaneously the cherished Windsor in Montreal, causing United Statesmen to rush up there, and the old Waldorf-Astoria, drawing Canadians down to New York by the drove. Previous to that, he had under his warm wing the entire western brood of hotels of the Canadian Northern system. The Mulligan system, evolved from hints learned while desk-clerking for the late Messrs. Potter Palmer (of Chicago) and George C. Boldt (of the dictum "Give them all the service they want but don't forget to charge them for it"), consists of a skill-surrounded wellbeing which Biltmoreans thrive on.

YOU DON'T HAVE to hail from Yale to be able to swing into Boula (turtled pea soup with a whipped cream coverlet post-graduated under the broiler) at Mario's, 140 West 13th, amiable foregathery of the literary and others who take their victuals earnestly. Lures include Mussels à la Mario, draped turkey on toast. Nor do shouts for wine fall upon deaf ears...Worried about the rubber scarcity, restaurateur-impresario Jimmy Kelly faces the grim prospect that bubble dance balloons may have to be smaller . . . We hear rumors of a movement to draft chophouser Joe Madden of West 56th into the Naval Communications Service. His special language sure would baffle the Nazis. But his gold striped and shoulder barred pals on leave eat it up the way they do his steaks . . . Swell potted, those deep delved chicken pies at the White Turkey (220 Madison Avenue), Danbury's pine-paneled gift to Murray Hill, with bar for those who could also use a drink . . . The management of Leon & Eddie's requests that patrons refrain from falling off their chairs screaming. It wears out the floor.

SPACIOUS, GRACIOUS dining and wining is on tap at the spun-glass canopied Restaurant Champs-Elysées conducted by Gus of the revered Divan Parisien who, idealistic soul, has a blunderbuss on his desk for any purveyor attempting to put over a tough piece of meat, a tired vegetable, or a phony bottle. When you order something gloriously sauced, such as Chicken Champs Elysées or casseroled capon, your palate is safe from heartbreak.

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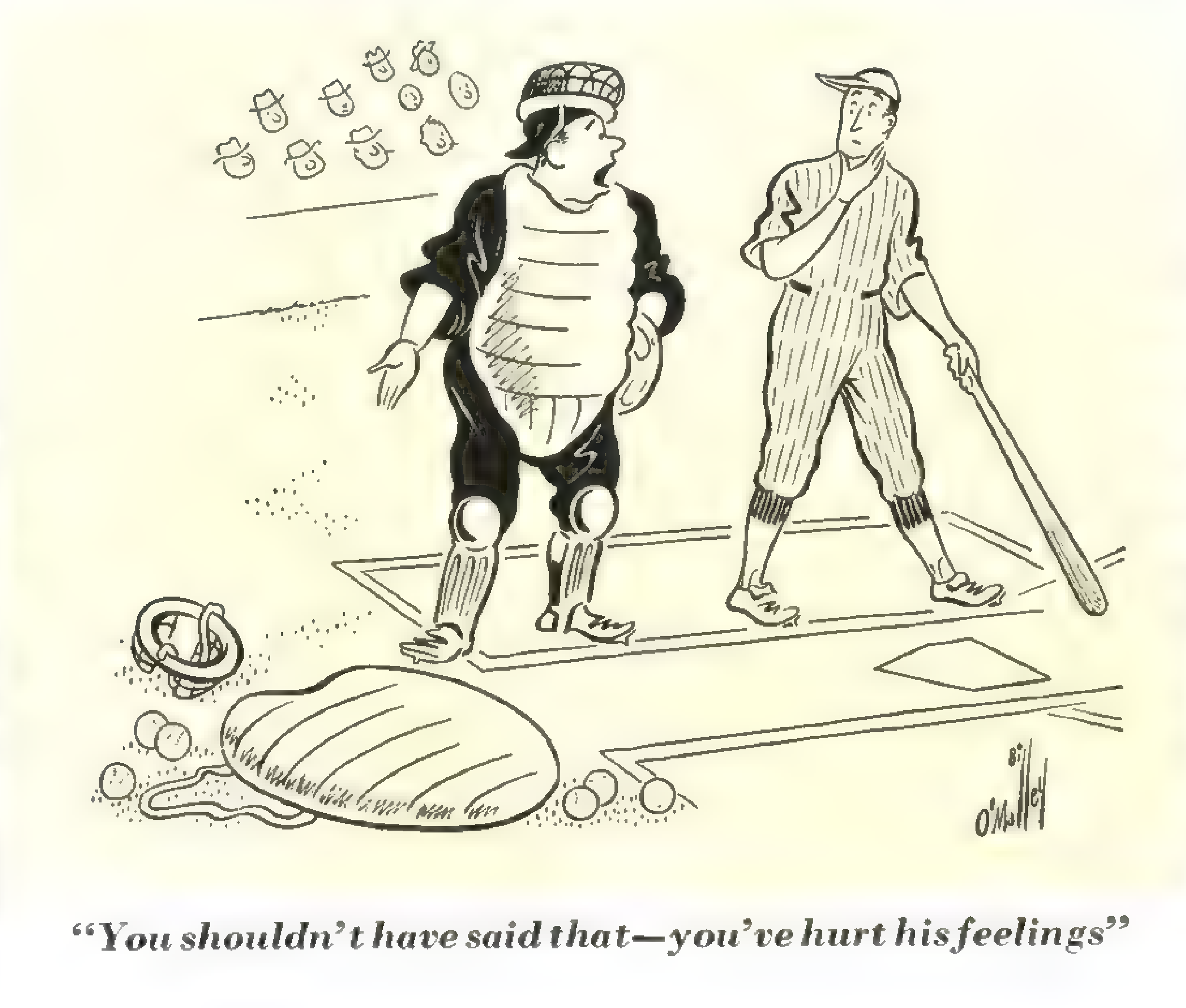

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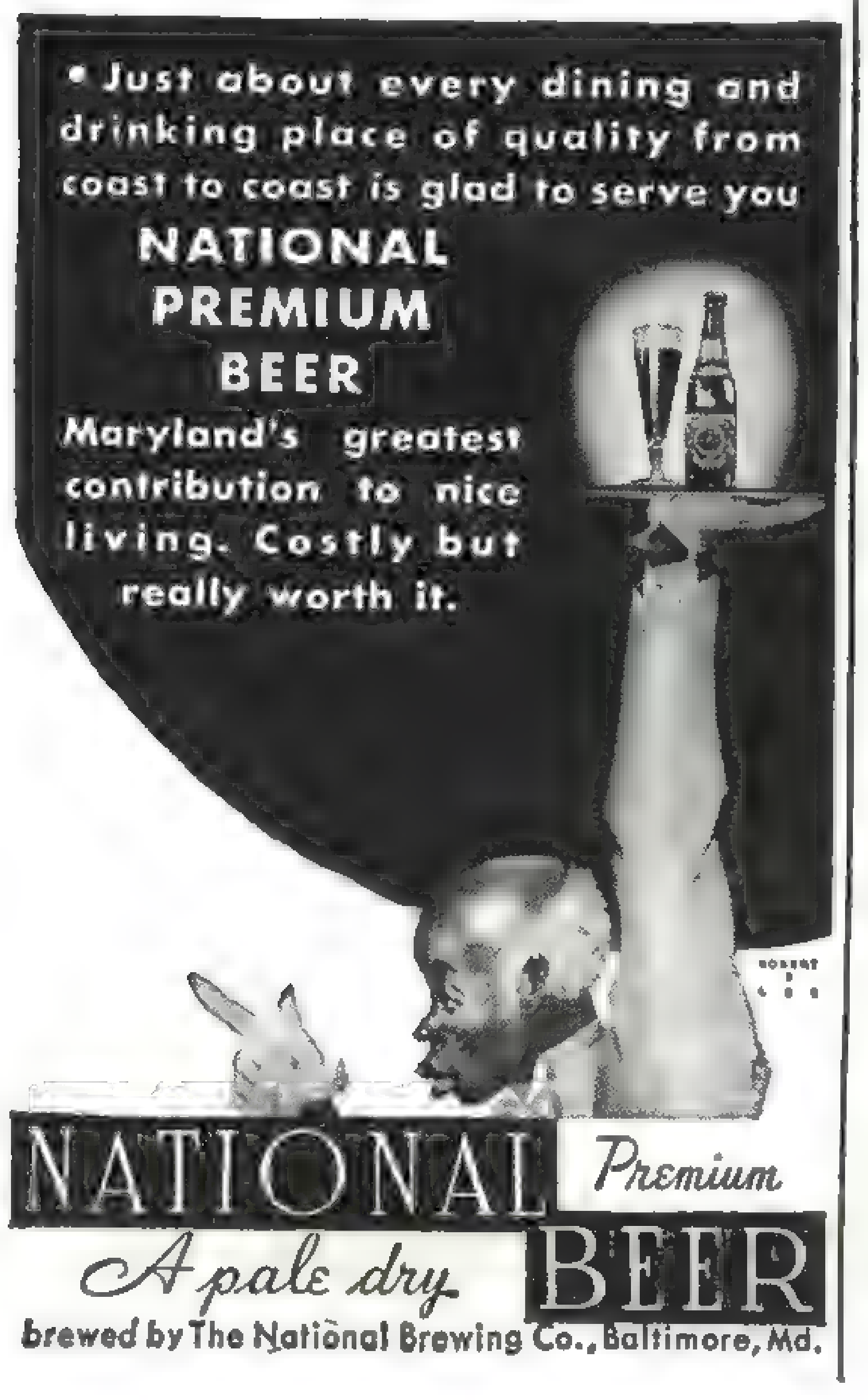

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Painting the Town with Esquire

WITH ITS AWNINGED and shrubberied outpatient department on the sidewalk, the Amen Corner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel (said Avenue at 9th Street) fosters good neighborhood spirit to the tune of ably planked juiciness and other viands, a lavish cold buffet (Thursdays and Sundays), and a diligent drink counter (continuous). Agile-fingered Oscar at the small piano will play your favorite tune without your having to file a requisition . . . Social stampedes at the Stork Club are teaing off in broad daylight to the rhythms of maestro Ernie Holst. By the time the dancers have worn him down, they are ready to take on arpeggio-slinger Charles Baum, with rhumba dispenser Fausto Curbelo sandwiched in. And so till cockcrow cuts in.

IF YOU WANT to be converged upon by squadrons of exotic dishes—some hot, some cold, but all good—go to Rockefeller Plaza's Holland House Taverne any Monday evening and say in your best Dutch, "Javaansche Rijsttafel." Or be a poltroon and point to it on the menu . . . Breathgrabbing, that Icetoppers Revue now awhirl on the pull-out skating pond at Frank L. Andrews's Hotel New Yorker. Especially Swiss eyeful Ariane, a gal who really shows how to get around without gasoline. Must have been yelps in the Alps when *she* left home. And there's Johnny Long and his tune platoon . . . Since it sofaed itself up for cocktailing and mid-evening dropping in, the Three Crowns (12 East 54th) has a coziness which is tough to eschew . . . Great to watch air reporter Ed Fitzgerald gathering first-hand food and wine data for one of his chats. Is he conscientious! . . . When *our* labors fatigue us, we find apt aid in the shape of a Whiskey Collins, made with lightbodied whiskey of the bouquet-and-spirit type.

DUCKS ABHOR WATER to the same degree that we shun the small Pen and Pencil Restaurant, 203 East 45th, hosted by tall, personable John C. Bruno, with a know-how gathered at the Colony, Hotels Pierre and Ambassador, and Saratoga's memorable Brook Club—as real a guy as ever turned over a day's receipts to the U. S. O. Fitments are unpretentious but inviting, with cartoons serving as wall décor. Food, reliably prepared, isn't portioned for the pecky; steaks for one or twain, and cold filet of beef with salad are the specialties, along with American wines. Bruno can seat only 75, but he's got a brief little bar where waiting for a table isn't so woeful.

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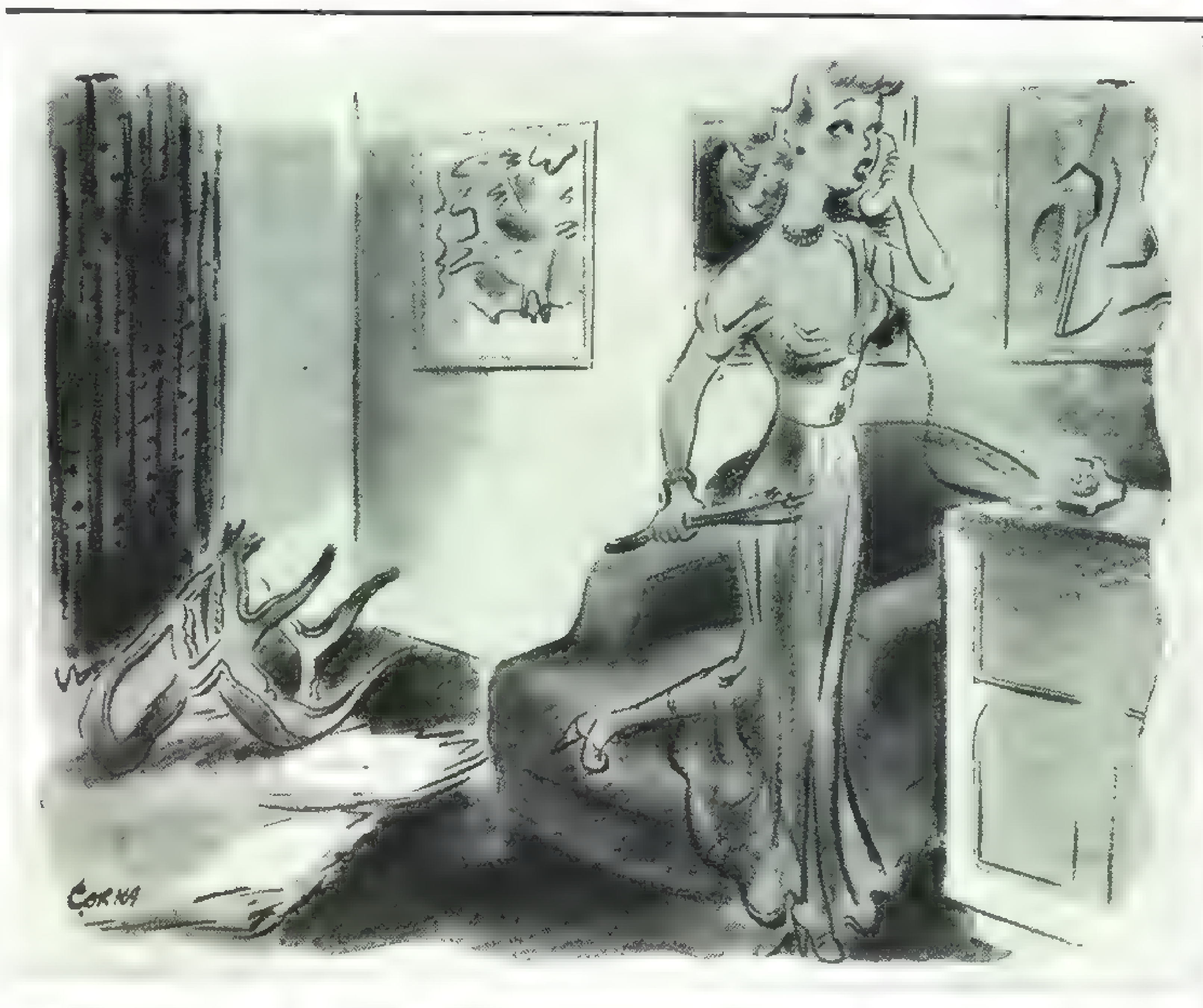

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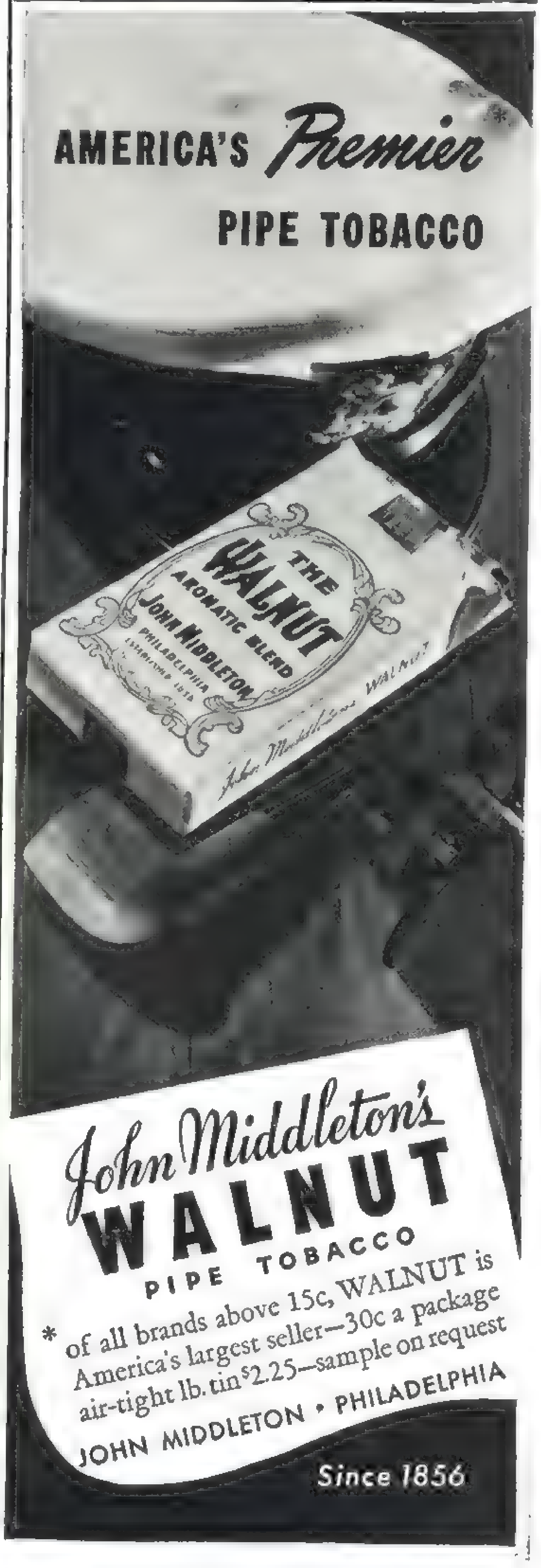

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EDITORIAL: From Bragging to Confessing, and return

This, as the cover tells you, is the Victory Issue. Seldom have we talked about a single issue of this magazine as much, beforehand, as we have about this one. By rights, we ought not to say another word about it, but let it speak entirely for itself. Still, at this moment of putting this issue to bed, we cannot resist the temptation to point, here and there, beginning with the pointing figure on the page opposite.

That page, with its pointing figure showing the hard road that leads to victory, is the frontispiece of this issue as a whole, and serves as its page of dedication. It is not by accident but by deliberate design that the facing page, with its pointing figure of one American general, is backed up by the same artist's concept of another American general who, in his time, pointed the hard way to victory. At the moment when this number was first planned we could think of no more fitting way to measure out our boundless admiration and respect for General MacArthur.

The concept of MacArthur in Australia was commissioned, especially for this issue, while its verso was painted, eleven years ago, as one of a series of forty-eight miniatures depicting the life and times of General Washington. The series, upon its completion, became the property of the President of Poland, by whom it was presented, some years later, to the present President of the United States. The entire series is framed and displayed on the walls of the President's Library at Hyde Park, where it may be seen by all visitors, and whence it was graciously lent, for the purpose of reproduction in this issue.

That this picture of Washington, in the darkest hour before the dawn of victory in the first of this nation's four great ordeals, created by a Polish artist for the President of a Poland now enduring its darkest hour before the dawn of victory, should flank the same artist's conception of MacArthur in Australia, seems to us to be peculiarly appropriate, not alone in compliment to General MacArthur but as a symbol or token of the present phase of this global fight for freedom. For it seems to us obvious that this critical summer of '42 is to the over-run countries of the old world what the winter of Valley Forge was to this struggling country of the new world, a time when the beginnings of victory were about to begin, and when the balance against defeat was still precarious.

The cowboy gauntlets on MacArthur, by the way, are simply the artist's way of symbolizing, and attributing to MacArthur, those early American virtues that brought us through that first ordeal, and will as surely be needed, again, to bring us through this one.

* * *

Speaking of early American virtues brings inevitably to mind the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, as pictured in the famous painting by Grant Wood, reproduced in gatefold form opposite page 33. This great asset to this issue, for the use of which we are deeply indebted to its owner, Mrs. C. M. Gooch, who shipped it to us from its accustomed place in her home in Memphis, depriving herself of its possession for the entire six weeks required to reproduce it, was not originally figured into our plans for this issue. And thereby hangs a tale that we squirm to tell on ourselves, but that must in fairness be told.

For that space in this issue, we asked Salvador Dali to do a special demonstration of his method of camouflage, about which he writes and illustrates so masterfully on pages 64 and 65 *et al*, and the embarrassing part of the matter is that he did exactly what we asked him to do, only he did it so well that it fooled us into failing to see what he had done!

We asked him to do a gatefold painting of Victory, in which the largest single element should be a concealed portrait of the President of the United States. We wanted it to be, and he promised that it would be, a fair sample of the system of camouflage that he preaches in words and plays with graphically, in his article in this issue, *Total Camouflage for Total War*. Only it was to be, to those camouflage tricks he did to accompany that article, what a concerto is to finger exercises. That's how we explained it to him, getting so enthusiastic over the idea that we knocked a carafe off a table in the St. Regis while we outlined the idea. We wanted you, when you came to that gatefold, to see only a Dali concept of Victory, to look at it, admire it, even study it, and then pass on. Then, at the end of his article on camouflage, we were going to ask you to go back and look at it again, and see if, on the second look, you would find that it had been transformed into a portrait of the President.

Dali caught our enthusiasm like a moving train, asked us the deadline and the precise proportions of the gatefold, with particular emphasis on the exact location of the fold, because he wanted to take advantage of the fold in obtaining the illusion (that's important to the story—please remember it, because we didn't!) and then went off to Florida to work on it. Work on it he did, so long and so well that the deadline came, but not the painting. We wired in great anxiety and Dali wired back in confident calm, assuring us that the idea was a great success, that he had achieved exactly what we desired, and that he needed only a few days' extension of the deadline to complete it to perfection. So we arranged the extension, knowing that if it satisfied the hyper-critical Dali it would more than satisfy us.

Came the day of the second, and postponed deadline, and came the painting. We opened the package with eager anticipation, and contemplated its contents with consternation. There was the President, large as life and twice as natural, but nary a sign that we could see of the heroic concept of Victory. We looked at it, from every angle, forward and backward and upside down, and still all we could see was what we had hoped would not be visible without prolonged study, the portrait of the President.

So we said the hell with it, and promptly had it re-crated and shipped back to Florida. Then, while the printers went loudly crazy over this second delay, and said we were going to hold the whole damn issue up to somewhere around Labor Day if we didn't quit stalling around and give them the asterisked copy for that last deleted blank gatefold, we called up Mrs. Gooch in Memphis, who as it happened hadn't a thing to do that afternoon but entertain a couple hundred guests, to see if she wouldn't please yank the Grant Wood painting off her wall and ship it up here, because we obviously hadn't time, with the last deadline for color pages long since past, to get anything painted specially for that vast blank space opposite page 33.

What, we incoherently wondered, were the feelings of a mere couple hundred guests when our six million readers (including the extension students of this magazine) were clamoring for copy for that gatefold opposite page 33 of this issue that we had been talking up for months! So she had the Grant Wood hauled right off the wall and expressed up here, though why she did we can't imagine, unless to save a life, as it must have been evident even over a faulty long distance connection that we were hovering over the verge of collapse.

So we got the Grant Wood painting of the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, and then about a week later we got a gentle reminder from Dali that the fold was all-important to the success of the trick in his Victory painting and that very evidently we must have neglected to look at it folded as a reader would see it when first coming upon it in turning the pages of the magazine, and that if we had looked at it first folded and then unfolded we would not have been able to discover the presence of the portrait of the President until after a lapse of at least sixty seconds.

But who, we asked ourselves from beyond the dizzy border of delirium, would ever fold an original painting by Salvador Dali before looking at it, if it arrived as an original painting obviously should, flat and unfolded. Not we, surely, because we've been brought up to treat objects of art with respect verging upon superstition.

But boil us in oil if it didn't later turn out, upon inspection of the Dali painting folded, that the optical illusion operated precisely and perfectly as he said it would, and that the tricked eye of the astonished beholder actually transferred and superimposed the retained image from the left hand side of the composition to its right hand portion, so that for the first fifty to ninety seconds (the exact time varying with different individuals) all you could see was a pair of winged angels of victory and a pair of super-future monstrous big bombers, whereupon the whole works would disappear like morning mist pierced by sunlight and out would pop at you, instead, as sudden and startling as the vast mountain images of the Mt. Rushmore Memorial, the features of the President of the United States.

It was then and only then that we realized that we had done a great painter a great injustice. But by that time the color pages of this issue were an accomplished fact.

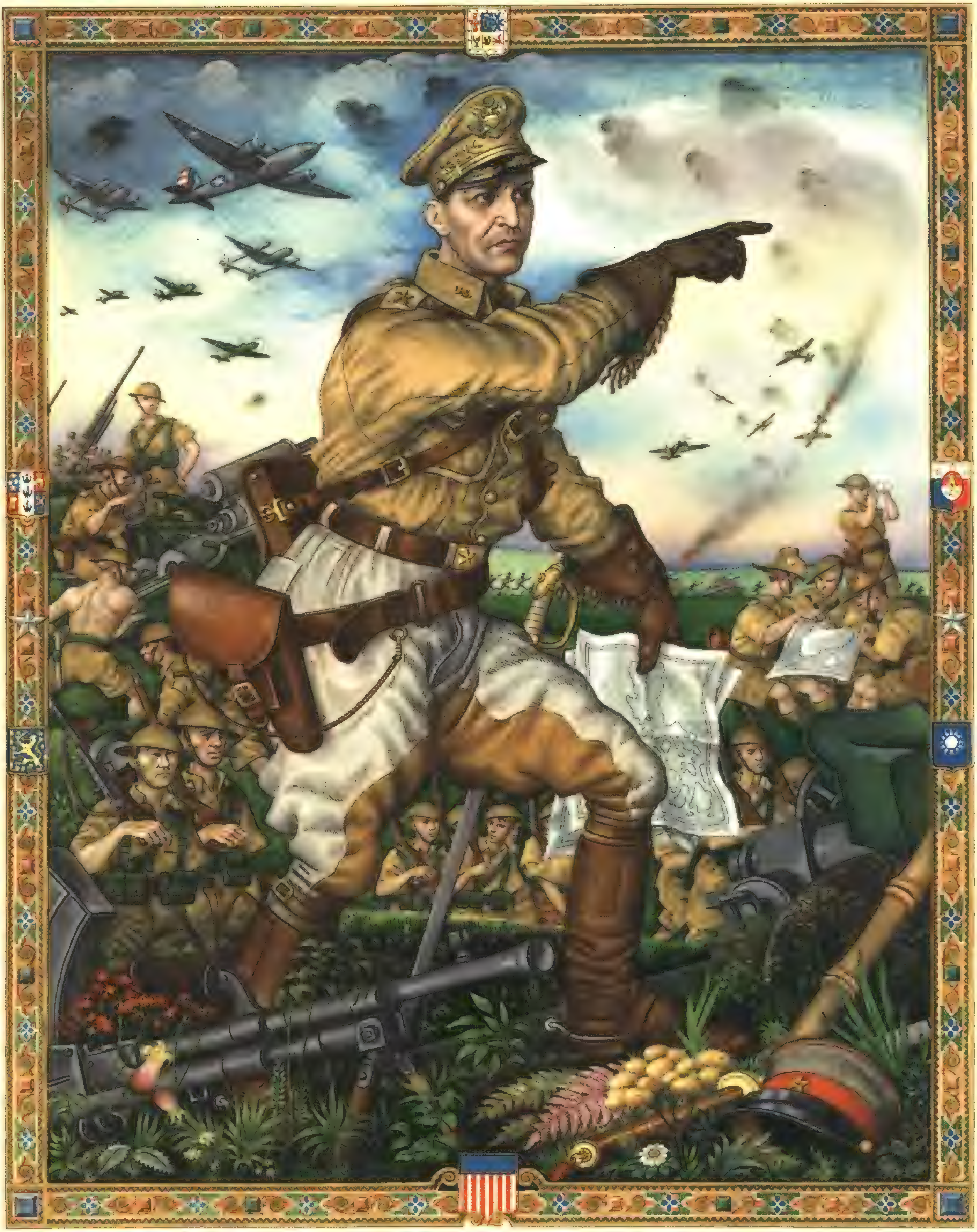
And it was then that it occurred to us, once again, as it has every so often, that our amateur standing as an editor was never safer than now in the midst of this tenth year of our professional practice.

Dali took the enormity of our stupidity, in failing to recognize what we ordered when it was delivered to us, with an aplomb that only the truly big and the richly endowed can muster as a protection against ignorance, and we squared the thing by arranging for him to do a feature for the Christmas Issue with the promise that we would print it without looking at it, as insurance against the always present possibility that we might again stick our big neck out for an artist to fall over on his way to meet his public.

In the last analysis, however, it may be just as well that we didn't print Dali's master demonstration of his system of camouflage. Maybe it might have interested the enemy every bit as much as it undoubtedly would have interested you.

* * *

Now, about the Dali painting for the Christmas Issue, we can't wait—no, please, hold us back—don't let us get started talking about *that* one. Just walk away now, quietly, and leave us talking to ourselves about that one, while you take a look at this one. Make it a good long look.



MACARTHUR IN AUSTRALIA

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE
E PLURIBUS UNUM

ARTHUR SZYK. 1931 PARIS.

This Weapon in Your Hand

Reminder that this liberty we fight for is no empty orator's word but as vital a part of each American's daily life as breathing

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ ARTICLE ▪

*For the first time since I began writing for this magazine (which was three months before Vol. 1, No. 1 was issued) I have been asked to write on a given topic. As the topic is Liberty, I do not feel that the freedom of the press has been diminished. I told the editor of Esquire that I had just finished writing a whole book on the way we can use our idea of Liberty to win the war; I added that the weapons of Liberty were still what they had always been—the newspapers we read, the soap operas or symphonies we heard on the radio, the passion we have for even the less amusing movies of Abbott and Costello (even the less amusing ones are funnier than the ones they give Marlene Dietrich to do—*and much *funnier than the ones Hitler gets out). My relative freedom to snarl at* The Lady is Willing *and to praise Fred Allen is parallel to my surprise at the verbal style of General MacArthur and intense admiration of the pedagogical clarity of Franklin D. Roosevelt; and my confident publication of all these prejudices is, again, a testimonial of faith in the tools of democratic action. (The editor, by the way, told me that I could restate these ideas, provided I didn't repeat them. Any resemblance, therefore, to anything else I may have written, is purely a defect of invention. I'm trying not to remember the words; just the tune.)*

I am completely opposed to the unmitigated loftiness of discourse about liberty. I want to bring liberty into relation to Jack Benny and Mickey Rooney. The American citizen has often lived to the age of forty without ever knowing that liberty was something he needed—like air, like food; he often did not know that liberty was something he used, every day. He thought it was that thing they saved up for Fourth of July. He thought editorial writers needed it. He did not know that he couldn't get to the baseball game without it. Of course in the past couple of years, seeing what Hitler did and all, and them monkeys in Japan—why a man's got to fight for liberty. . . .

That's all very well. But we fight for the things we live by. And we lived, until them monkeys knocked it out of us, by the daily exercise of the greatest quantity of liberty ever afforded to man—at least since the expulsion from the Garden of Eden. We didn't know that liberty was the foundation of our security in life, that liberty and nothing else was the base of our prosperous and happy living; we thought prosperity came from the tariff or something vaguely called "the American way" or an even vaguer thing called "democracy." And all the time it was Liberty, the commodity mentioned in the Declaration, the thing they rang the bell about. (And it didn't crack, then. Anyone know when it did crack?)

On the basis of liberty we have invented some essential democratic tools. One of them, which we nearly lost back there in 1932, was prosperity. It is a democratic invention; the Nazis may destroy unemployment, but they have to destroy prosperity with it; no one starves, but no one is happy, either. We invented the idea that nearly everybody ought to be reasonably well-to-do. It was the most revolutionary thought in all history, as history rather tended to prove that nearly everybody was going to starve, sooner or later. We didn't quite have time to perfect our system of prosperity—but watch us after this interruption is over.

If you don't think prosperity is a democratic invention, look at the more conventional tools: railroads, telegraphs, telephones, radio, motor cars, movies. . . . Either we invented them or we put together the basic inventions and multiplied their use; whatever we touched, we spread. We are a big country, so we have to have a lot of railway mileage; but after all, each one of us is only one person, so there is no mathematical reason for our having so many telephones; we did not habitually travel farther per day than the average European, yet the moment the automobile was invented, we made it into the common vehicle for everybody, while it was still a sportsman's toy abroad. Of all the people who made movies, only we were able to make them the universal pastime; and we have the most active, the most varied, the most popular and probably the most abused radio in the world.

All of these inventions are in the field of communications and transportation. They tend to spread everything to everybody. News, great music, jazz, the best acting, the masterpieces of comedy in miracles of technical perfection (I allude to Mr. Disney's output), the maximum of comfort with miracles of mechanical power (meaning motor cars and such), and everywhere all that's best being made accessible to the largest possible number of people.

The Declaration and the Constitution do not say much about magazines with circulation in millions, they do not mention low telephone rates and 25-cent admission to the best movie houses until 6 p.m. The system of interchangeable parts which we think was invented by Ford to make low-priced motor cars, was actually in action when Eli Whitney made guns for the government over a century ago; but the Constitution doesn't mention quantity production. All these little things we invented for ourselves. But the Declaration and the Constitution set us free; they gave us the liberty to invent and to produce. They said that nothing should raise an artificial barrier against the ability of any man to prosper, provided he harmed no other man. Then they sat back and let us make good.

We did make good. Cheap newspapers and cheap books and quantity production of socks and fountain pens, and machine-made shoes, and popular radio, and magazines for all tastes, and packaged foods, and hospital clinics, and a thousand other commonplaces of our daily lives are the physical proofs of the Declaration's belief that men are born free and equal. And with some right to get after their own happiness. Those great godlike words might exist merely to taunt us if they hadn't set free the illimitable energies by which we made good on them. We could never have arrived at prosperity without liberty; and we should never have created liberty for so many people without prosperity. You can't have a free people if the people haven't enough to eat.

To my mind, this magazine you hold in your hand is a weapon of liberty. I hope no one will be alarmed by this. Every publication in a free country is an instrument for freedom; it is a token that freedom exists. The present issue of Esquire is, I understand, rather specially devoted to the major business of America at the moment, and this issue is more specifically an act of war for American liberty. But every issue has taken part in the fight. Every time a freeman speaks, he uses liberty. Every time he insists on speaking, against opposition, he creates liberty. Every time you read what you want to read, you use your freedom of choice; every time you disagree, yet continue reading, you let more freedom develop in the world.

It is by this natural exfoliation of the tree of liberty, the leaves growing and spreading and falling off and coming back—that all of us have been living for all our lives. We haven't known it, but we have enjoyed liberty and we have made it for others. (God forgive us, we have made liberty for liberty's worst enemies; and we have all too often neglected our "sacred rights" so that only radicals and Fourth of July orators spoke

Continued in center of page 147

Balance Sheet on Bataan

Reviewing that heroic stand which will go down in American military history, what did MacArthur's men accomplish?

by FREDERIC S. MARQUARDT

• ARTICLE •

Now that the editorial writers have enshrined Bataan alongside the Alamo in American history, it is pertinent to ask:

Was Bataan necessary?

Should the good American and Filipino blood which drenched that unhappy peninsula have been spared, either through prompt evacuation or early surrender? Or might it have been shed elsewhere to better advantage?

Were the defenders of Bataan doomed from the start? And if they were, was anything achieved by their heroic sacrifices?

If the Philippine Islands constituted Uncle Sam's Achilles heel, as Theodore Roosevelt said they did, then Bataan was designed as an inexpensive bit of leather to protect that heel against a fatal arrow.

From 1910 to 1939, United States grand strategy in the Pacific was predicated on unilateral warfare between Japan and the United States. Our small Asiatic fleet was expected to fight a hit and run campaign against the Jap armadas invading Philippine waters, inflicting as much damage as possible and then returning to continental United States, probably by way of Australia.

In the meantime, United States Army forces in the Philippines were to fight a delaying action on Luzon, retiring gradually to Corregidor and its satellite forts at the mouth of Manila Harbor, and holding the protecting shield of Bataan Peninsula. In three or four months, it was reckoned, the U.S. battle fleet would seek out the Japanese navy and destroy it in a showdown fight somewhere in the Northern Pacific.

That, of course, would be the end of the war, and the Philippines would be returned to the United States at the peace conference which would follow the fighting. If, through some bit of Oriental chicanery, the Japanese should retire into their inland sea and sit the war out under protection of their land batteries, then the United States Navy, aided by the Marine Corps, would set out from Pearl Harbor and in a series of sledge-hammer blows establish a line of communications directly to the Philippines. The Pacific islands—both our own and Japan's—would provide the stepping stones from Hawaii to the east coast of Luzon.

After September 3, 1939, it became evident that the old strategy would have to be revised. The European conflict had changed things. If Japan and the United States went to war, it was now clear, the war would not be localized in the Pacific. It would, inevitably, be merged with the European war into a true World War.

The United States would not, in such a world war, be able to bring its entire military might to bear against Japan. We would have an Atlantic coastline to protect, and we would be forced, for our own safety, to pour men and materials into the European theater of the war. At the same time, we would not be fighting in the Pacific alone. We would have friendly navy bases to use for an offensive against Japan. We might also, under this new concept of a global war, be forced to help defend these friendly bases.

The realities of the new international situation, and its effect on the coming Pacific war, were not immediately grasped, either by the American public or by most of the military experts. Until the Spring of 1941, the American Navy was sure that it could polish off the Japanese Navy most any week end. During my many years of residence in the Far East, I talked to scores of American Navy men, from gobs to admirals, and all of them believed that Japan could be smashed quickly and completely.

That belief was not so absurd as it now sounds. The studied military opinion that Japan would be a pushover was, of course, based in part on a considerable underestimation of Japanese fighting prowess. But it also was predicated on two assumptions:

(1) That the U. S. fleet would fight as a single unit, presenting its entire strength in one unbroken battleline; and,

(2) That the fleet would go into action with its strength unimpaired.

Neither of these assumptions was borne out by subsequent events.

In the first place, the lend-lease policy—which meant delivering as well as producing goods for the democracies—necessitated the maintenance of a very substantial part of our Navy in the Atlantic. So, early in 1941, the Navy transferred almost half of its strength from the Pacific to the Atlantic, thus upsetting the assumption that the fleet would not be divided.

The second assumption went overboard when the Japanese bombers crippled the portion of the battle fleet which had been kept in the Pacific. Until December 7, 1941, our Pacific fleet might have been strong enough to take on the Japanese Navy. But after Pearl Harbor there wasn't a chance. For several years to come, until our two-ocean navy had been built, we could not hope for a decisive sea battle which would shatter Japanese naval strength and end the war in the Pacific.

Even before Pearl Harbor, however, the realities of 1941 had altered U. S. strategy for a war with Japan in other aspects. It was understood, regardless of whether it was explicitly guaranteed, that the United States would be given the use of the great British naval base at Singapore. Australia could be counted on, and the Netherlands Indies would undoubtedly play their part, if Japan started to move southward.

In view of the new world situation, and especially after Russia entered the European war, the United States discarded the old blue prints for a Pacific War, which embraced the

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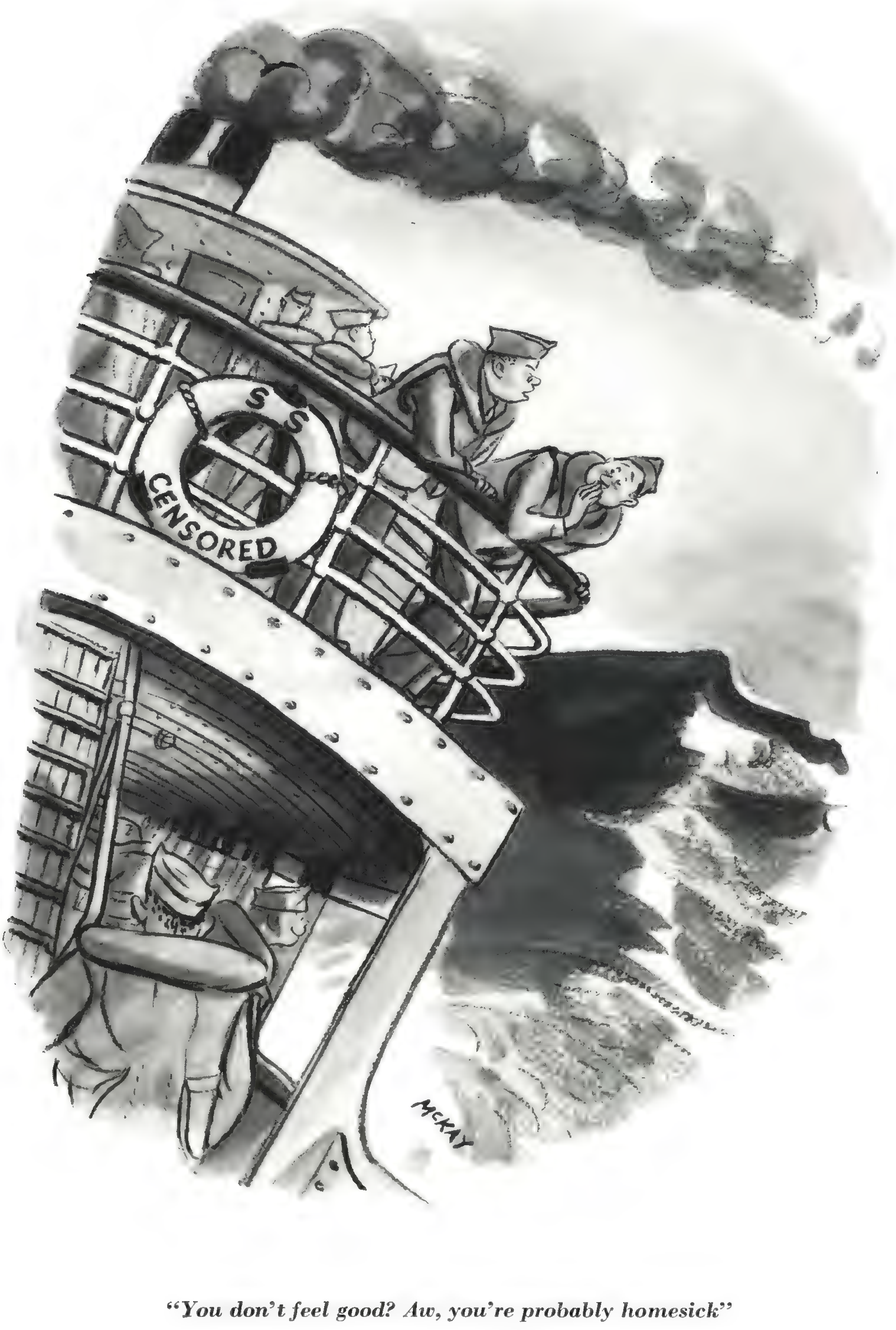
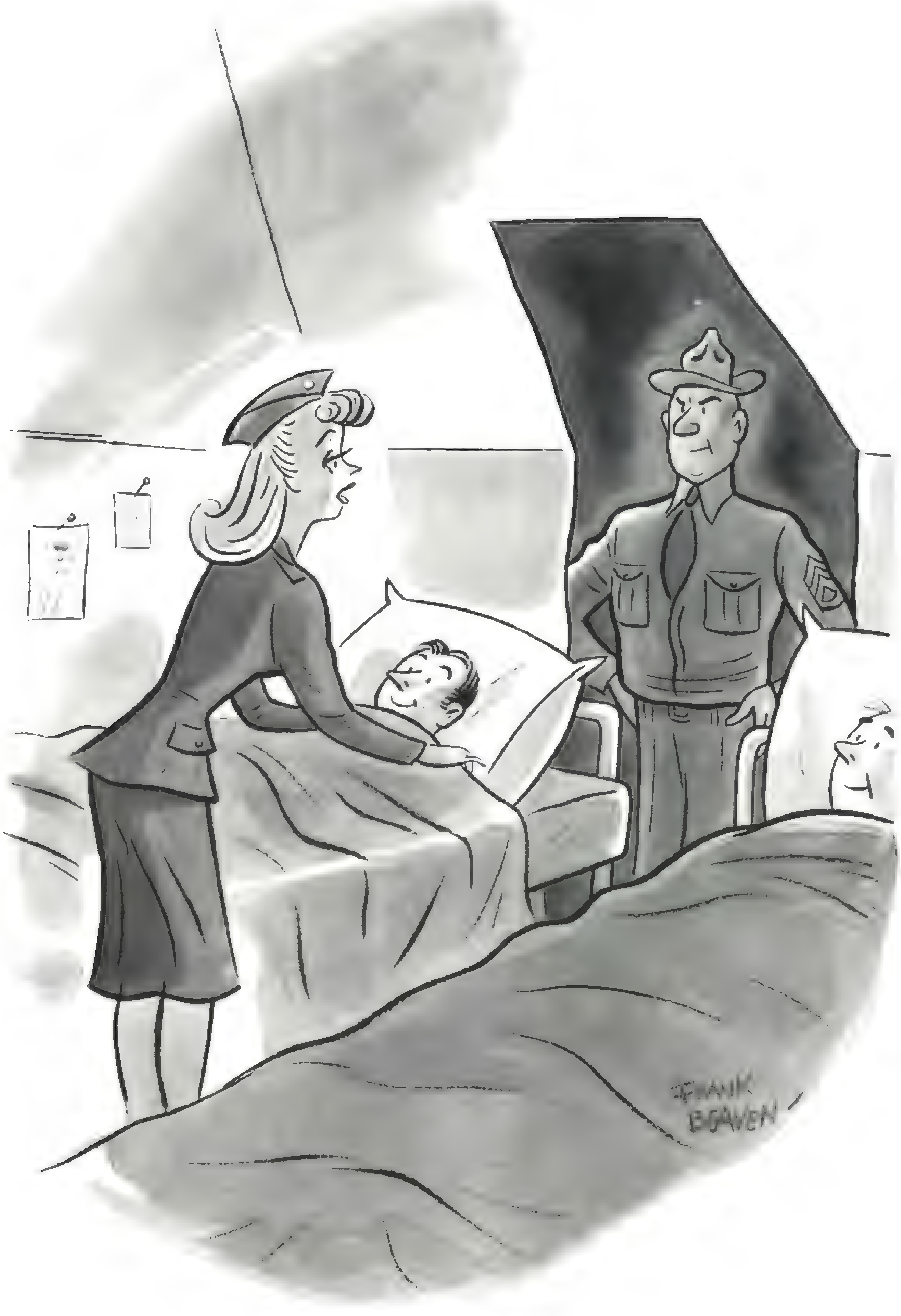
"They say an army fights on its stomach—after eating that chow I feel like they're fighting on mine"


S S
CENSORED
McKAY

"You don't feel good? Aw, you're probably homesick"


FRANK BEAVEN

"I know this isn't part of my job, but I thought they'd like it if I tucked them in!"

Long, Lonesome Road

Tickled to death to see the other soldier, Joe couldn't imagine what was wrong until they met that cop

by E. G. MORRIS

FICTION

JOE stood in front of the Seelbach Hotel in Louisville, feeling a little drunk. Not drunk enough to be morose or pugnacious, just feeling fine. The best part of being twenty-two and built along the lines of a dray horse was that Joe would feel fine the next morning.

Once in a while another soldier would stop and say hello. The streets were crowded with boys from Fort Knox as they were over every week end. Joe had never seen anything like it. A few times he had been in Louisville on week nights and the streets were about empty around nine o'clock or so. It was a funny old town, all right but a boy sure could have a good time if he just had a little money to spend.

Well, he usually had a little money to spend. After living most his life on Fifty-first Street near Eleventh Avenue in New York, Joe had sound animal instincts of self-preservation. He usually won in any gambling game, and there were few girls who had ever been able to roll him. He grinned happily. Maybe he would call up that cute little dame that had gone overboard for him—or maybe he would just try a few bars and see what happened.

Most of the soldiers ambled along in groups, making a fine appearance and seeming bigger than they actually were—like men on a football field. Then Joe noticed the tall soldier walking toward him, and his mouth split into a happy grin.

"For crying out loud," Joe said. "Clay! What t'ell you think of this." He kept tight hold of a hand as big as his own and shook his head unbelievingly. "You out at Camp?"

"I've been there a couple of weeks," Clay said. Under the educated tone in his voice was the ancient heritage of a soft and pleasing southern accent.

"This is your home town, ain't it?" Joe remembered. "Guess you're happy to be here." He shook his head again. "It's a funny thing, ain't it? God, I can still remember the way the guys used to kid you at Clinton in the English class. You had some accent, then. Boy," he said, "you shoulda stuck to the ring, you was comin' along fine."

"I didn't like it," Clay grinned, "but it put me through City College—say you weren't doing so badly yourself."

"Thanks, pal." Joe put his arm around the other's shoulder. "Let's go in here and get us a drink." He started to pull Clay toward the entrance to the hotel.

Clay looked embarrassed. "Not tonight, Joe," he said. "I—"

"Listen, soldier," Joe's voice was hurt. "I thought o' you a million times. Let's reminisce some over a bottle. I got plenty money."

"It's not that . . ." He was at a loss for words.

A little group of soldiers and girls pushed by them, and the girls looked back several times. Joe winked at one of the girls and she nudged her escort who turned back, belligerently.

Clay literally pulled Joe away. "Let's don't start anything," he whispered, his voice worried.

For just a moment a nasty light showed in Joe's eyes, then he laughed. "What t'ell," he said. "I guess you're right. Anyway we could handle a company of them."

"If you won't drink with me, you louse," he said affectionately, "how about us taking in a show. That's *one* thing I ain't done in this town yet. Been too busy." He shook his head and winked. A sudden thought hit him. "Hey, boy, you got a date? Because if you have don't lemme stand in your way."

"No," Clay said. "I have no date."

Joe stopped again, stood on the crowded sidewalk and his voice raised. "What in God's name is the matter with you? You ain't acting right, Clay. Dammit, if you're in some sort of trouble you know me. If it's money—well, I got money. If it's a woman, I know how to handle that."

Several persons who were walking along hesitated, stopped and looked back at the two tall soldiers. Clay's voice had sudden and deadly urgency in it when he spoke.

"Walk around the corner here with me, Joe. I'll tell you all about it, come on, please."

Joe was hurt, very much hurt. He had enough liquor in him to feel that he was being snubbed. Here was Clay, a pal from New York. Smart, educated, what the hell—!

"Look here, Clay," Joe said. "You ain't ashamed of me, are you?"

"Ashamed of you?" Clay's bewilderment was so plain that Joe felt good all over again. "Hell no, I'm not ashamed of you." He laughed for the first time since they had met.

"Well, okeh then," Joe said. They were walking along Walnut. They passed the big bulk of the Kentucky Hotel. Joe tried to get Clay to go into the bar with him, but Clay was adamant.

"Can't we even go into the drug store and get a coke?" Joe said. "Dammit, I'm thirsty."

"In a minute, I want to talk to you first."

They kept walking West on Walnut. Joe looked with interest at the neon signs that showed with brilliance from some blocks ahead of them. "I ain't ever been in that part of town," he said. "There some awful tough dives up there, I've heard. It's like another city."

"Yes," Clay said. "It's like another city." They were crossing Seventh Street now, and a cop stood at the corner. He eyed them suspiciously, and Joe immediately hung back and glared at the officer. He had an Eleventh Avenue New Yorker's unreasoning hatred of police.

The cop walked over to them. Joe grinned

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"Sally didn't get a chance to write to you—she's busy cheering up the boys who are rejected"

Football for Morale

The T-formation is like the Blitz in war, teaches potential soldiers speed and finesse, gives every boy a chance

by CLARK SHAUGHNESSY

• SPORTS •

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Before the outbreak of the war there was great confusion and difference of opinion among American leaders over the value of sports. Since Pearl Harbor, however, virtually all of our important leaders from President Roosevelt on down have stressed repeatedly the utility of athletics in military training. Football was never a game for pacifists. They wanted no part of any "fighting" game. When pacifism was the thing in this country football was ridiculed as unnecessary—an outrageous waste of time, as it was put. Yet during those very years when we were deprecating football, the enemy nations were rising rapidly in athletics.

Now we're in a situation where it's back to the old law of the survival of the fittest, and what happens? Promptly out goes a hurry call for football, and more football. Military men, from General MacArthur on down, believe completely in the effectiveness of athletics, with reference to soldiering. They are on record to that effect, and I agree with them and support them wholeheartedly, as an outgrowth of my own athletic background and experiences.

Then the point arises: "What sport is the *most* important in the military picture?" I say football unqualifiedly, and that also happens to be the consensus of military men. There are many reasons why football stands out for these purposes, but the principal ones are that it is a game that teaches men how to fight, prepares them physically for hard action, and more than anything else, being a compact team game, it fosters and stimulates team spirit and what we have all learned to understand as *morale*. Team morale in modern war is the one single most important thing that can be developed in soldiers, and football, because of certain intangible, emotional and spiritual factors that are inherent in the game, develops team morale more successfully than any other known means.

Morale, I may define, is the willingness to "mix it" and keep on struggling until you win. Self-sacrifice for an ideal, and for an objective. That's what our boys have learned in their college football games. They didn't get paid for their knocks and bruises in football, just as they don't get paid much for being soldiers. But in football they learned how to play toward an ideal, the ideal of physical perfection, and mental and moral discipline; and they have to acquire those same ideals to be good soldiers.

There are other sports that can contribute *some* of these attributes. But they all fall short of football in this great purpose. Boxing and running are individual performances. In running there is no physical contact. Wrestling is pulling and tugging, but also individual. Baseball has no contact; basketball has none legally. Football is the one game of all games where we find physical contact and teamwork blended together. That's what the military men have decided. That's why Naval Aviation has established great training centers at five major schools. That's why several hundred of the leading coaches have been groomed for the work of coaching football for all in our armed services.

Football coaches are going to train the future pilots in everything except the mechanics of flying. Football is the closest approach to war that we have in sports. All the basic strategy of the two competitions are related. You mass men for a quick thrust here; you feint the enemy out of position. It's quickness, precision, co-operation, determination. They all work together—in both football and war. With the machinery and equipment of modern warfare—tanks and planes—it's team, team, team, all the way through. It's not individual. Every individual has to know how to fit right into the organization. Football has the biggest place in the training program. It's the only game that can be twisted, turned and used to accomplish the objective.

All this vast military utilization of football as a training school, a ground school for war, obviously is going to make many changes in the gridiron picture this fall. What will these changes be? For one thing and primarily, it is going to be the *players'* game, rather than a spectator game—although you will find the crowds booming, too, with so much emphasis on these service teams. But there will be more players in the game, as the leaders seek to give as many men as possible the values of competition. That is what we should have been coming toward long ago. Instead of abolishing football here and there, we should have insisted on football for all—as the services are now doing in the interests of national safety, of our very existence. That gives you some idea of the importance of football, and the mistakes that have been made about it in the past.

Collegiate football as we have known it will have to give way this fall to all this football with the military slant. Instead of concentrating on putting on an extra well-drilled *varsity* eleven on Saturday, the coaches everywhere will stress getting quantities of men into the game. They will have less time therefore to perfect a show team. Instead of getting squads and picking out the eighteen best players on them we'll try to get *everybody* into the game. That's what I aim to do at the University of Maryland as director of physical education. I've got a much bigger job than just coaching a football team. There are 2,000 boys on the Maryland campus. Physical education is compulsory for all. Every mother's son of them is going to be urged to come out for football and learn how to fight! The ones who can't, we'll teach; and

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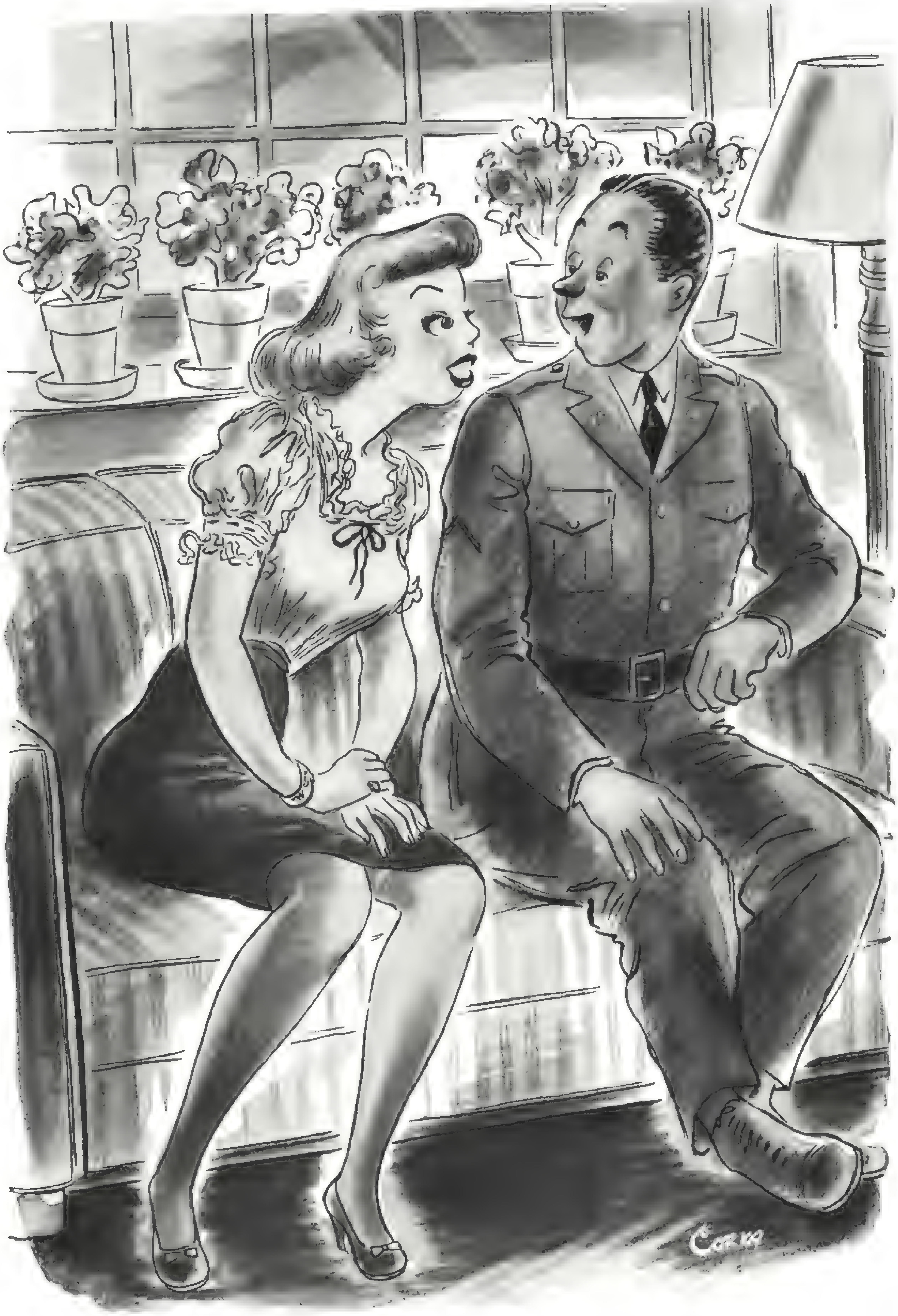
GEORGE WOLFE

"Test pilot Werner reporting, sir—the new hostess is very much okay!"



"Let's pretend we're on a desert island—what's the first thing you'd think of?" "Food!"

Victory by Tank Warfare

God helps those who help themselves to the lessons of tank strategy learned on the proving grounds of Spain and France

by BRIG. GENERAL HENRY J. REILLY, O. R. C.

• ARTICLE •

As great as are the changes the airplane has brought about in modern warfare, there is little doubt that the tank is responsible for even greater ones.

When the tank was first invented, through a combination of American and British brains, the French had the idea of using huge numbers of them in battle. They wanted to wait until a virtual armada of these new war machines had been secretly manufactured and then make a mass surprise attack on the Germans.

The British, however, wanted to take immediate advantage of the new weapon before the Germans learned of its existence and took counteracting steps. British opinion prevailed and, as a result, the question of the most effective tank strategy was never settled in the last war.

After the Armistice, the dispute between the two main theories of tank warfare was waged on paper and on the field of maneuver. One school preached that the tank should be used in large masses independently of the other arms of the service. The other theory was that, since the tank's primary mission was to crush the machine guns opposing the infantry, the tanks should go with the infantry and in reality be an auxiliary weapon to the foot soldier in his painful and dangerous advance across the battlefield.

The leading advocate of mass attack by independent tanks was General Fuller of the British army, one of the most brilliant military minds of our time. He and his followers saw in the tank the successor on the modern battlefield of the armored knights who charged en masse, their weight and velocity generally crashing them through the infantry of the enemy and carrying the day. Only the Swiss squares of pikemen and the rows of British archers had much chance of stopping them.

The opponents of this theory saw the tanks rather as analogous to the elephants of the Carthaginians. These beasts, surrounded and followed by infantry, advanced and crushed holes through the enemy's infantry, making it possible to break their lines.

The first opportunity to test the rival theories of tank strategy came during the conflict in Spain. Here many of the types of tanks used in the present war were tested in battle by one side or the other. The Loyalists had mostly Russian models, manned in the majority of cases by Russians. They had some French tanks and some Czechoslovakian tanks. The Nationalists had German and Italian tanks, and progressively as they won, large numbers of Russian tanks which they captured from the enemy. The Germans and Russians fighting today are using against each other the tactics learned on the well-waged battlefields of Spain.

In Spain, the Russians originally favored the mass tank idea of General Fuller. At the battle of Fuente del Ebro, they attacked seven companies of Nationalist infantry with nearly a hundred tanks. These came sweeping over the crest which had hidden them, down a slope, across a shallow valley and up through the barbed wire. About thirty of the tanks got beyond the trenches of the Nationalist infantry, which was unsupported by artillery or aviation. The Loyalists, in their desire to engineer a surprise attack, did not use their artillery. No Loyalist aviation was used.

The Nationalist infantry had learned from previous experience that good infantry could successfully attack tanks, just as the Roman infantry learned that if it had the courage to stand fast before the Carthaginian elephants, they could slay them. The Roman infantry jabbed their swords and spears into the stomachs of the elephants. The Nationalists threw wine bottles full of sulphur and gasoline, with hand grenades wired to the neck, into the greasy tractors of the tanks, setting them aflame. More than thirty tanks were burned or captured and the rest driven back, some on fire, to their original position.

From then on, tanks never attacked alone in Spain. The Germans and Russians learned their lesson. They have never staged an unsupported tank attack in the present war. Their panzer or armored divisions are not composed of tanks alone. Each contains several hundred tanks, motorcycle infantry and machine guns, motorized infantry, field artillery, anti-tank artillery, anti-aviation artillery, engineers and signal corps troops. The principle of uniting all arms, and not depending on tanks alone, is never departed from. One distinguishing feature of the German panzer divisions is their ordnance repair and maintenance sections, which each night after battle repair tanks for the next day's fight. This has frequently enabled the Germans to put more tanks in the field than their enemy expected to see. In the German army, aviation is directly attached to the panzer divisions and is under the command of the Division Commander. In Russia, aviation is supposed to be always available for the support of their armored units.

These armored divisions serve the function of Napoleon's artillery reserve and cavalry. When Napoleon detected a weak spot in the enemy's lines, he galloped up his reserve artillery to within a short distance and opened a heavy fire on the enemy's infantry. In the confusion resulting from this more or less surprise attack, with its attendant losses, Napoleon's cavalry would charge, break through, strike to the right, left and rear of the hole he made, strike at the enemy's batteries and then pursue the fugitives for days at a time. After the Prussian defeat by the French at Jena, Murat's cavalry pursued the Prussian

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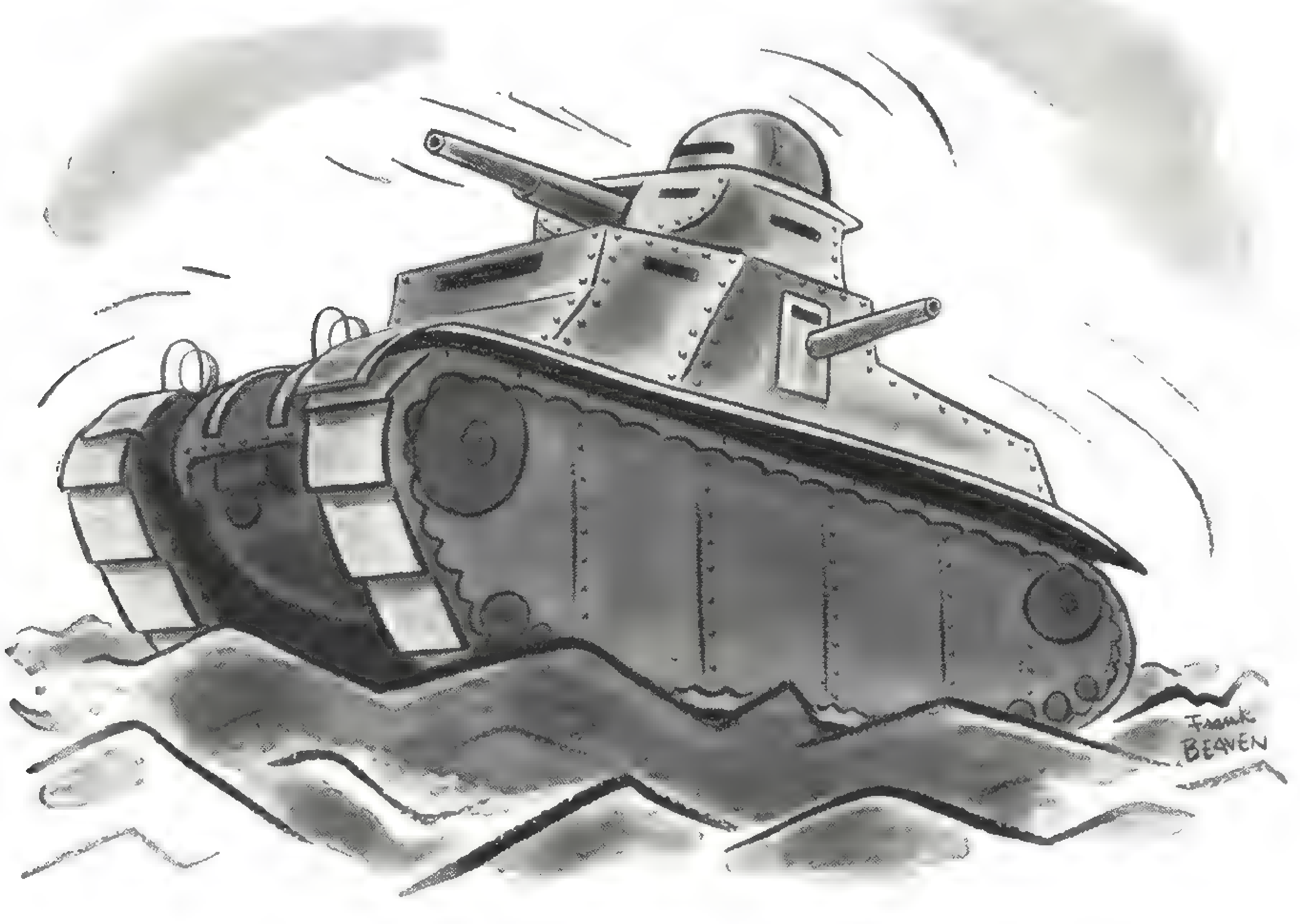
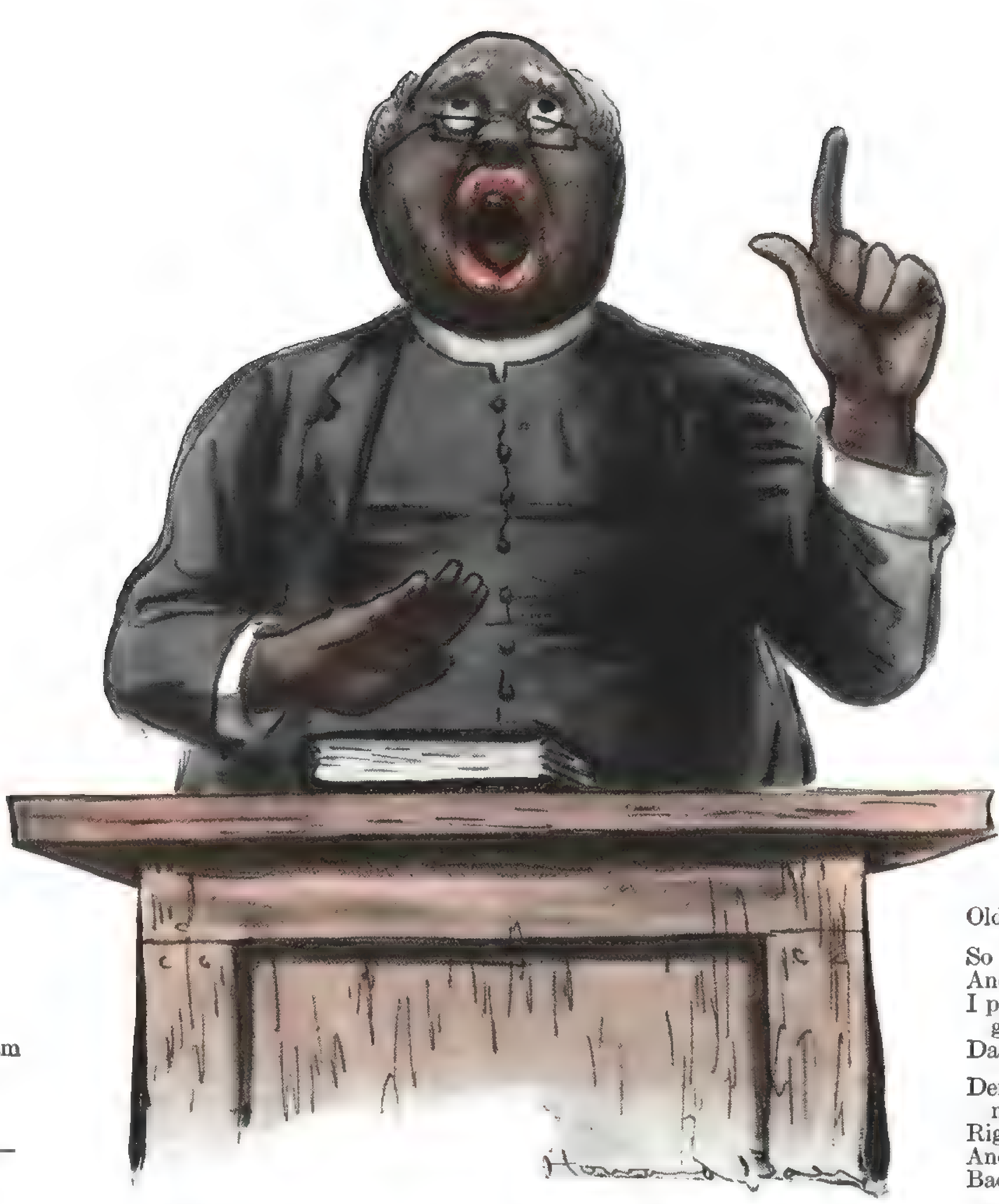


"Take those bumps easy—the captain is taking a nap!"



Daniel's Three-Way Gig

A War Sermon

by ROARK BRADFORD

Christian friends of Old Sunlight Church
And visitin' souls amongst us,
Jest lay back and set at ease
Cause I ain't got no sermon!

I'm gonter tell y'all 'bout my dream
Of a three-way gig in de lottery!

Aw! Well!

I see y'all want dat three-way gig—
I know y'all plays de numbers!
Well, dat's agin de N'Awlins law
But hit ain't no sin in de Bible.

Hit ain't no sin to spread a dime
Early in de mawnin',
And den feel rich all day long
Ontwell dey pull de winners.
O' cou'se you lose. But you feel rich
Ontwell you knows for certain.
My friends, yo' pastor needs dat dime
A heap worse den Mister Beansie.
But I'll git mine; let him git his,
You don't hyar me grumble!

Five-two-five! Souls, write hit down,
Cause dat gig sho's a winner.
But you must play hit a certain way,
So, listen whilst I 'splains you.

Well, I was settin' down at home
Studyin' up a sermon.
My radio was speakin' news
About dis war in Yurrop.

Hit was bad news.

Mister Hitler done run hog-wild
And wrecked another country;
De Jappy-nee was raisin' sand
And shootin' at Manila.

Bad news.

Den I looked at a magazine
Dat was layin' on my table—
Full er pitchers er dis and dat
And not wid too much writin'.
But dar hit was in great big print,
I couldn't he'p but read hit:

"HITLER CLAIM HIT AIN'T NO GAWD."

I says, "Look out, son, we got you!"

Now maybe y'all think I've lost de text
'Bout how to hit dat winner?
Five-two-five! Keep hit in mind,
Cause I'm still tawkin' 'bout hit.

Oh, yes!

In de last war dat I was in,
De Big Thaing was de Kaiser.
He all time tawked 'bout "Me and Gawd"—
You see?—He put Gawd second!

And he r'ared around and raised some sand,
But bad luck over-tuck him.

Gawd come fust. Amen.

Me? Well, I didn't cut no ice
When I was in de army.
I had me a gun and a unifawm
And I was Private Johnson.

Couldn't shoot good, couldn't drill good,
But I had plenty practice.
"Private Johnson, ketch dat step!
And straighten up yo' rifle!
Cover in file f'm front to rear!
Can't you never git dat cadence?"

My sergeant was hard.

We kotched a ship and went to France.
(In dem days I was a sinner.)
I drawed my pay and bought cony-yack,
And got dronk and cussed my sergeant,
And raised me up a mess er sand—
Leastways, dat's what I figgered.

But naw!

My outfit moved up to de front
Whar hit was real sand raisin'.
De Kaiser kept tawkin' 'bout "Me and Gawd"
And kept on givin' orders:

"Hindy-burg, you fight tonight,
And Loody-doff, you fight tomorrow!"

Hit kept us home boys on de jump
Jest to dodge de bullets!

Five-two-five! Amen.

Den, one rainy night I got lost
Close to a town name Wipers.
Hit was awful quiet and I was skeered,
And den de shootin' started!
Whiz bangs, star shells, rifle fire—
Y'all never hyared sech racket.

My sergeant wan't dar to give de command,
But I didn't need no orders.
I drapped face down in a big shell hole
Right flat in de mud and water.
De bullets whined, de whiz bangs whizzed
And I got awful lonesome.

I was a sinner!

If my sergeant had come and cussed me out,
My, friends, hit'd 'a been a pleasure.
I laid in dat water to I might' nigh froze
But I tried to ketch dat cadence:
I dressed to de left in sets of fo's,
And I sho' held down dat pivot.
But Whizzzz! Bang!—Wheeeennnne! Bap! Boom!
I was so alone and lonesome!

Five-two-five!

My mamma learned me how to pray,
And dat night, I remembered.
But I didn't pray no fancy prayer,
I jest said, "Lawd, please he'p me."

And He did.

De Lawd crawled down in dat shell hole
Right in dat mud and water.
And He tawked to me like I'm tawkin' to you
He said, "Now, look, Private Johnson.
I made dis yearth and I made de rain,
And I made de light and darkness.
I made ev'ything they is.
Do you think I knows My Business?"

I said, "Yes, Lawd."

And de Lawd said:

"De yearth is black, de night is dark.
Now, Johnson, what's yo' color?
Jest git ye up and drag hit on back—
Dem enemies can't see you."

Old Aunt Hagar's boy!

So I drug hit on back and got my gun
And commenced to squeeze dat trigger.
I prayed and I shot, and I done so good
Dat de Cap'm named me a Corp'al!

Den I preached to my squad and I made dem pray
Right along wid dey shootin'.
And jest about dat time
Bad luck hit de Kaiser!

"Me and Gawd!" *Humph!*

Well, I been preachin' ev'y since den.

So I'll tell you 'bout dat number—
Dat five-two-five, dat winnin' gig
Dat I drempt up for you members.

A long time ago, hit was a kaing
And his name was Nebby-ka-neezer.
He had gold and armies, and horses, and land,
But he got too big for his britches.
He didn't claim hit wan't no Gawd,
And he didn't put Gawd second—
He jest claimed he didn't need Gawd
To he'p him rule his kaingdom.

Well!

So Nebby-ka-neezer seed Gawd's hand
Jest a-writin' on de ceilin'!
And dis powerful kaing dat didn't need Gawd
Was too skeered to read de messhy!

So Daniel come and read de news,
And den writ it in de Scripture.

Dat's hit, my friends! Dat's de gig
Dat's bound to be a winner:

"Minnie-minnie, tickle-tickle!"
You'll find hit in yo' Bible.

Dat's jest what Daniel read de kaing,
And den he had to 'splain him:

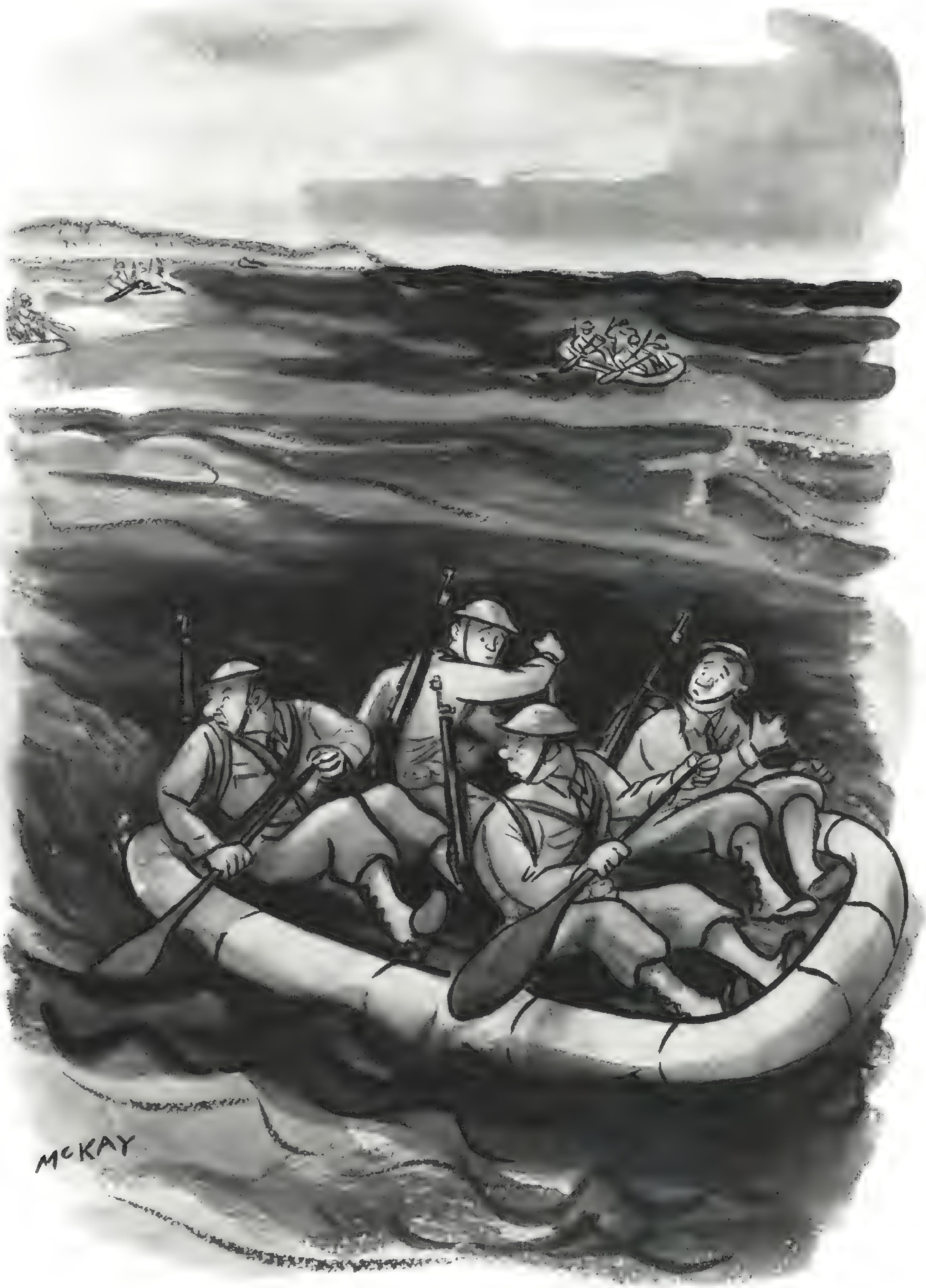
"Hit's a heap er news in dem magic words.
You's fixin' to lose yo' kaingdom;
You gonter nip grass for seven long years,
Right out in de pasture.
But de big news yonder on de wall,
And, oh, kaing, don't you forgit hit,
Says, *'Gawd shall rule in de kaingdom of men!'*
I mean, dat's Truth Eternal!"

And hit is!

Chapter five, verse twenty-five,
Right in de Book er Daniel.

Five-two-five, dat's de winnin' gig
I drempt up for you members.

Hit don't cost you a dime to play,
And hit won't git you no money.
"God shall rule in de kaingdom of men."
Keep dat messhy in yo' heart, and den
We'll git out and win dis battle!



"Sssssssssssss—"

MacArthur in Sports

Too light to make the football team at the Point, he became its manager; scored first run on Navy in baseball

by THOM YATES

▪ ARTICLE ▪

If young Douglas MacArthur was born with a silver sword in his hand, as some put it, then he also must have been born with a baseball in the other hand and a love and appreciation of sports in his cranium. For this illustrious son who followed in the footsteps of an illustrious father has done just about everything in athletics. He's played, coached, spectated, organized, directed and lived sports. His love of sports, for their resultant physical and moral benefits, more than any other factor save of course his military genius, is why General MacArthur was given a scope of power and jurisdiction never before exercised by an American Army officer.

Douglas MacArthur's zest and capabilities in athletics came to the fore first while he was attending West Texas Military Academy where he was a star end and a key player on the football team. On entering West Point he met with keen disappointment when, although tall enough, he scaled only 145 pounds and consequently was too light for the Army eleven in the old mass-weight days of the turn of the century. He was the same determined MacArthur then that he is now, however, and since he couldn't play on the team he did the next best thing. He managed it.

Turning then to a game where weight did not count so heavily, Cadet MacArthur played in the outfield of the 1901 and 1902 West Point baseball teams. In baseball he won the honor of scoring the first run ever chalked up by the Army against its traditional rival, the Navy. That seems so long ago now in the sporting annals that there are conflicting reports as to just exactly how he happened to score that first run in that first Army-Navy baseball game. This is the version given me by Stephen Abbott, who was captain of both the Army nines on which MacArthur played.

With the announcement that Navy was to be met on the diamond, interest in baseball at the Point zoomed. So did competition for positions on the nine. That first Army-Navy baseball game was played at West Point on May 18, 1901. According to Abbott, in the third inning, MacArthur walked, his special talents at the plate being bunts and working pitchers for bases on balls. His alertness and speed then enabled him to steal second. Then he scored on a hit by General John K. Herr, recently retired Chief of Cavalry. In the outfield of the Navy team that far-off day in 1901 was Admiral Walter S. Anderson, now in the Pacific. Today, however, he and MacArthur are on the same team, in a far larger but less sporting game.

As a lieutenant in the years immediately following his graduation from the Military Academy in 1903, MacArthur continued to play baseball on his company team, which he also coached. Thus he learned early how the medium of athletics could bring him closer to his men, and his men closer to him.

Then twenty-one years after he first set foot on the historic grounds of the Point as an inexperienced youngster seeking the gold bar of a second lieutenant, General MacArthur returned in 1919 with the one star of a brigadier general on his shoulder and orders assigning him as Superintendent, the youngest in the history of West Point.

As it has been said, "The boy never leaves us," General MacArthur still retained his keen interest in athletics. He set about at once reorganizing athletics at West Point on a broad, comprehensive, athletics-for-all program. His plan was simply this: If not a member of one of West Point's score of intercollegiate squads, a Cadet must participate in some variety of intramural sports. And General MacArthur stressed the word *must* with all its military implications. In addition, the plebes are obliged to become, if they are not already so upon entrance to the Academy, reasonably proficient in such sports as wrestling, boxing, swimming, fencing, etc.

As a part of the expansion of athletics at West Point under MacArthur a large new gymnasium was being built. Believing that "the training of the athletic field which produces in a superlative degree the attributes of fortitude, self-control, resolution, courage, mental agility, and, of course, physical development, is one completely fundamental to an efficient soldiery" and wishing "that this fundamental concept should be the one which animated the athletic training at West Point," General MacArthur composed a couplet to be inscribed with imbedded iron letters in the stones of the entrance to the gymnasium:

"On the field of friendly strife are sown
the seeds that
On other fields and on other days will
bring forth victory."

General MacArthur's credo of athletics expressed above, as well as verification of his authorship of the famous couplet which had been previously attributed to everybody from Shakespeare to Whitman, was stated in a letter to Ralph Cannon, then assistant to the president of the American Olympic Committee, on April 18, 1939, which is now published for the first time on page 81 of this issue of Esquire.

While re-organizing athletics at the Military Academy, General MacArthur never lost his own personal interest in sports. The effect his strong interest in athletics had on the Army teams of that time is indicated in their season's record for the three years (1919-1922) General MacArthur was Superintendent: basketball—47 won, 8 lost; baseball—29 won, 16 lost, 2 tied; football—19 won, 9 lost.

His interest was so intimate in the athletes

Continued on page 148

"He won't draw straws to see who sweeps the floor—says it's gambling!"

The Story of the Star-Spangled Banner

On the floor of Claggett's Brewery in Baltimore Mary Pickersgill spread huge pieces of cloth. With her daughter she sewed and fitted the parts together, until there was a gigantic star-spangled banner before them, 29 feet long, 36 feet wide, 400 yards of material.

Mary Pickersgill could well be content. The shaft was solidly fixed, there were fifteen stars and fifteen stripes; a good neat job. Her mother, Rebecca Young, who, decades before, had sewn the first star-spangled banner by order of George Washington himself, would have given her approval.

The banner was hoisted on Fort McHenry. There it became more than a banner. It became a picture, a living, breathing reality, a symbol of the will of young America to live.

Francis Scott Key, a young Maryland lawyer, saw this picture on September 13, 1814. Amidst the tumult of battle, he went on board the British flagship to plead for the release of his captured friend, Dr. William Beanes. From the other side, he anxiously watched the fight, saw the shells crash, heard the boom of the cannon, felt the vibration of the deck, and at every flash strained to catch a reassuring glimpse of the flag he loved. And with the first light of the following morning, through the fog and smoke, he saw the flag, pierced and torn. But it lived. America lived. Freedom lived.

Breathless, Francis Scott Key scribbled something on an envelope. A couple of hours later a fourteen-year-old printer's apprentice at the *Baltimore and Commercial Daily Advertiser* set the text. Handbills went out all over the city, and a soldier in a Baltimore tavern borrowed a melody for Key's text, the old English drinking song, *Anacreon in Heaven*. And then it filled the air: "O say can you see?"

Just like Rouget de l'Isle's *Marseillaise*, it was less the creation of a man than of a moment. It wasn't a great poem. But it was a great, an unforgettable picture.

The following 117 years saw more than one attack on the song. People said that it was too militant, that it did not express the virtues of peace and spirit, that it was anti-British and anti-American at the same time, that it was an artistic mediocrity, and finally, that it was by far too much of a challenge to the average throat, with its extraordinary twelve-note range.

But in 1930, six million petitions fluttered on the desks of the Congress and the President in Washington. And on March 3, 1931 the Star-Spangled Banner became the official anthem of the United States.

A picture had triumphed.

—*Will Schaber*

The Star-Spangled Banner

I

O say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night, that our flag was still there.
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

II

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream.
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner, O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

III

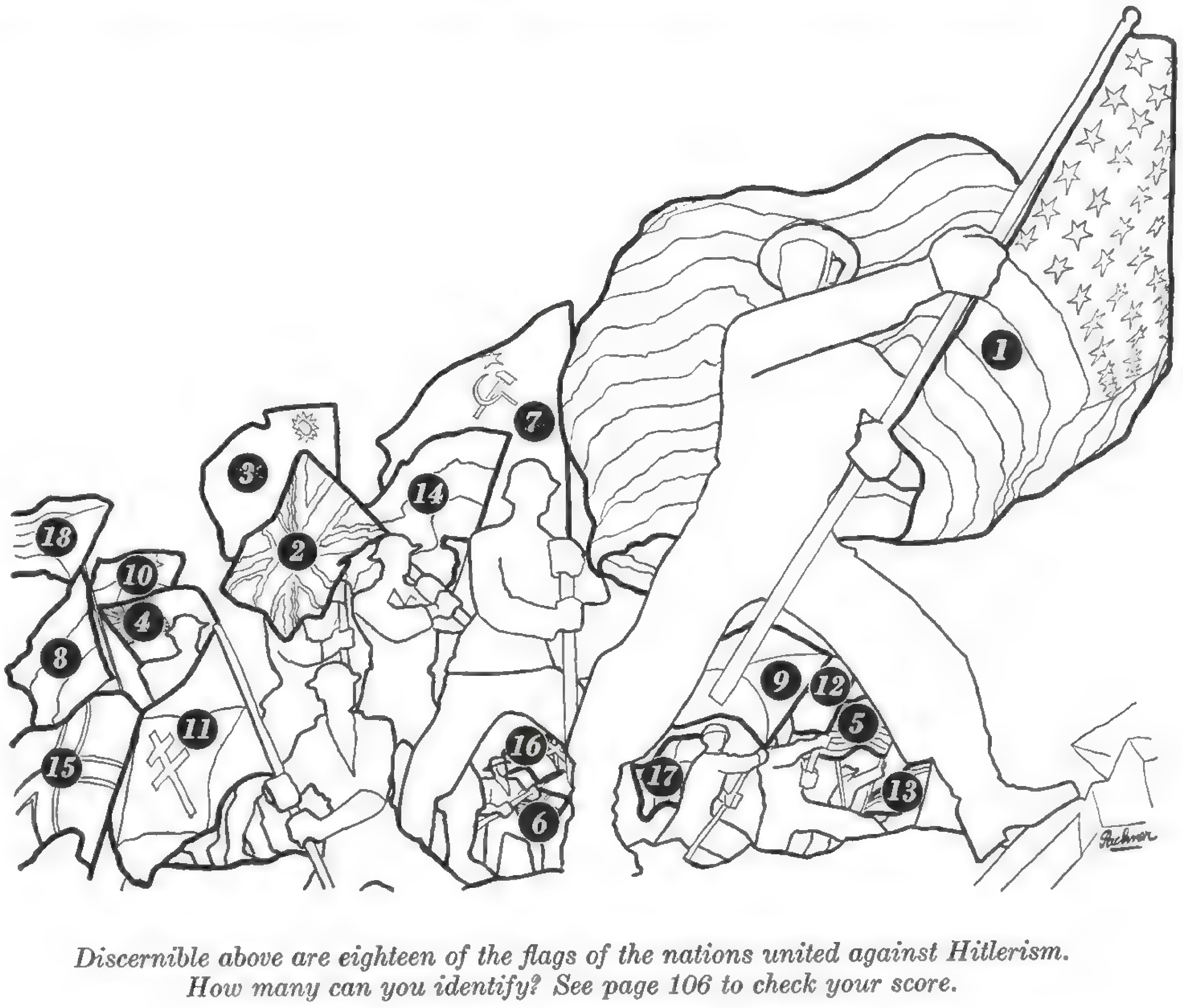
And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

IV

O thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Can You Identify the Flags of the Nations United Against Hitler?

This painting by William Pachner depicts the leadership of the United States not only in the War of Survival, but also in the peace that will follow. Pachner, a Czechoslovakian artist now living in this country, has symbolized here his feeling that the United States has defined the meaning of democracy and the ultimate aim of the war, having proved by its own example that people of many races, creeds and nationality can live together in peace... Marching in the parade of nations are Soviet Russia, who, as the President has said, has "destroyed more of Hitler's armed power than all other United Nations together," and has proved that his soldiers are not, after all, Supermen.... China, who for five years has fought Japan alone, doing immeasurable service to the democracies of the world.... Jugoslavia, which has become a second front leading the Balkan resistance under the leadership of brave General Mikhailovitch.... Free France, which represents the voice of the French people, who continue to fight valiantly, not only abroad, with the armies of General De Gaulle, but also at home, with sabotage against the Nazi rule.... Norway whose people remain overwhelmingly loyal to King Haakon and still serve the cause of freedom by helping the British commandos, by escaping to join the British forces for active fighting and by sabotage in war factories, on railroads and on farms against Nazi domination.... But all these nations look to the United States to lead the conflict, and to the Star-Spangled Banner as the emblem of the true democratic ideal.



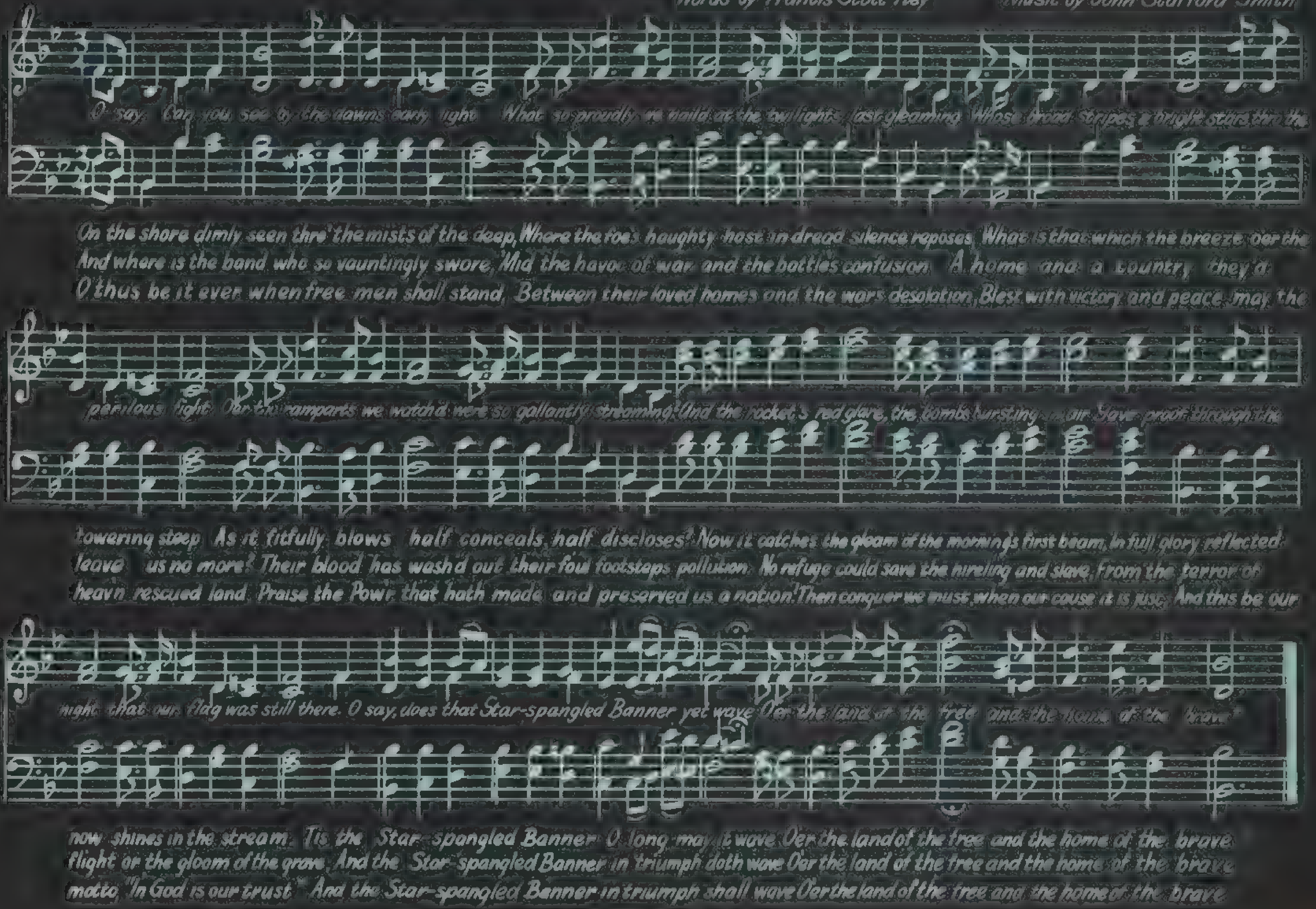
Discernible above are eighteen of the flags of the nations united against Hitlerism. How many can you identify? See page 106 to check your score.

☐ United States
☐ Greece
☐ Denmark
☐ U. S. S. R.
☐ Holland
☐ Cuba
☐ Australia
☐ Czechoslovakia
☐ Panama
☐ Free France
☐ Poland
☐ Canada
☐ Britain
☐ Costa Rica
☐ China
☐ Jugoslavia
☐ Norway
☐ Dominican Republic

The Star Spangled Banner

Words by Francis Scott Key

Music by John Stafford Smith


O say, Can you see by the dawns early light What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming Whose broad stripes & bright stars thro' the
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O thus be it ever when free men shall stand, Between their loved homes and the wars desolation, Blest with victory and peace may the
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motto, "In God is our trust." And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Pachner

Our Own New Order

When we've won the war we must reorganize the world for peace and the job depends on every Joe Doaks who calls himself American

by MARTIN TORRENCE

• ARTICLE •

℞

WHEN Hitler and Hirohito yell Uncle and the boys put down their guns and we tear up our ration books, do we sit back on our bottoms and wait for the world's goods to be handed to us on a gold serving plate? Oh no, we don't. We've still got a job to do. We've got to win the peace.

When the last echoes of the greatest armistice celebration die away, the world will have to be rebuilt. Tens of millions of soldiers will have to be transferred into jobs. The rebuilding that they and the others do must meet at least two tests:

1. It must give us a world in which there are no unemployed.

2. It must use the world's industrial plant full blast for the goods of peace as it was used for the goods of war.

In short, the end of the war will usher in a crisis. If that crisis is met intelligently, the world can be remade—and the reconditioning our advanced science and technology makes possible can give us a happy and humming planet we hadn't dreamed of before. It would put in the shade all those fancy literary utopias. To hell with book and Hollywood Shangri-Las! We've got a real one in our pockets.

The new engineering on a planetary scale can treat the globe as a plastic thing. A thousand years ago the poet Omar Khayyam sang—

> Ah love, could you and I with Fate conspire
> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
> Remold it nearer to the heart's desire?

"Check!" say the men with the blueprints and slide rules. "Can do. But somebody give us the orders—either the Fascist Boss or the People. You can have security—that is, the assurance of three squares tomorrow and no fears for the wife and Bud and Jane. You can have plenty of everything—billions of electrical horses are pawing the earth, eager to go."

"And you can also," adds a man in laced boots with a light in his eye, "have something you forgot to ask for—a sense of life as an adventure; a sense of work not as a bearable routine to win a pay-check, but of your job helping make the world a home sweet home for the human race."

But the peace that gives us this chance will be like the war. It will be make or break. If we operate on the old lines, we get the old mess, only this time on a total scale. World Mess No. 1, the depression, brought Hitler from his beer-hall bumhood to his role as bloody would-be savior. If we allow World Mess No. 2 to happen, we get another Hitler, and this time probably a super-streamlined model.

"We" now means the people of the United States. In war the anti-Axis nations look to us; they will look for our lead in peace. Not because we are a super-people, more clever, more world-minded and unselfish than anyone else. The real reason is that we are a continental people inhabiting the world's richest land area. The reason is in the mines of Minnesota and West Virginia, the farms of the middle West, the belching chimneys of Gary and Pittsburgh, the factories of Detroit, and the scientific and engineering laboratories of a hundred universities, foundations, and great "cartels."

The world will say: "The rest of us are poor and shattered. We can't take on this reorganizing job. Uncle Sam, *you* be captain." When they say that, it will be a bigger test than a dozen Pearl Harbors, Bataans, and Corregidors. The answer Uncle Sam gives will not depend on whoever is president—it will depend on every Joe Doaks who claims he is an American.

Some Joes will want to repeat the 1920's, pull their necks in and say, "The hell with Europe and Asia. Let's live our own life." If enough of them say that, we're sunk. It'll be too bad if a total world war isn't enough to teach us that the world is all one piece now, and that you can't live your own life in your own bungalow when the neighbors on both sides and across the street are either raising hell or being burglarized, raped, and lynched. The whole place has got to be made safe, or Joe Doaks gets off the planet.

So Joe, proud citizen of the greatest and richest country that history ever knew, had better make up his mind to be captain.

Now, a captain has to have more know-how than the awkward squad. Joe'd better be thinking about what kind of New World Order we, with our organizing and engineering brains, can fashion. He'd better be reading fewer comics and detective stories and more books like Dreher's *The Coming Showdown*, Blair Moody's *Boom or Bust*, and Lewis Corey's *The Unfinished Task*. If any peace-defeatist comes along saying, "We've got to win the war first, we haven't got time for that now," Joe's got to slap him down. It doesn't take a high I. Q. to see that we still waste plenty of leisure. Also that most of the peace-defeatist arguments come from the same mouths that sang of sweet isolation while we were headed for Pearl Harbor. When peace comes we want to be caught with matured blueprints, not with a Pearl-Harbor-in-reverse.

Well, to get down to cases, what are some

Continued in center of page 123

SUPPLY SERGEANT
A JOHN KAUNUS

"That's how too big they are!"

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE

***by* GRANT WOOD**

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. C. M. GOOCH, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Only One Guy

Jim was home on short furlough, he'd just had a promotion, and she knew that at last he was going to propose

by LOUIS ZARA

▪ FICTION ▪

From the way the lines puckered about Jim's mouth and his gray eyes narrowed she knew that it was coming, that he had made up his mind. He had shown her the order to return at once, cutting his furlough in half, so there was no time to waste. Originally they were going to wait until he got out but now they had suddenly promoted him and his pay would be better. He had grown up this last year; from a youthful school sweetheart who had joked and teased and never let on that he cared at all he had become a serious man. She watched the clean line of his jaw and the little cleft in his chin as he bore down hard upon the wheel and negotiated the corner with a grunt and a screech from the old Reo.

"We'll park under our elm, huh, Josie?" he said soberly, but in the next words all his youth returned. "Boy, has this subdivision changed!"

"They're mostly places that went up the first months you left for camp. That Colonial first and the one with the mansard roof second and—then the rest!"

"Yeah," he muttered absently, flicking off the ignition key. "How come you noticed? How come you were here?"

She hugged his arm, her fingers barely touching the Corporal's stripes. "I had to come, Jim. I just had to. I used to take Jerry's bicycle on my day off—it's Tuesdays now—and ride down here. Just to look around, just to remember everything better."

"Alone?" He stared through the windshield.

"Of course."

"A girl hadn't ought to—"

"Silly, Jim. I had to come, to sit under our tree and watch that gopher we used to see go scooting out of the grass and across the street."

"A chipmunk. It's sure changed. Four, six, there's a dozen of them now. Yeah, I can remember when there was only that two-story house and the woman hung out one suit of man's long underwear and a lot of little kids' stuff, and you could hear a meadowlark."

"Sometimes I'd go in and talk to Mr. Berkson, the man who runs the office in the shack there."

"You wrote me," he said glumly, then clucked his tongue. "Government loan and the rest like rent." He cleared his throat. "Josie."

"They're not very big," she added quickly, sensing that it was coming at last. "I know. I used to watch the men laying out the foundations and digging cellars. It was like magic. Every week a little more of them would be up, the walls, the windows, the floors, the roof. Once I walked inside when they were plastering and the sound of my footsteps was like—just like the sea."

"I know." He threw one arm about her shoulders and pressed her close for a long fierce kiss. She lay back upon his arm, her lashes shut tightly and her lips parting slowly. Tenderness and pain lurked about his eyes. "Good?"

Now she pulled him close to her, unmindful of her freshly pressed blouse and the print handkerchief in her pocket, and for moments time swam past the old sedan. The springs in the ancient upholstery creaked as they sat back in each other's arms. His face was flaming and she could smell the fragrance of the shaving cream she had sent him at Easter. "Oh, Josie!" he murmured, his embrace tightening about her.

"He hasn't changed," she thought and would not complain though he was so strong he nearly bruised her arms.

The sound of another car broke in on them and they raised their heads, not separating, but smiling tolerantly while the vehicle passed.

"You don't see very many cars here any more," she said, a trifle hoarsely, as though her voice had been pushed back into her throat. Her lips were beestung. She dug out her handkerchief and wiped a spot of lipstick from his cheek.

"Maybe it's another soldier," he said feelingly, "borrowing a car to take his girl out."

"Remember how many couples there used to be here before they began building. There aren't even as many birds now and the meadowlarks are all gone."

"Yeah. Josie—" he began and saw the hazel pin-points in the green eyes flicker once. "You know."

"What, Jim?" She wished he would not, would not say it. She kissed him again and when his hand rested upon her knee, did not, gently, take it away this time.

He looked into her eyes and she saw his anxiety behind his love and his eagerness. "How about it, kid? We'll get hitched before I go back." He licked his lips. "Uh?"

She dropped her eyes and bowed her head against his shoulder. How rough the khaki cloth seemed now!

"I know you wanted to marry before and I was strange about it. I thought— Well, I don't know what I thought, Josie. I didn't want anybody to think Jim Simon was getting hitched 'cause his old Uncle Samuel was calling him."

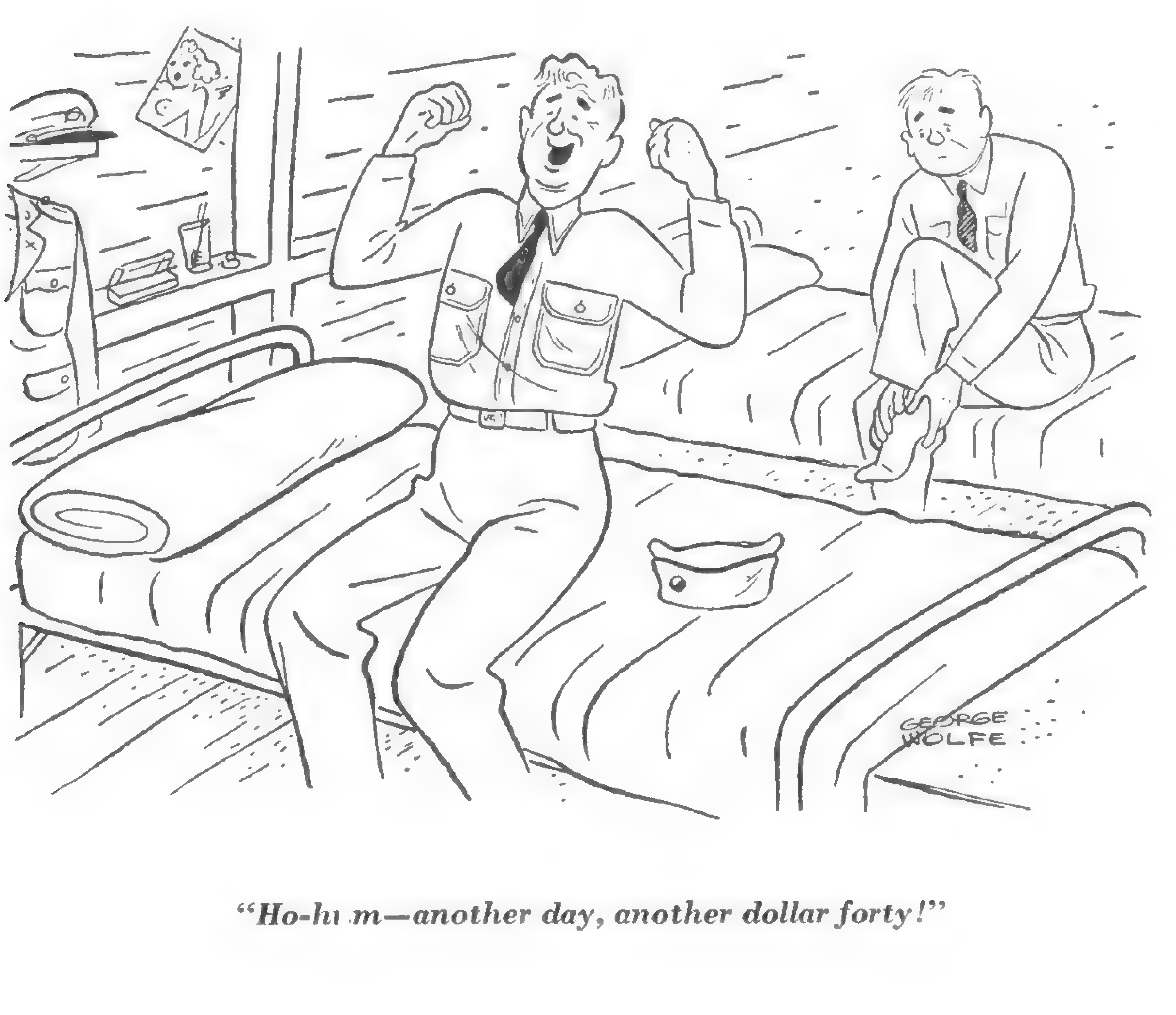
"I know, honey, I know."

"Now it's different, Josie. It's different. I think of you sitting back home after a day's work in the factory packing cartridges. Why, every time I look at one I wonder whether your fingers touched it. I want to turn and say to the fellows, 'Hey, my girl packed these, see?' I'm crazy, ain't I?"

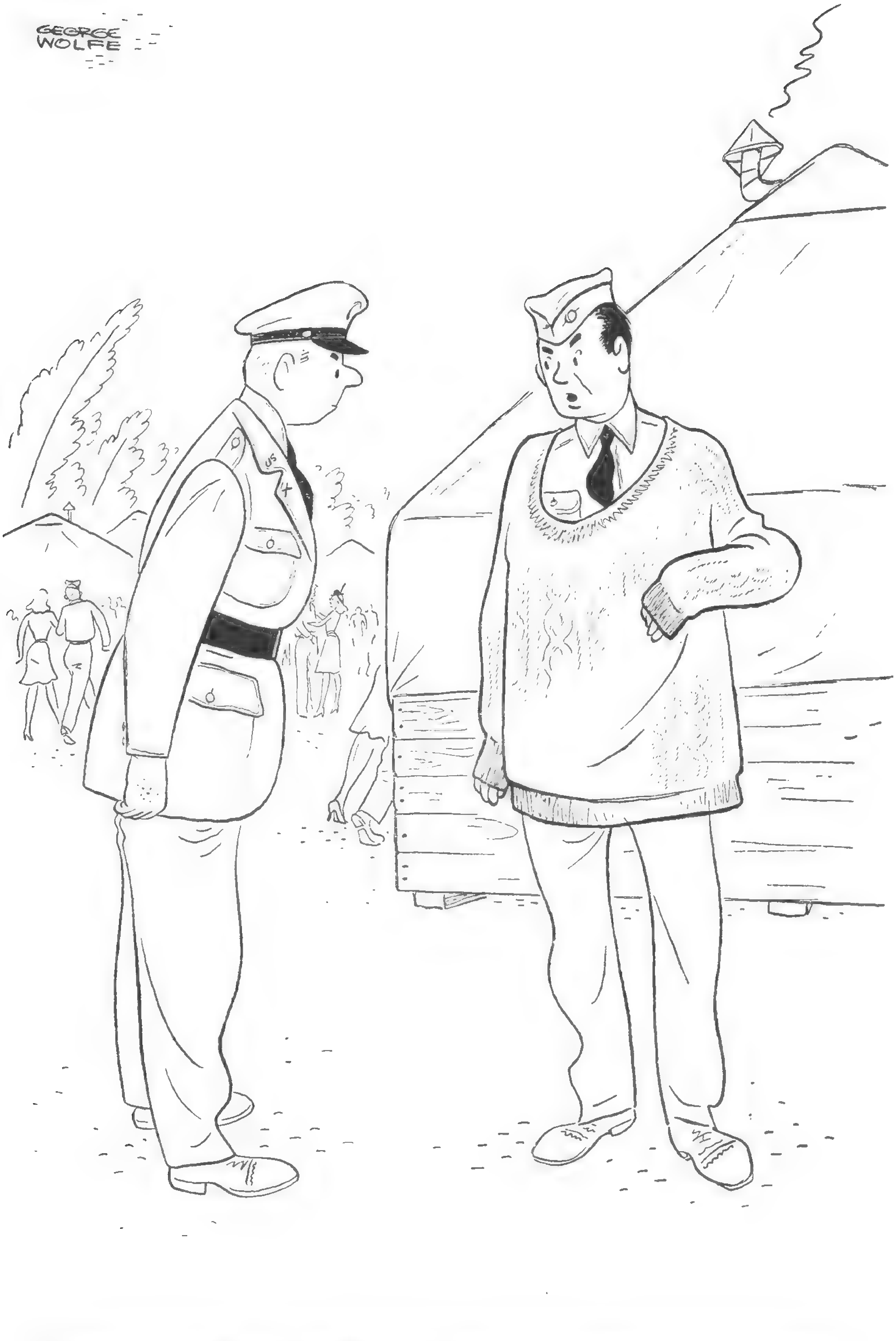
"You're wonderful, Jim."

"No, I'm not. And out on the range I feel

Continued on page 96



"Ho-hum—another day, another dollar forty!"


GEORGE WOLFE

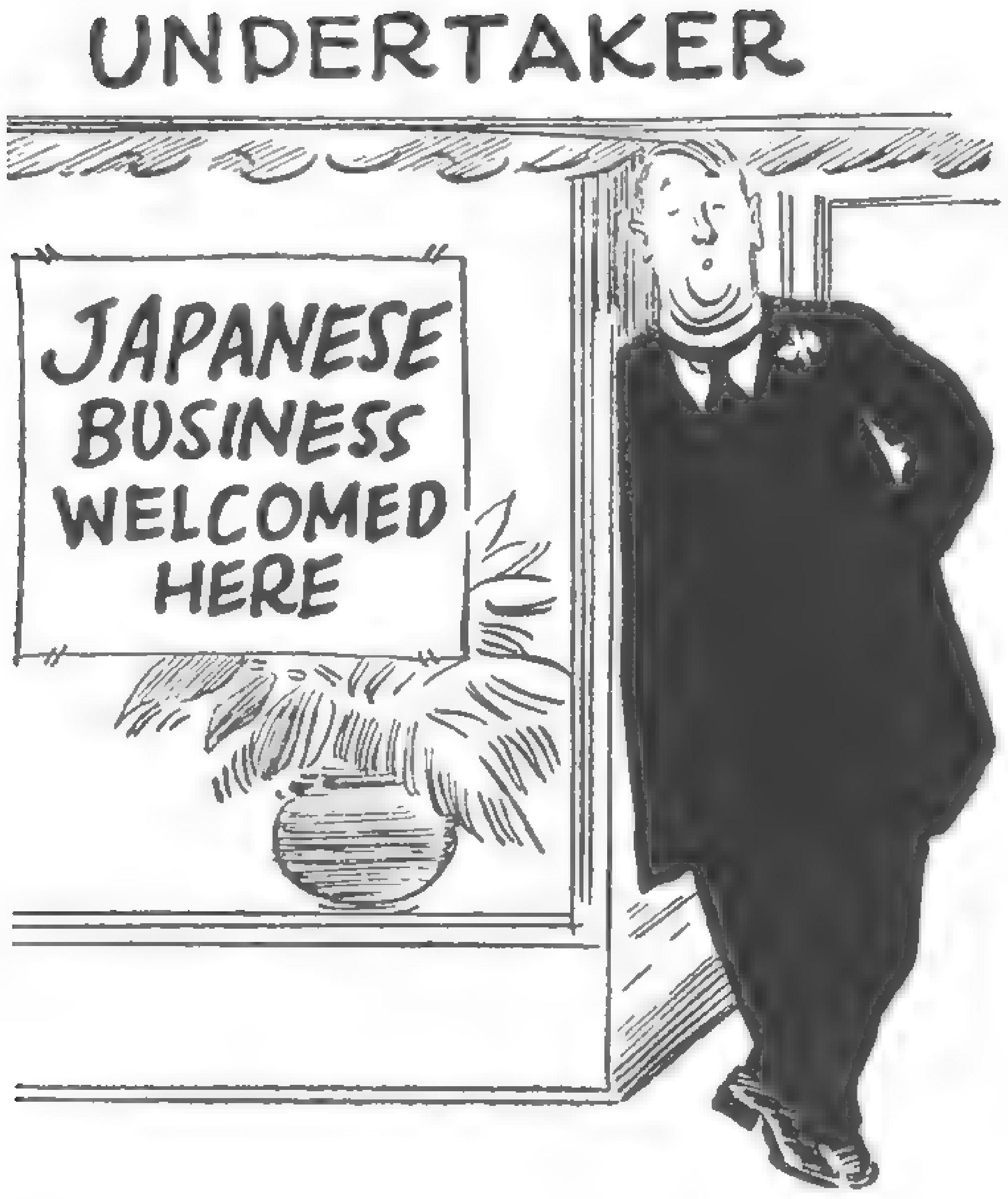
"I've got to wear it—the girl who knitted it is coming to see me today!"

Blue Print for War Wit

Laughter is a healthy safety valve and laughing people win wars so pay no heed to wet blankets who call it blasphemous

by ROBERT O. FOOTE

ARTICLE



War is sad but war wit is sadder. That is not the important point. It isn't what the boys in service and the public at home laugh at, it's the fact that they laugh which is vital. Laughing people always win a fight. In fact, anthropologists claim that laughter, as a human gesture, grew out of the cackling grimace primitive man made when he triumphed by smashing in the head of an enemy with his stone war-club.

Humanity has grown up from that. It even laughs when its own head is smashed in. The laughter is defiant, it scorns defeat and therefore is not defeated. The English are a laughing people no matter what your personal opinion may be of the things they laugh at. The Chinese are a laughing people. Americans are the laughingest people on earth. Contrariwise, Germans and Japanese cannot understand laughter under pressure and the only time an Italian really laughs is when engaged in propagating his futile race.

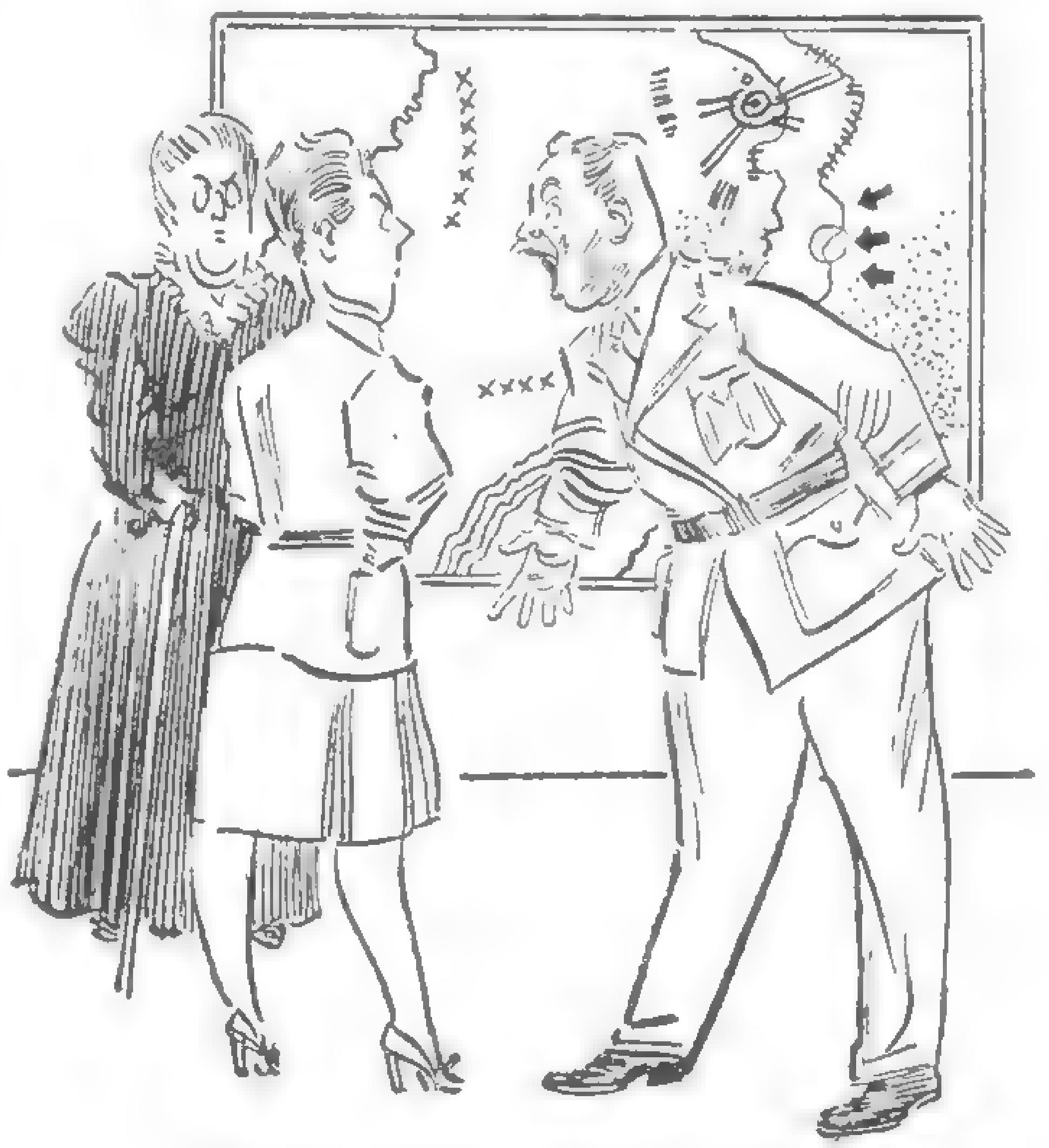
Nevertheless, though the important matter is that we have war humor, sad as it may be; it is cheering to report that every war shows a higher quality of wit than its predecessor. Right now we are a bit sardonic, where our immediate ancestors were chiefly sentimental. The attitude should be encouraged. Asked to sign up for air alarm work for which we qualify, we can register as did the woman in San Francisco, as "Victim," and get a laugh.

There will be new angles to the wit of this war. Every advance in the mechanics of slaughter brings its advance in the manufacture of jokes; long-standing fundamentals underlie each. The trend is toward simplification; soldiers do not go into battle to a marching band and jokes drop their introductions. Once this was the formula: "Our friend B who loves a joke sends us the following from the town of X near which a military unit has recently been encamped. A nervous sentry, seeing his officer approaching, cried out, 'Halt, Captain Fleetwood, who goes there?' " Today there is a sketch, the last line of the anecdote only is printed and it is modern war humor; thereby tuning up with the tendency of peacetime humor of the last two decades.

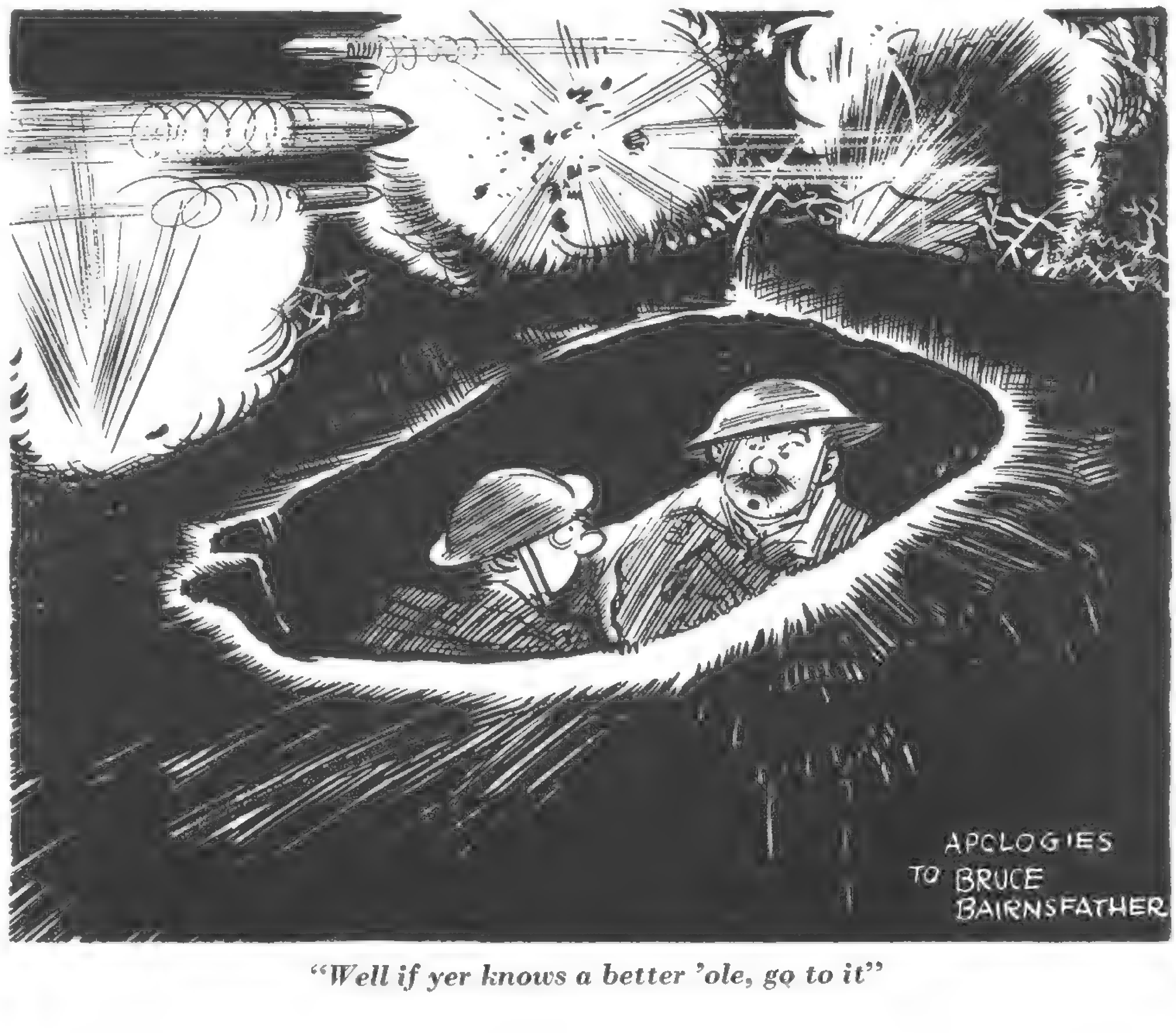
Many ideas which seem newly funny in this conflict and extremely timely, actually date back at least twenty-five years. Of such are air service and mechanized corps jests. The man in the murderous-looking tank, who stops beneath a tree and reaches up to smell a blossom, seems as new as today but he can be traced back to World War I. Humor treads closely upon developing military technic.

When a new possibility like the tire shortage bobs up to bring war right into civilian life, it is played upon, over and over like *Elmer's Tune*, until it loses its appeal. The man in the auto accident, paying no attention to the condition of his wife while he anxiously examines his tires, might seem an utterly fresh conception. In reality he is a lineal descendant of the jokesmith of 400 years ago who, told that the ship he was on must be lightened to escape an enemy raider, was about to throw his wife overboard. A different version of the same fundamental is the fleeing snowy truckload of German soldiers tossing an officer out to the pursuing Russian wolves.

Hitler's mustache and the Japanese teeth which are now the stock in trade of all American cartoonists, are comparatively fresh symbols but they spring from the very oldest



"Listen, who's running this war you or your mother!"



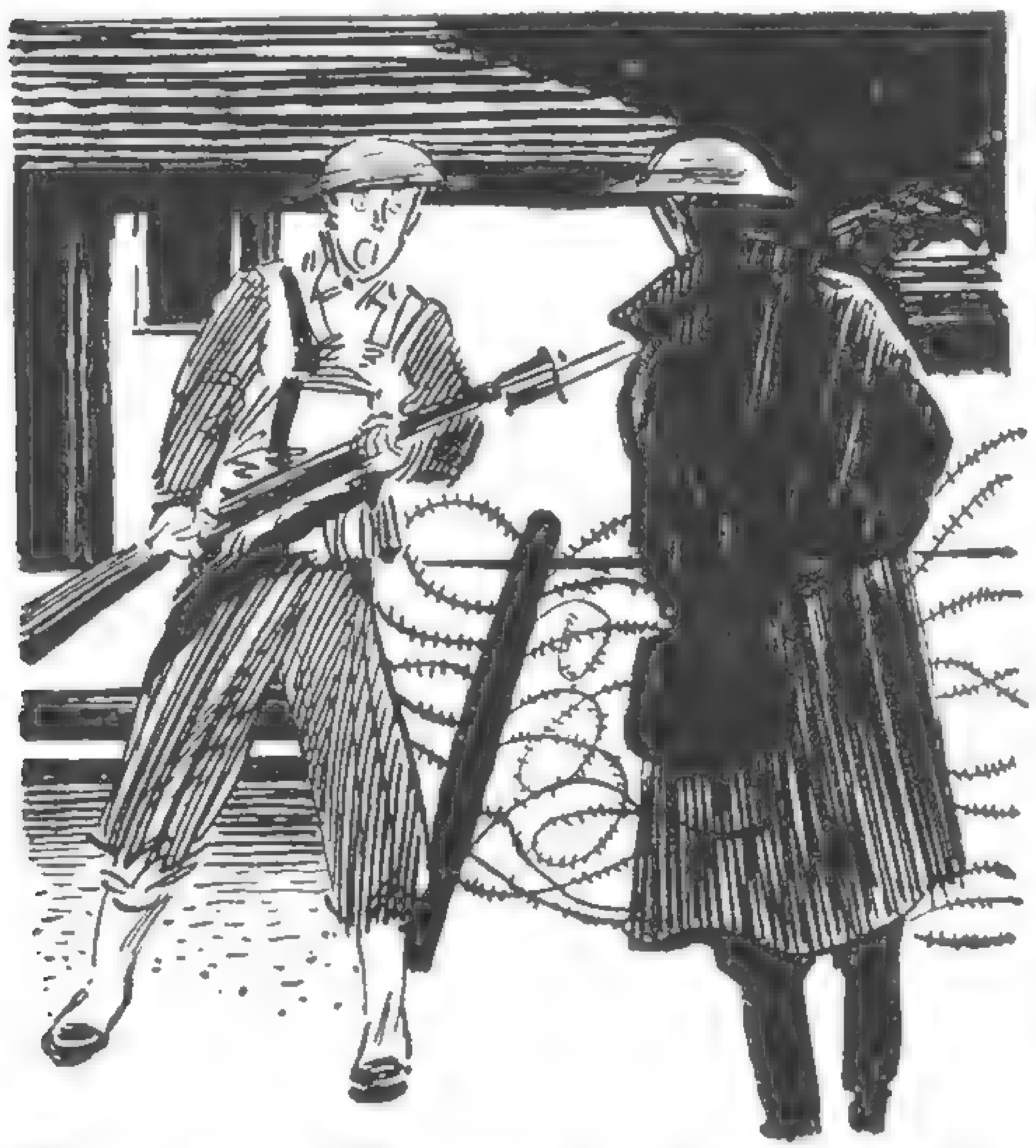
"Well if yer knows a better 'ole, go to it"

definition of humor, Aristotle's asserting that the sense of the ludicrous is aroused by the sight of some imperfection or ugliness.

Of course, there is at present a dryer tone and a more sophisticated latitude allowed to all humor, war or peace, than had been the rule for 200 years previously. The pretty blonde in the air-raid shelter, exclaiming, "Take your dirty hand off my knee. No, not you. You!" would hardly have made so many respectable magazines a quarter century ago, as have picked up it or its essence. Still and all, its implications are not much different from the World War I soldier, discovered to be engaged to four girls at the same time and explaining "Cupid must have shot me with a machine gun."

It is an encouraging indication of civilization's development toward maturity, despite its inability to keep the peace, that there is far less questioning now than at any time in the past, over the propriety of trying to invoke laughs while our flesh and blood is being killed.

War being hell, anything which tends to obscure this truth, even for a relieving moment, is a deadly evil in the viewpoint of those who would allow no smiles to mitigate the tragedy. "Devilish blasphemy" is hurled at laughter in wartime by some who find a jest of any kind in the midst of horror to be abominable. A frivolous attitude at home is held a repudiation of the man at the front. In this viewpoint, we cannot hate the enemy unless we devote every minute to it.



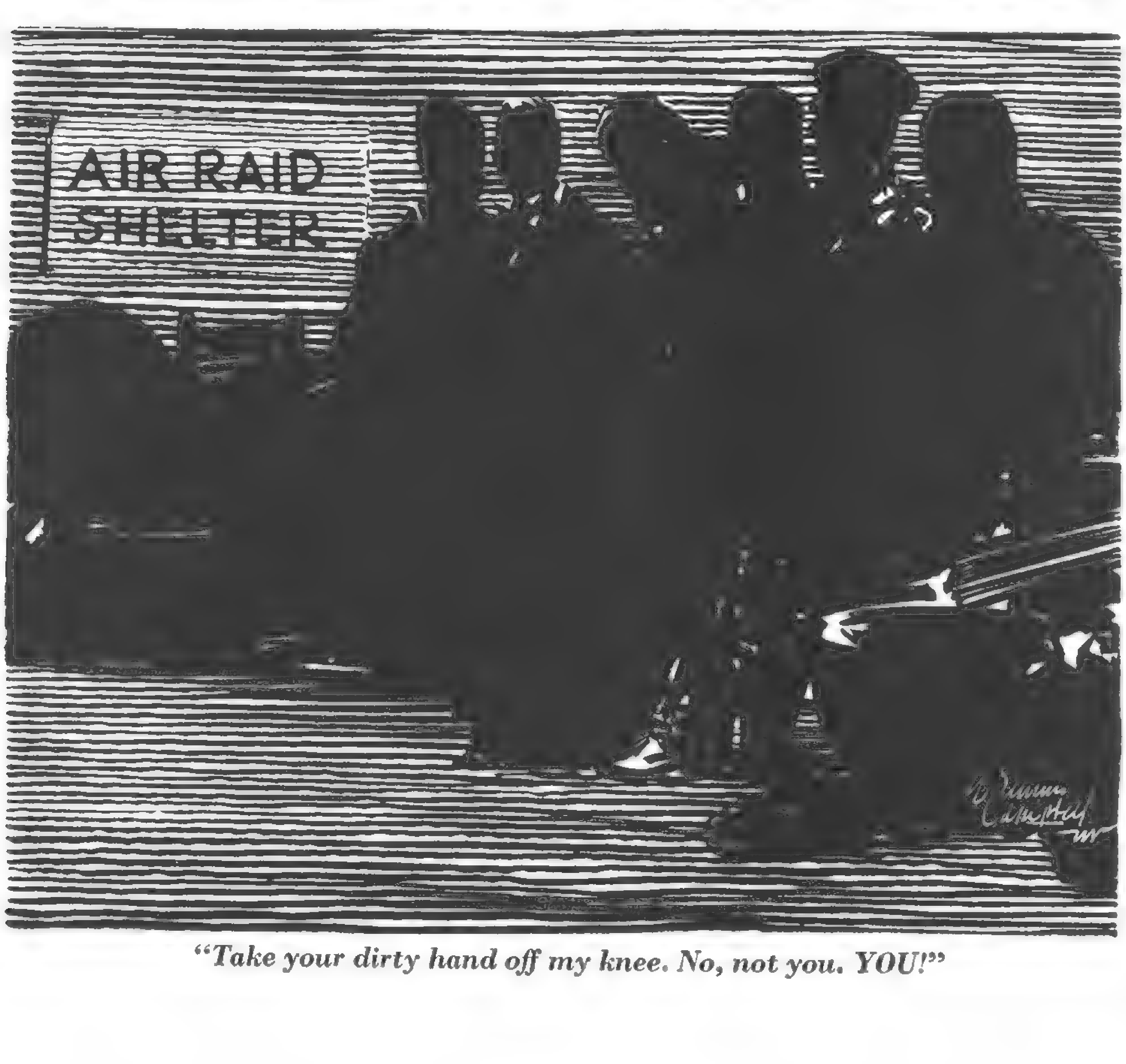
"Halt, Captain Fleetwood, who goes there?"

Such arguments sound much like clever German propaganda, intended to deprive us of our sustaining smile, except that they do so truly represent the actual Teutonic attitude. People holding this gloomy opinion would have us all like the group in the famous old cartoon of the "German Family Enjoying Its Morning Hate."

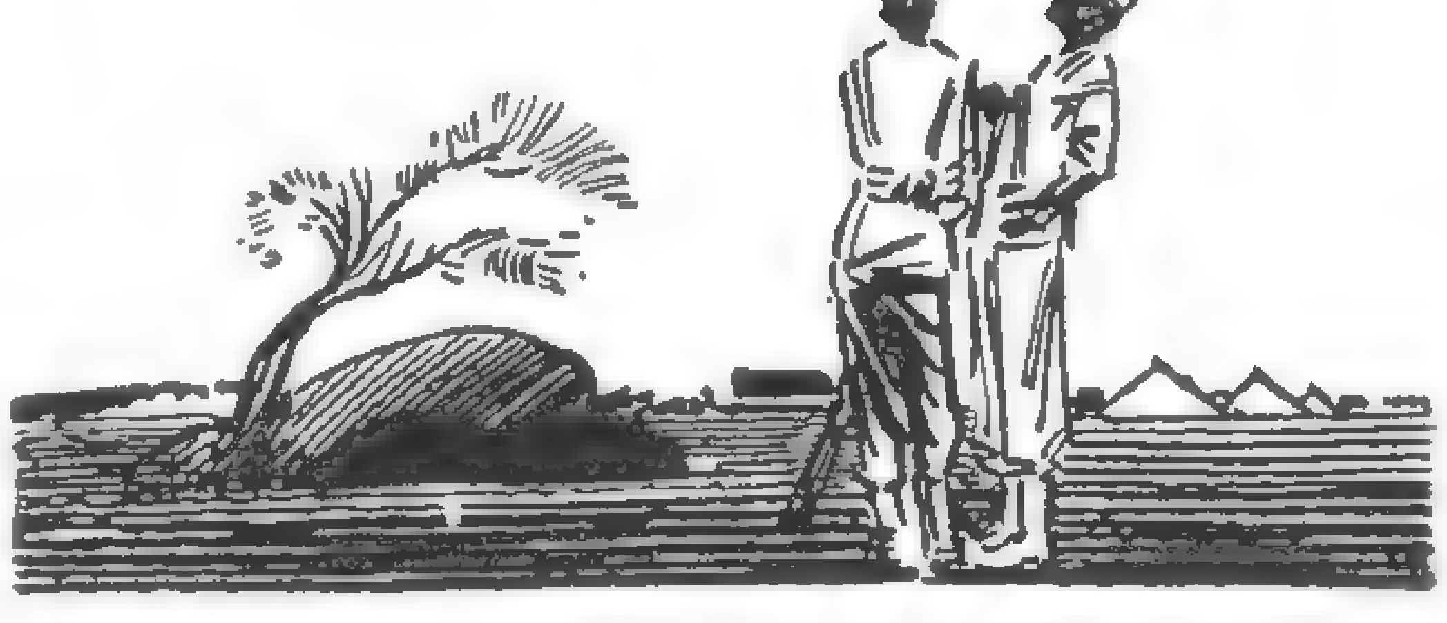
Disciples of perpetual gloom overlook the close relationship between tragedy and comedy, with the latter the older. They decline to recognize the oft-demonstrated fact that if war were all tragedy mankind would go mad. The attitude of soldiers themselves is usually full of gaiety; if they do not actually feel such an emotion, it sustains them to pretend it. In their sorest straits they bolster themselves with jests and ribbing, and have done so ever since first Homer chronicled their exploits.

When told the enemy's air strength is so great it will fill the skies, the American soldier of today taunts back, "Then we'll be able to fight in the shade." He seldom knows that the Greeks used exactly the same phrase when told that the enormity of the Persian host was so great their arrows would obscure the sun.

Except superficially and in the more violent way in which it comes, death in war is no different from death in peace. Those who face the eternal fate of all mankind with a smile have ever earned the applause of their fellows. Since no argument is complete without a quotation from Shakespeare this one is apt: "The merry heart goes all the day but the sad soon tires." Inasmuch as that is exactly the attitude of the soldier himself, there should be no misgivings that we at home laugh too much.



"Take your dirty hand off my knee. No, not you. YOU!"



"I knows you ain't gonna die 'til your time comes, but spos'in I'se up there and it's th' pilot's time?"

Wars being all of a piece, merely fought now with airplanes and tanks instead of arrows and catapults, the familiar aspect of past war humor already manifests itself. Which is all right, if it approximates the higher quality of the past, rather than the poorer.

The real prize for war wit will go to the cartoonist creating an Old Bill of 1942 who comes even close to the punch and popularity of Bruce Bairnsfather's defiant cockney of 1917. Such efforts are underway, started even before we got actively into the scrap; "Private This" and "Corporal That," but they have lacked vitality. Perhaps the heat of conflict will put the spark of life into them.

Old Bill, the seasoned soldier, and Our Burt, the raw recruit, were proof that British humor is not the dull stuff Americans like to fancy. Old Bill's sheer pluck, his boredom with camp life, his ability to extract drollery from the nasty business which is war, as told in Bairnsfather's drawings and snappy captions, expressed the Anglo-Saxon will to survive better than can a year of sermons or a library of moralizing.

Never, so long as a record of humor is preserved, will there be forgotten Old Bill in his shell hole amid death and devastation, telling his complaining pal, "Well if yer knows a better 'ole, go to it."

That sturdy character came right out of the trenches. Bairnsfather actually created him under shellfire, hanging the first rude drawings up in his squad's dugout, finding them being swiped by other outfits in need of a laugh, finally sending some off to brighten the worried lives of his countrymen across the channel and prove to them that all was not depression, out at the front.

The way this young English captain—he was only twenty-eight when he reached the pinnacle of his career—found himself in warfare should be an inspiration to every potential humorous artist in Uncle Sam's armed forces. A native of India, educated at the English school Rudyard Kipling made famous in *Stalky*, he was just an engineer who went into service, with no leanings toward art other than a possible hereditary ability from an artist-mother. In desperation from the same baffling bewilderment that his creature of fancy felt, he gave birth to Old Bill

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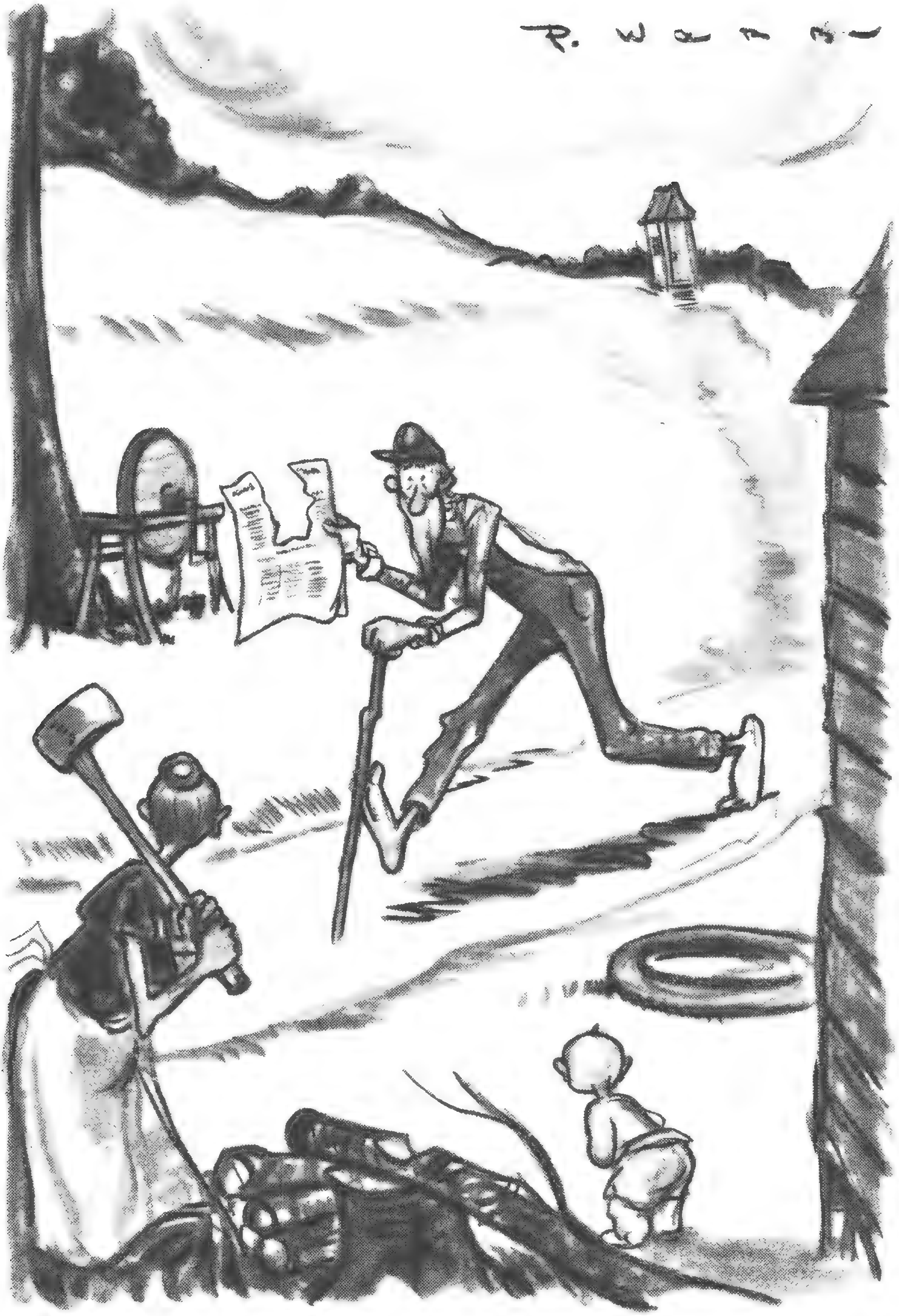


"Howdy, Maw! Guess what Ah did with thet pitcher of Hitler"

Other Things Besides Fight

Army men are learning skills which will endure long after the war, as will the dams, roads and buildings they construct

by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

• ARTICLE •

IN THE public mind our armed forces are associated almost exclusively with fighting. It is nearly idiomatic for people to say that all the enormous sums being spent on the Army are for weapons of death and destruction. Men donning khaki seldom think they will be put at tasks which will either train them for future jobs or result in national improvements as lasting as any civilian undertakings; yet both facts are emphatically the case.

Thousands of Americans performing specialized jobs today learned how to do them in the last war. The cook in an Idaho logging camp discovered in an Army kitchen how to turn out stews and pies in mass quantity. The superintendent of a sprawling aircraft factory in Los Angeles got his first experience with planes when he was a shavetail at an air base near Amiens. In this war, too, our young men are learning the techniques and methods of countless jobs—jobs ranging all the way from the operation of radio stations to the cultivating of apple orchards. And the work accomplished in finding out about those jobs will endure long after peace is restored.

It was the Army which sent out the Lewis and Clark Expedition that carried our flag across the continent and established American sovereignty on the Pacific Coast. Meriwether Lewis held the rank of captain, and William Clark was a first lieutenant. All the members of their famous company were enlisted in the Army and on the War Department payroll. The routes for the first railroads over the Continental Divide were surveyed by Army parties under the command of Major William H. Emory. Officers and enlisted men froze in the mountain winters, lived on slim rations and stood off Indians as they did their job; most of the routes selected by these Army frontiersmen are still in use today. Captain J. W. Gunnison and his soldiers were wiped out by Ute hostiles, but the line of the Union Pacific is a permanent monument to their efforts.

The Army built the Panama Canal, the Erie Canal and many other vital waterways. In the national capital the handiwork of the Army is omnipresent. Under Army direction the Washington Monument was built; so were the wings and dome of the Capitol, as well as the Postoffice Building, the Government Printing Office, the War College and the massive Library of Congress. Most of the playgrounds and parks in the District of Columbia were laid out by the Army. Army doctors headed by the heroic Walter Reed conquered yellow fever. Typhoid, malaria and many other diseases have been brought under control by Army physicians. Hookworm and pellagra yielded considerable of their menace after intensive laboratory research by men of the Army medical corps. All the equatorial lands are permanently indebted to our Army for work done in combatting tropical infections.

The Army has gone to war again, and all these collateral tasks are at a new peak. There are many preliminaries and incidentals to actual fighting. In Lincoln's time they included surveying railroads and constructing buildings to house the departments of Government. In our own time they include roads and buildings, too, but also things that Lincoln never dreamed of—innumerable air fields, huge wharves and cranes and drydocks, immense dams for hydroelectricity and navigation. When you enter the Army you may learn to fire a mortar and fight on some distant battlefield; or you may be put to work locking new turbines to the concrete penstocks of Bonneville Dam on the Columbia River. The tasks are equally important; both are indispensable to the winning of the war.

Although few Americans realize it, the Army built Bonneville Dam. Today, when the dam's output of kilowatts is responsible for a large share of our aluminum, the Army is hurriedly installing new generators. Men who thought they might be fighting in far-flung lands are stationed in the heart of Oregon's Cascade Mountains, constructing additions to the dam. And if the additions were not constructed, there would be less aluminum; less aluminum would mean fewer airplanes; fewer airplanes might mean a hundred battlefields lost. When the war is won, Bonneville Dam will turn out electricity for farms, homes and factories. As long as steel and concrete endure, the great barrier will be a piece of Army handiwork of lasting peacetime value.

On countless American rivers the Army is deepening channels, dredging away sandbars and building dykes. Transportation is one of the bottlenecks of our war effort, and transportation by barges and river boats would hasten the entire war program. Only single-track railroads twist across Idaho. So in the deepest chasm on the continent Army officers and men are taking soundings, blasting out boulders and charting rapids. As a result there may be water transportation in Idaho for the first time in history.

Particularly in the wide open spaces of the Far West, the war is pushing back the frontier. Railroad and highway networks have been constructed to ammunition depots locked in the uplands of Oregon and New Mexico. Air fields dot deserts where once not a sign of human habitation was visible. These air fields, military bases now, will make commercial aviation safer when the war is over.

In the Civil War hundreds of soldiers learned to operate, fire and stoke locomotives. Out of the conflict came the men who ran the country's expanding railroad industry. Today thousands of men in the Army and Navy are learning about airplanes. Some are pilots; others are bombardiers, mechanics and rank and file members of ground crews. They will be ready to participate in the expansion of aviation. With the country's aircraft productive facilities increased to astronomic heights, the skies over the United States will be full of more motors than ever before.

The most extraordinary new air base in the American wilderness belongs to our Navy, though it is 600 miles from salt water. In the pine trees on the shore of Lake Pend d'Oreille in Idaho carpenters, bricklayers and masons are constructing a $20,000,000 Naval Training station. The Cabinet Mountains enclose the whole scene. Deer and elk roam the nearby forests and trout leap in the lake. The population of this area has been approximately 104 people. It will soar to nearly 25,000 after the station is complete. Preparation for war is shoving hard at our frontiers. Lake Pend d'Oreille, rarely stirred by anything larger than motor boats, soon will swirl to the propellers of the American Navy.

In our armed forces some men are learning how to do new jobs. Others are learning how to do old jobs better. Skilled riders and veteran farm hands are in the Army Remount Service, buying thousands of horses for the cavalry. Throughout the nation the Remount Service has placed more than 700 prize stallions to improve the breed of horses in every State. The men in the Remount Service learn themselves about the care and training of horses, and they pass on this information to innumerable farmers and ranchers. The Army operates weather bureaus, radio stations, hospitals, field kitchens, supply depots, arsenals, stables, farms and transportation systems. At all these places men learn skills, professions and trades. In the Public Relations department one boy may discover that he is a proficient writer; in a camp kitchen another boy may find he will make a great chef.

"The average citizen," said former Secretary of War Weeks, "rarely finds out all the things that the American Army does besides fight." The American Army is fighting now, and millions of average citizens are entering its ranks. A lot of them will fight. But others will build a road to Alaska, install turbines on the Columbia River, dredge a channel through Hell's Canyon, clear air bases in Utah and Iowa, construct roads and railways in New Mexico, cook whopping meals, pilot airplanes, repair trucks and bandage wounds. These skills will endure; so will the dams and roads and fields and buildings constructed. Long after the next Armistice, the war's inevitable scars will be partially salved by the accomplishments and training incidental to victory. ###

The Sedentary Cannoneers

These warriors from Lille, the world's oldest artillery, have come through 459 years of battle to fight for Free France

by TOM MAHONEY

• ARTICLE •

AMERICA is proud of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, oldest surviving military organization in the western hemisphere. It celebrated its 300th anniversary with pomp and ceremony on Boston Common not long ago. England boasts the Honorable Artillery Company of London. Both of these venerable organizations, however, are young, upstart outfits, in comparison with a French artillery formation, the famous Sedentary Cannoneers of Lille.

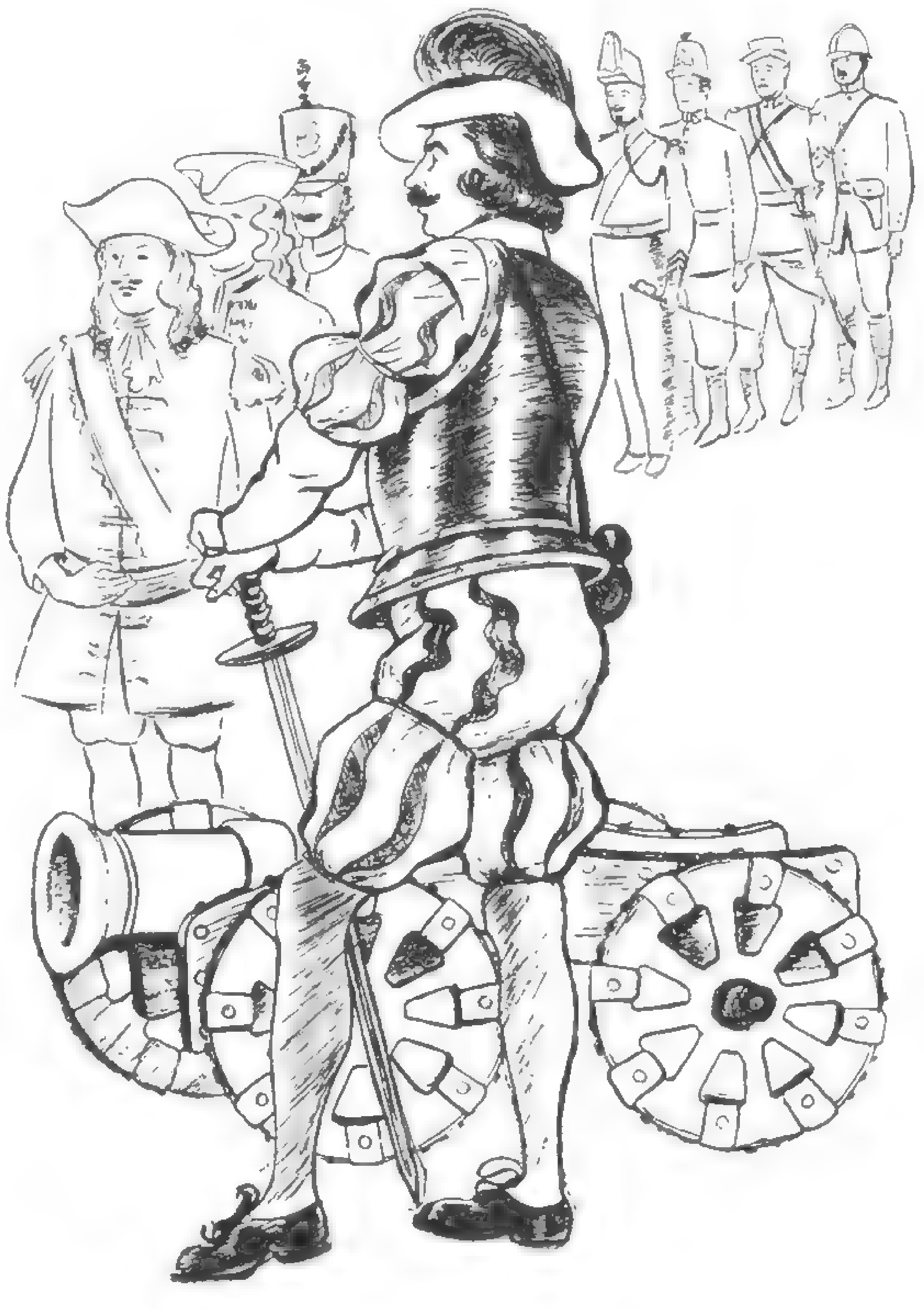
This hardy organization was formed in 1483, nine years before Columbus sailed for America and at a time when many men still had doubts as to whether gunpowder was here to stay. Its members have distinguished themselves in battle and banquet ever since. It was originally known as the Brotherhood of Saint Barbe, (for St. Barbara, the patroness of those who handle fire and powder, fortifications, and the protectress against sudden death—in short a very fine saint for artillerymen or anybody else). The first rules, as published by the magistrate of the city, included several fraternal features. The brotherhood was authorized to enlist cannoneers and musketeers to the number of thirty, from persons of worth and standing in the community who were not already "pledged" to the organizations of archers or crossbowmen.

The mighty bombards, cast by a renegade Christian, with which the Turks battered their way into Constantinople in 1453, gave the world its first real lesson in artillery. As the story of this siege spread slowly through Europe, a number of rulers became artillery-minded. One of these was Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, whose domain included Flanders and Lille. Charles was slain in 1477 but his artillerymen survived and helped organize the Brotherhood.

As Lille was famous even then for its gaiety and licentiousness, naked girls having danced forth to meet Duke Charles on one of his visits, the cannoneers naturally arranged to have some fun along with their really hazardous service. They agreed to meet for target practice each Sunday in the public garden near the ancient Fives Gate. Just as men go forth to shoot 18 holes of golf nowadays, the men of Lille went out each Sunday to shoot cannon, guns so crude that they were as dangerous to those behind as to those in front. If as many as six cannoneers attended and each fired three rounds, the city paid the organization ten large Flanders coins and six lots of wine, each of six patars. In 1625, the weekly wine issue was increased to ten lots of the same size.

Modern reference books are not clear as to the volume of the obsolete patar but the records show that, particularly after 1625, the wine issue was sufficient to make some of the cannoneers quite boisterous. After a banquet in 1684, for example, records show that the brotherhood paid out nine pounds for lost silverware and eleven pounds for window panes which had been broken.

In 1748, the cannoneers were invited to wear their uniforms, then red and blue in color, to a banquet in honor of William Durand, their new leader, but were warned "not to hold indecent intercourse at table nor transport from the banquet room either bottles or other articles through either doors or windows."



It was even decreed several times that cannoneers discovered "drunk or in an ignominious condition" were to be evicted from the premises and fined. In addition to a high constable, sub-constables, color bearers, drummers and fifers, the organization's officers included a cannoneer's clown to add to the merriment.

The cannoneers dined well. In 1760, the brothers sat down at a table which bore, among other things, the following: six tureens of onion soup, six platters of herring, a salmon, five platters of cod, six platters of eel, five platters of pike with white sauce, a milk-fed roast pig, five salad bowls, three pounds of butter, four pounds of cheese. The cannoneers early began to take part in the parades and festivals of Lille.

These artillerymen, of course, had more serious duties and performed them in a manner to prove that the gayest reveler may also be the best soldier. In 1497, Philip II, Count of Flanders, gave members of the brotherhood permission to take their guns with them wherever they went. As long as they shouted "stand aside" before firing, they were pardoned for killing or wounding any chance passersby in the public garden.

When the English threatened Lille in 1511, the number of cannoneers was increased to eighty. In 1570, the number was raised to 100. In 1667, France, which had ruled the region before the dukes of Burgundy, sent an army to reclaim it from their heirs. Lille yielded after a siege of three weeks but not before several of *Les Cannoneers Sedentaires de Lille* had been killed, thirty-six wounded, and they had exploded twenty-three tons of powder at the French.

Captain Sebastian Lepreste de Vauban, the great engineer, then fortified Lille for France but the change in sovereignty did not affect the privileges of the cannoneers. In 1708, Lille was again besieged, this time by the armies of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy. The city and the cannoneers were forced to surrender but only after a heroic resistance which delayed the invaders and caused them to lose their campaign. By the Treaty of Utrecht, Lille was restored to France and the gunners had a party.

Napoleon, who won his first fame as a lieutenant of artillery, was much interested in the cannoneers of Lille. In 1803, he reorganized the unit, gave it a new home and two new cannon. In 1810, Napoleon again visited Lille and gave Captain Ovigneur, leader of the cannoneers, the cross of the Legion of Honor for the whole organization. They were also given new colors, the number of men to a company was increased to 137, the number of companies increased from two to four, and a band added.

The cannoneers, then 500 strong, were reorganized into five companies in 1852. Their strength was raised to 833 men during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. They

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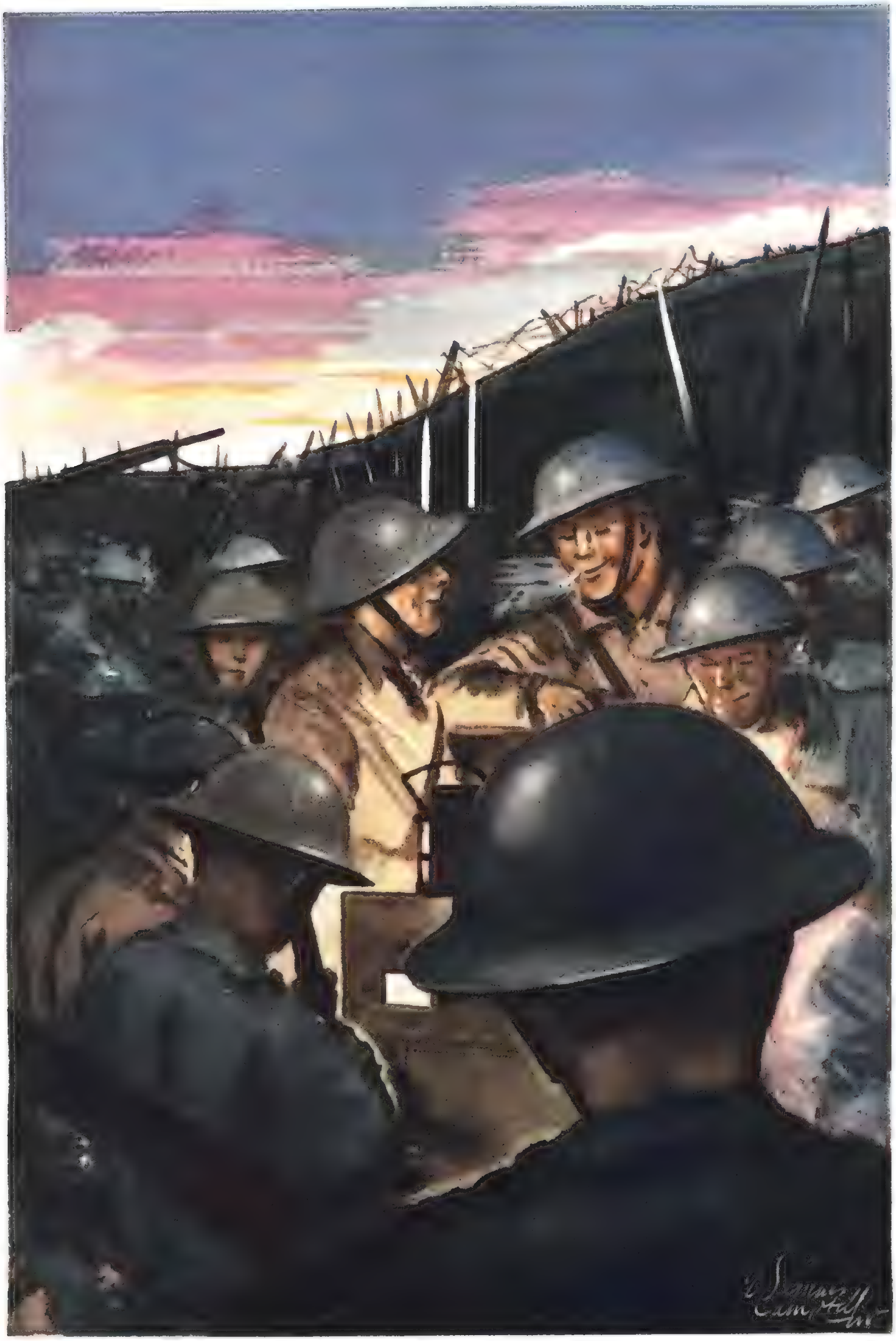
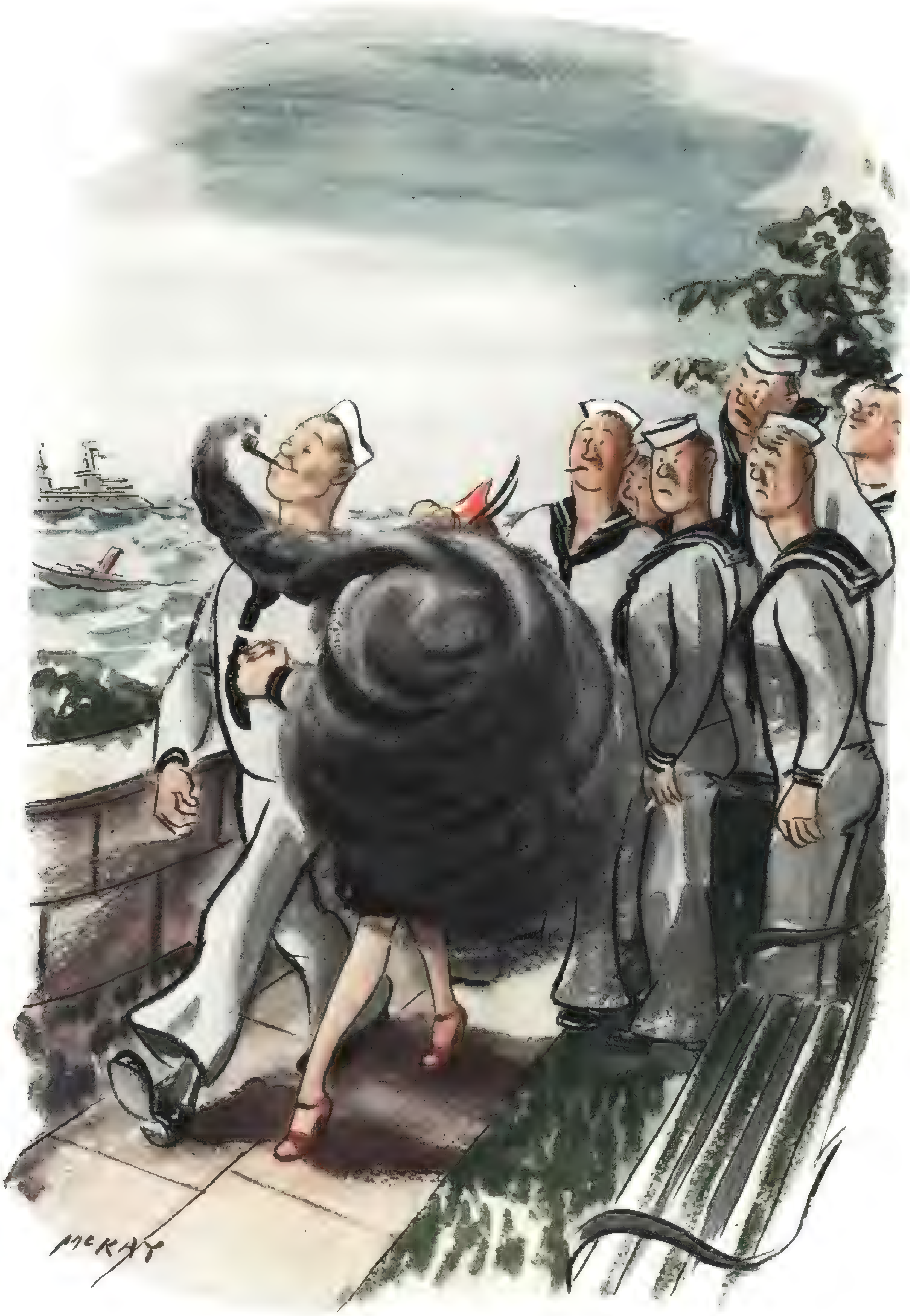

E. Simms Campbell

"We attack right after Bob Hope's program"


McKAY

Sports Champions, Ahoy!

Every gob at "Great Lakes" is eager to match its past glories and keep it tops in war as well as in sports

by LEO FISCHER

• SPORTS •

FIRST line of defense in war.

First line of offense in sports.

Who?

The United States Navy, of course!

Particularly that portion of it which lies some forty-five miles north of Chicago and is the beloved alma mater of some hundreds of thousands of blue-jackets.

The Great Lakes Naval Training Station once again has begun to take its place in the headlines with a record of victories that stirs the blood of every gob—past or present—who ever used salt water and a toothbrush to get those stripes on his collar white.

Even before the U.S.N. began writing its present glorious page in the grimmer business of war, athletics began booming at the Great Lakes station. Facilities which for more than twenty years had lain idle were polished up and an intensive program of sports introduced. Now, with plans under way for increasing the personnel of the spacious reservation to more than 80,000, recreational and sport activities are keeping pace.

A basketball team which was probably as potent as any in the country was the first indication of the renaissance of sport among the sailors. Its personnel resembled a "who's who" in the cage sport. Its record included victories over Notre Dame, Indiana, Purdue, Butler and other notable college quintets. Its purpose, to quote Rear Admiral John Downes, USN, Commandant of the station, was:

"To entertain recruits at the U.S. Naval Training Station; to bring the Navy 'home' to the Midwest so thousands may meet the type of men needed in the United States fleet, and to add its proceeds to the Navy Relief fund, which serves the welfare of all Navy personnel."

The Great Lakes basketball team which cut such a devastating path through collegiate ranks during the past winter, was mainly the product of Lieutenant-Commander J. Russell Cook, an alumnus of Great Lakes, Class of '17. Commander Cook, a national high school pole vault champion in 1913, was a basketball, track and football star at De Pauw University in Greencastle, Indiana, before entering the aviation school at Great Lakes in 1917. When the present emergency arose, he was with the United States Office of Education in Washington, from where he was recalled into active service with the Navy.

Included on the cage squad were Forrest Anderson, Stanford; Ernie Andres, Indiana; Frank Baumholtz, Ohio University; Bob Calihan, Detroit; Jim Currie and Dick Klein, Northwestern; John Lobsiger, Missouri; Bill Menke, Indiana; Lee Huber, Kentucky; George Rung and Jim Van Orsdel, Miami University, and Bob White, Dartmouth. All of them hold first and second class petty officers' ratings except Currie, who is a Chief Bo's'n's Mate and instructs rookie sailors in the fundamentals of seamanship and naval procedure when not engaged in making points. Paul Soper, former Northwestern University football star and an ensign, assisted Commander Cook with the coaching.

The baseball team jumped into the forefront when it enrolled Mickey Cochrane, former manager of the Detroit Tigers, as its pilot. With a lieutenant's rank, the one-time big league star immediately set about accumulating his Great Lakes baseball team, a task made easier by the presence of a group of former National and American League performers at Great Lakes.

Among those who exchanged the glory of a career in the major leagues for the Navy blue were big Don Padgett, infielder of the St. Louis Cardinals; Benny McCoy, the $45,000 second baseman of the Philadelphia Athletics; Johnny Lucadello, brilliant shortstop of the St. Louis Browns, Joe Grace, an outfielder who hit .309 for the Browns last season, Frank Pytlak, hard-hitting catcher of the Boston Red Sox, and Johnny Rigney, ace hurler of the Chicago White Sox.

From the ranks of the basketball squad come other diamond performers who may complete a baseball team which may equal the brilliant record of the 1917-18 Great Lakes aggregation. Andres, playing with Louisville, was one of the hitting stars of the American Association and was scheduled this spring for a tryout at third base with the Boston Red Sox. Baumholtz was signed last spring by the Cincinnati Reds and was slated to return to that club after hitting better than .300 with Ogden, Utah, in the Pioneer League.

Cleveland owns the services of Dick Klein, who was farmed last year to various minor league clubs. The Indians also have first call on Rung, who was signed after performing brilliantly with Class A amateur teams in Cleveland. Van Orsdel had a trial with the Reds two years ago and was on the list for a further chance this season.

There's no doubt that before the present war is over, Great Lakes will have a baseball team which will rank up with that remarkable club of twenty-five years ago. It's going to be tough, however, for that aggregation included on its roster:

Catchers—Fred Hoffman of the Yankees (now coach of the St. Louis Browns), "Tubby" Clemons of the St. Louis Browns, Jack Raycroft of Kansas City.

Pitchers—"Rube" Erhardt of Brooklyn, John Paul Jones (appropriate, indeed!) of the New York Giants; Red Faber of the White Sox; Spencer Heath, White Sox, and others.

Infielders—Joe Leonard of Washington, Paddy Driscoll of the Cubs and Los Angeles; Benny Dyer of the Tigers; Johnny Lavan of the Browns; Fred Thomas of the Red Sox.

Outfielders—Bill Johnson, Athletics; Ray

Continued on page 119

TRACK 6
Bill O'Malley

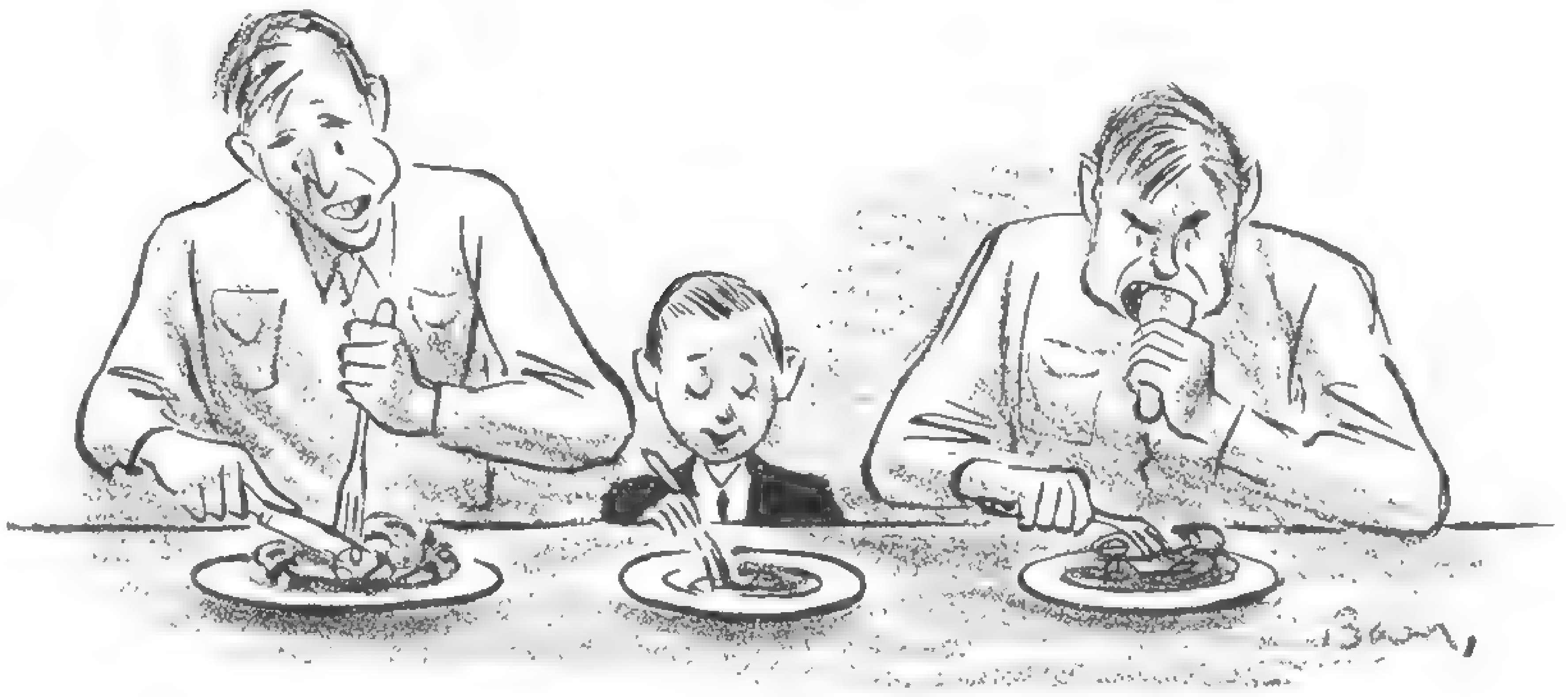
"All aboard for secret destinations—track 6, track 7, and track 8—trains leaving at unannounced times—boar-rr-d!"

A Child's World

The Captain suggested that amusing an eleven year old boy shouldn't be too difficult for four intelligent N. C. O.'s

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •



"Come in, Sergeant," said Captain Hitchcock. "Good afternoon, good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," said Sergeant Smoot suspiciously.

"Everything going well in your platoon?"

Smoot shrugged. "When you figger I got guys like this Holloway that weighs six pounds less than a couple of elephants, and this Private Bradley who is so tarred that even sleepin' wears him out, why no matter what happens in my patoon it is ony what you expected anyway."

"Uh, I trust Corporal Hyler is in good spirits," murmured the company commander, shuffling some papers about on his desk.

"Sure," said Smoot, not at all pleased with this line of questioning. "As far as I know he's in good spirits. He was kind of upset last night because he was readin' a book by some monkey name Platto in Greek and there was a word he couldn't figger out so he went down to ast George Rasoupopolous about it at the Greasy Spoon and et too many doughnuts but now he feels all right again."

"And Corporals Smith and Ortwingle. They're well?"

"I ain't see them missin' no meals."

"Excellent," said Captain Hitchcock. He cleared his throat. "Very good indeed."

This manifest build-up worried Smoot. "Is it some new freak that is gonna be assigned to the Fourth Patoon?"

Captain Hitchcock took out a package of cigarettes. "Have a smoke, sergeant. Why, no. What put such an idea into your head?"

"Nothin'," said Smoot. "Except maybe a lot of past experiences."

"I— Well, as a matter of fact, I've a little assignment here somewhat off the beaten path. Edwards is posting an order relieving you and your corporals from company duty for the entire day."

"Then you want us to kill some spy that needs to be shot."

The company commander laughed. "Nothing quite so sanguine. I have a feeling you'll enjoy your holiday. Lieutenant-Colonel Hapgood's young son is coming down from Chicago to visit with his father for a few days. Unfortunately the colonel will be out all day today on C. P. X. and he's asked me to see that Rodney is met at the depot and entertained until he comes in from the field."

"You mean we haff to take care of some kid for a whole day?"

"He's eleven, I understand, and quite bright for his age. I'm sure you'll have no trouble. Show him about the camp, explain things to him, take him to the mess hall, keep him amused. That shouldn't be too difficult for four intelligent N. C. O.'s."

"No sir," said Sergeant Smoot. "It wouldn't—for four intelligent N. C. O.'s."

Captain Hitchcock looked at his watch. "I'd start for the station now if I were you."

"Very good, sir," said Sergeant Smoot.

Smoot went grimly about collecting his non-commissioned officers. "I wouldn't like to be gave the job of shootin' a spy, but I figger I would be better at it than keepin' care of some colonel's kid," he groused. "Why," he demanded of Ortwingle, "does everything haff to happen to me?"

"He thinks," said Ortwingle to Corky Smith, "that this ain't happenin' to us also."

"Oh, I don't know," said Harrison Hyler, the ex-philosophy student. "There's something quite charming and irresistible about a child of eleven, with all his unstudied innocence and wide-eyed naïveté. Myself, I'm looking forward to the experience with a certain amount of pleasurable anticipation."

"When I was a child of eleven," said Ortwingle as they climbed into the flat little gas buggy, "my ole grandmother use to curl my hair and dress me in white pants, so I run away to a orphan asylum. Ony they wouldn't take me. This was a tough orphan asylum to git in to. You practically had to have a letter from both parents before they'd let you into that orphan asylum."

"When I was eleven," said Corky Smith, "I used to sing treble in the boys' choir at church until one day I got into a fist fight with a kid name Charlie Taplinger right in the middle of *Abide with Me.*"

Arrived at the depot, Sergeant Smoot spun the jeep sharply around, putting an end to these childhood reminiscences. "If you guys would put your minds to it," he muttered sarcastically, "I bet you could work your way up to be Junior G-Men."

"That's all right, Sarge," said Ortwingle. "Like my ole grandmother use to say, 'What is ary man but a child let go to seed?' Wasn't you never eleven years old Smooty?"

"No," said Sergeant Smoot. "I was found in the woods by some bears when I was a baby, and brought up in a cave. None of them bears could count to over seven."

Ortwingle shook his head. "Awys kidden, the sarge."

While they waited for the train to pull in Harrison Hyler encouraged them with a few pithy observations. "I don't want to boast," he boasted, "but in college I did some advanced work in child psychology. Our professor in Chi-Psych 2 was an old bachelor who contended that parenthood disqualified the individual from evaluating the motivating factors in child behavior. As I understand it, the predominant impulse in the juvenile psyche is pretense."

"What is it in English?" demanded Smoot.

"The child," Hyler explained, "creates a pseudo-world as a defense mechanism against the problems and apparent inconsistencies of an adult cosmos. He lives in a universe of his own creating. Consequently the most practical method of entertaining a strange child is to throw one's self into the child's world, in short, to become a child again."

"So all we got to do to make this colonel's son happy is to ack like a bunch of eleven year old kids?" asked Smoot.

"That states it fairly succinctly."

Smoot grunted as he watched the incoming train approach the platform. "Then what I would care to know is how you expect two guys like Ortwingle and Corky Smith to work their way up to be as bright as a kid of eleven on such short notice."

"Awys kidden," murmured Ortwingle, turning to Corky Smith. "What the Sarge means is that we're a couple o' maroons."

Young Rodney stepped down manfully from the train and the corporals put his bag in the back of the jeep. He was about the right size for his age, very pink-cheeked, with nice well-combed hair beneath his round blue cap. Corporal Hyler began an explanation of his father's absence.

"Yes," said Rodney. "Jerry wrote and told me he'd be on duty. I hope I'm not causing you an inconvenience."

"Not at all," said Hyler, surprised at Rodney's self-possession. "Who's Jerry, though?"

"Jerry's my father, Colonel Hapgood." Rodney glanced at his wristwatch. "We call each other by our first names. It makes for a kind of camaraderie. The train was six minutes overdue." He looked about him at the mushrooming army camp. "I hadn't been here before. In spite of a good deal of editorial criticism, I feel that our training program is going forward quite well, don't you?"

"Yes," said Hyler as they climbed into the jeep. He was at a loss for anything else to say, which was highly unusual for Harrison Hyler.

Smoot let in the clutch and then turned to his young protégé and smiled. "How about stoppin' off at the canteen for a nice big chocolate ice cream soda?"

"Yeah," said Corky Smith. "Ony make mine a peppermint sundae wit' mashmellow and plenty of nuts on it. That's the way I like a sundae, lousy wit' nuts."

"Thank you very much," said Rodney, "but I'm afraid I never eat between meals." He sat up straight beside the sergeant and surveyed the surrounding countryside. "As a matter of fact I rarely indulge in sweets of any sort," he added. "Sugar has a strong tendency to hasten the process of tooth decay."

A frown darkened Smoot's brow as he maneuvered the jeep toward Headquarters.

"It's jist like Hyler says," whispered Corky. "The kid is livin' in a world of his own. Ony who learned him to talk like that?"

"Well, it's a military duty that we got to make you happy," Smoot said to Rodney as he drew up at Headquarters. "So if there is anything you want, jist say the word."

"That's right," said Ortwingle. "Jist say the word and we will start flingin' ourselfs into that child's world of pretense mechanisms and cetera."

"I beg your pardon?" said Rodney.

"Don't look at me," said Ortwingle. "Them mechanisms is Hyler's idear, not mine."

"I'm afraid he's got my remarks somewhat garbled," Hyler explained. "Just before you arrived I was saying that the most scientific method of entertaining a strange child is to think as he does, to live in the same world of make-believe, to—"

"A theory based on an a priori assumption not necessarily tenable in my case," Rodney calmly stated. "Shall we look at some of the new infantry barracks? I'd like to familiarize myself with the physical aspects of the camp in order to be able to discuss Jerry's problems with him intelligently."

"Oh, sure," said Sergeant Smoot. "Absolutely. You jist say the word, like I told you."

They set off on an inspection tour of the camp quarters, Rodney doubling his steps to keep up with the four soldiers. "When you grow up I suppose you intend to become an army man like your father," Hyler hazarded.

"When I grow up?" said Rodney. "At the moment I'm gathering a mass of notes to sustain a contention that Hellenic civilization is the most over-rated period in the cultural history of man. The Greeks were non-musical, non-mathematical, and non-poetic, and the fame of their period lies in their rediscovery by another set of mental paupers, the people of the Italian Renaissance. But let's not talk shop. I'm on a much-needed vacation."

"I got it!" exclaimed Ortwingle. "Rodney is one of them Quiz Kids you hear on somebody's else's radio that you can't turn off."

"I've listened once or twice to that program," said Rodney. "If the mere recital of factual information interests you, I suppose you might find it instructive. As for me, I don't care much for glib children."

When the tour of the barracks was completed Smoot observed the approach of the dinner hour. "I don't know how nobody else feels about it," he declared, "but wit' me I am got a funny habit that I like to eat durin' meal times."

Rodney stared at the sergeant quizzically.

"Now what?" said Sergeant Smoot.

"Forgive me for being so rude," said Rodney. "I was fascinated by your extraordinarily quaint way of talking, particularly your use of the demonstrative pronoun as a conjunction. I was attempting to compare some of your peculiar idioms with the syntax and speech forms of the pre-Elizabethans."

"The pre-what?"

"I'm virtually certain that one of the locutions you pronounced a little while ago occurs in Bede. Perhaps some time you'll let me make you the subject of a paper. But there we go again, talking shop. As for dining, I'm heartily in favor of the suggestion. One does call the noon day meal dinner in the army, I believe."

"Yeah," said Smoot. He was too thoroughly flabbergasted to say anything else. "Yeah."

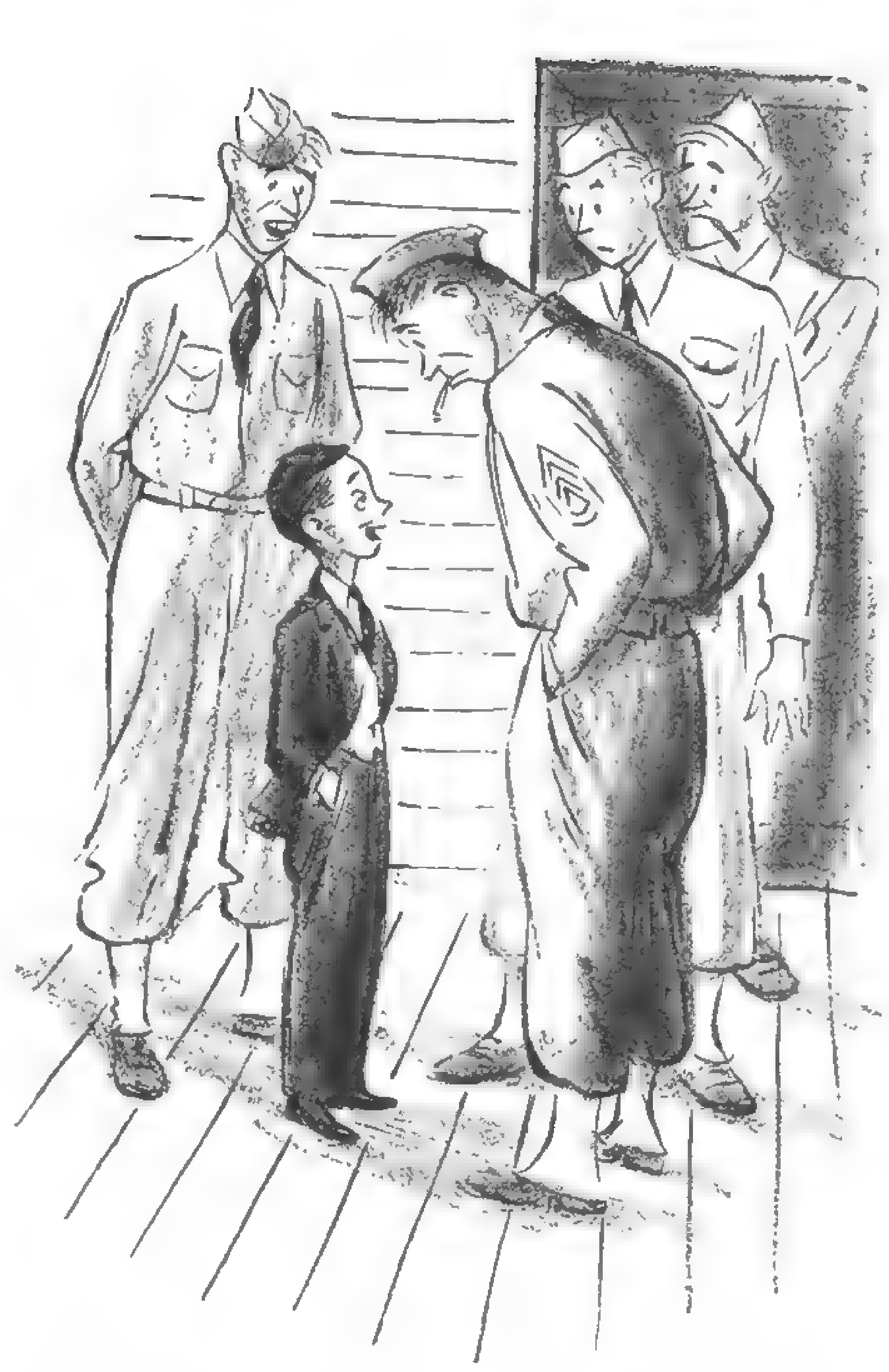
"This is the first time I ever hear of Smoot runnin' around wit' a peculiar idiot name Elizabeth," Ortwingle murmured to Corky.

"This is the first time I ever hear of a lot of things," said Corky as they took their seats at the mess table. "This is some kid we're suppose to show around and learn things to. Even Harrison Hyler, that talks like he swallers a page out of the dictionary every mornin' before breakfist, is afraid to start a argument wit' this Rodney."

"He ain't human," Ortwingle asserted. "That's my decision."

After dinner Rodney asked to be pardoned while he put down some technical observations in a well-worn notebook.

"Lissen," said Smoot, drawing his companions aside. "If this keeps up much longer I am gonna haff to sent one of you guys to the supply depot for a straight jacket for me, size thirty-eight."



"Tell your troubles to Hyler here," said Ortwingle. "It was him that had all them theories about a irresistible child of eleven full of unstudied innocence."

"I can't understand it," said Hyler. "He's what the biologists call a 'sport.'"

"Well, from now on I figger the ony thing we kin do," said Smoot, "is to let this Rodney show us around and explain things to us. I give up."

"I can't understand it," Hyler repeated. "He seems to be encased in an impregnable armor of adult intellection. According to Chi-Psych 2 this is impossible. I must get off a letter about this immediately to Profes—"

"Look," said Ortwingle.

The young genius had put away his notebook and was sitting on a G. I. can for waste paper, letting his thin legs dangle in front of him. A strange, absent look had come into his eyes. In his hand was a Yo-yo, and he was fixing the loop around his middle finger.

"Hello," said Harrison Hyler. "What have you got there?"

"It's my Yo-yo," said Rodney.

"It's his Yo-yo," said Corporal Ortwingle.

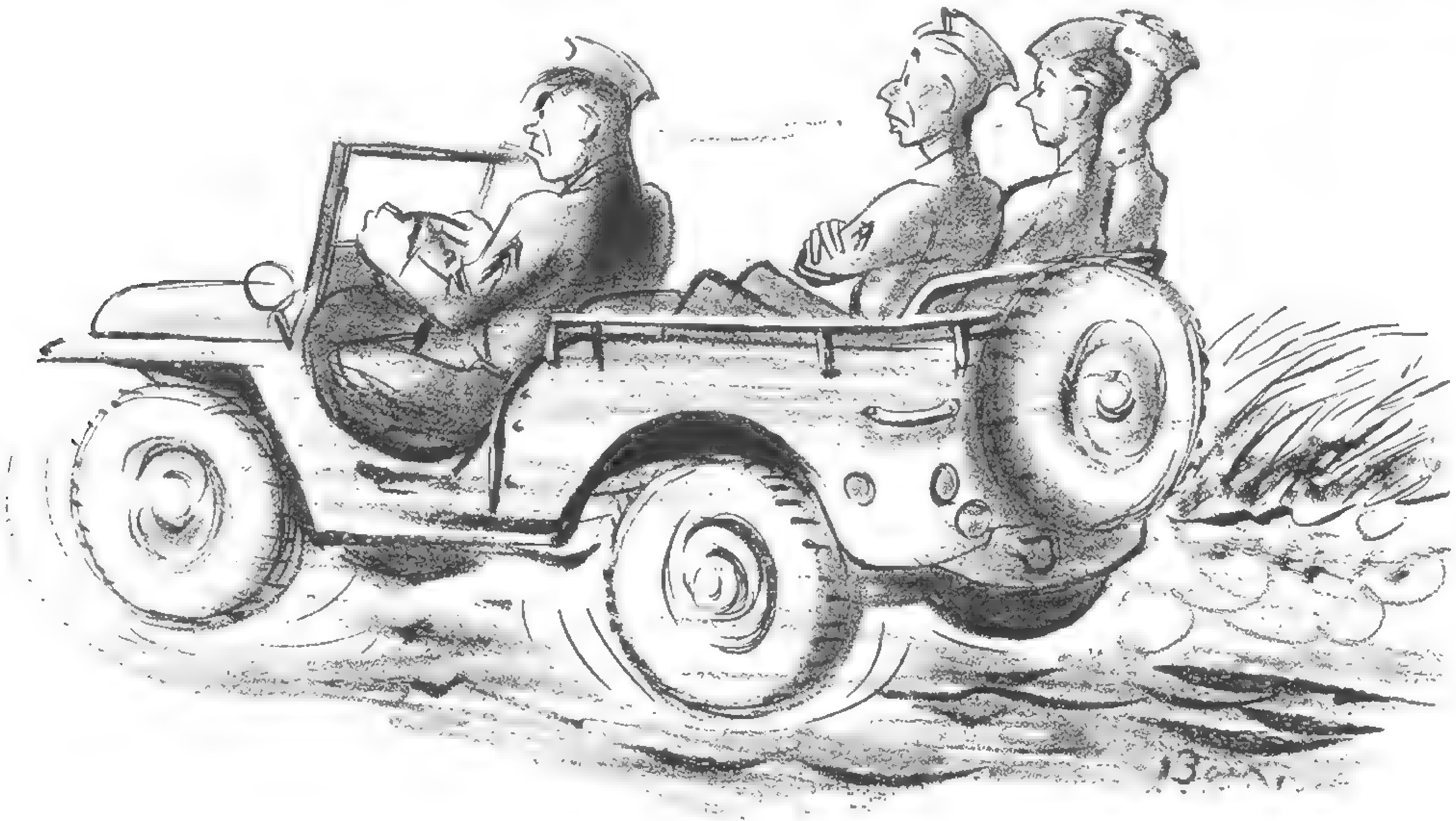
"Yes," said Rodney. "I've had it for years. I'm perpetually fascinated by the physics of the thing. I don't know exactly why, but I often sit and play with it for hours. I'm quite expert at it, too. See?" Rodney worked the Yo-yo up and down on the string. "One time I performed a run of seventy-two consecutive winds. Fifty is considered an excellent average."

"So you like to play with a Yo-yo?" asked Harrison Hyler, smiling.

"What's so extraordinary about that?" said Rodney, looking up.

"Nothing," said Hyler. "Only it saves me from writing a long letter to an old professor of mine."

"I still think I'm gonna haff to sent for that there straight jacket before the afternoon is over with," said Sergeant Smoot. "Why does things like this awys haff to happen to me?" ᚌ



Rubber on the Rebound

Synthetic rubber may provide for a short war but we'll need plenty of para rubber from Latin America for a lasting supply

by BILL CALDWELL

• ARTICLE •

Rubber has snapped back to the Western hemisphere, whence it was smuggled to the Far East half a century ago. Before Pearl Harbor, 60 per cent of the world's rubber was being used by the United States. Now our civilians will probably have to get along for the next three years "without a single pound of crude rubber for new tires or for recapping," according to Price Administrator Leon Henderson. Brassieres, bathing suits, belts, golf balls, *et al.*, must be made largely from shorter-lasting reclaimed rubber.

Reason: the Far East, including British Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, supplied us with 97 per cent of our rubber—which is now erased by Japanese aggression.

Now we are hastily looking around for new sources of rubber to shoe our planes, tanks, and trucks of war; and, secondly, our automobiles. But by July 1st, 1,000,000 of our 30,000,000 automobiles will be forced off the highways because of lack of tires, in the opinion of Howard N. Hawkes, general sales manager of the U. S. Rubber Company.

The first thing we learn, bitterly enough, is that Hevea brasiliensis, which is what the scientists call the tree furnishing almost all our rubber, is a native of the South American Amazon basin. Second, we learn that because of our long fluff-off of South American rubber, rubber plantations on this side of the world are few and far between, and that new ones won't be able to produce for five or six years. Wild rubber is expensive to gather and can supply only about 100,000 tons, or about a sixth of our normal peacetime needs. Wartime needs will probably be somewhere near 600,000 tons this year, with civilian tire production near zero. In early April the army jumped its estimate of 1942 rubber requirements for military purposes alone from 250,000 to 500,000 tons, with a prospect that further drastic advances may become essential. War machines chew up rubber at an insatiable rate through wear and tear, losses in battle and exorbitant requirements. A battleship uses up the equivalent of 17,000 passenger tires, a flying fortress 15 tires.

Luckily, we have two aces in the hole—aces albeit we can't hold long. These are our stock piles of para—fresh crude rubber—and our scrap heaps of discarded tires.

Since December 7th, the United States has received 114,000 tons of Far Eastern rubber and another 114,000 tons was sailing for American ports at this writing. Against America's normal appetite for 600,000 tons of raw rubber annually our stock piles hold between 600,000 and 725,000 tons, the latter optimistic estimate by Secretary of Commerce-Federal Loan Administrator Jesse Jones. This can be increased about 30 per cent by dilution with reclaimed rubber from the scrap heaps—if tire retreading and recapping don't use most of it. Even after cutting military and civilian consumption 25 per cent below previously estimated requirements, the United Nations' rubber stocks will approach the vanishing point by the end of 1944, Leon Henderson warns.

By that time we must fall back on sources chiefly potential now. So we are feverishly building plants to produce synthetic rubber, and looking up the life history of every other American rubber-bearing plant in the slim hope that one of them may supply a solution.

With careful management, there should be enough rubber for military and industrial needs. We may anticipate an emergency expansion by the end of 1942 to 120,000-ton capacity or more by the synthetic rubber industry. Also, there is prospect this year of 75,000 to 100,000 tons coming from the wild trees of tropical America.

Earlier this year it was rumored rubber companies had developed a new rubberless tire, but a warning was issued against over-optimism on the part of car owners. John W. Thomas, chairman of the board of Firestone, speaking about tests of rubberless tires conducted by Firestone engineers, said, "I want to emphasize that while some of our developments in this appear encouraging, it should not be interpreted to mean that they are as yet considered of practical value. Whether they will afford any relief to car owners, only time and tests can determine. If relief does come from this source, it will be doubly welcome; but until it can be assured, every American should act upon the assumption that his present tires must last him for the duration."

By far the biggest "source" of rubber will be the savings of U. S. citizens, whose past wastefulness has made our junk piles the envy of the world. The American average man may be asked to surrender his good spare tires, even all his tires if the government considers them in a non-essential service. First to learn conservation habits was the rubber industry, which once frowned on but soon established standards for recapping and retreading worn tires. Recapping requires only 30 to 50 per cent of the rubber in a new tire, but its rationing already has begun. Moreover, John Q. Public, realizing he is driving not only his last tires but his last new car for a long time, is conserving both by sensible driving.

Synthetic rubber offers the most immediate hope for replacing Far Eastern sources, as the government has belatedly recognized. A synthetic rubber program outlined recently by Jesse Jones provides $400,000,000 for factories optimistically expected to reach a production rate of 400,000 tons of synthetic rubber annually in 18 months. Oil, rubber and chemical companies are joining in the government program, pooling their patents, resources, experience and technical skills.

But already the 400,000-ton program, even

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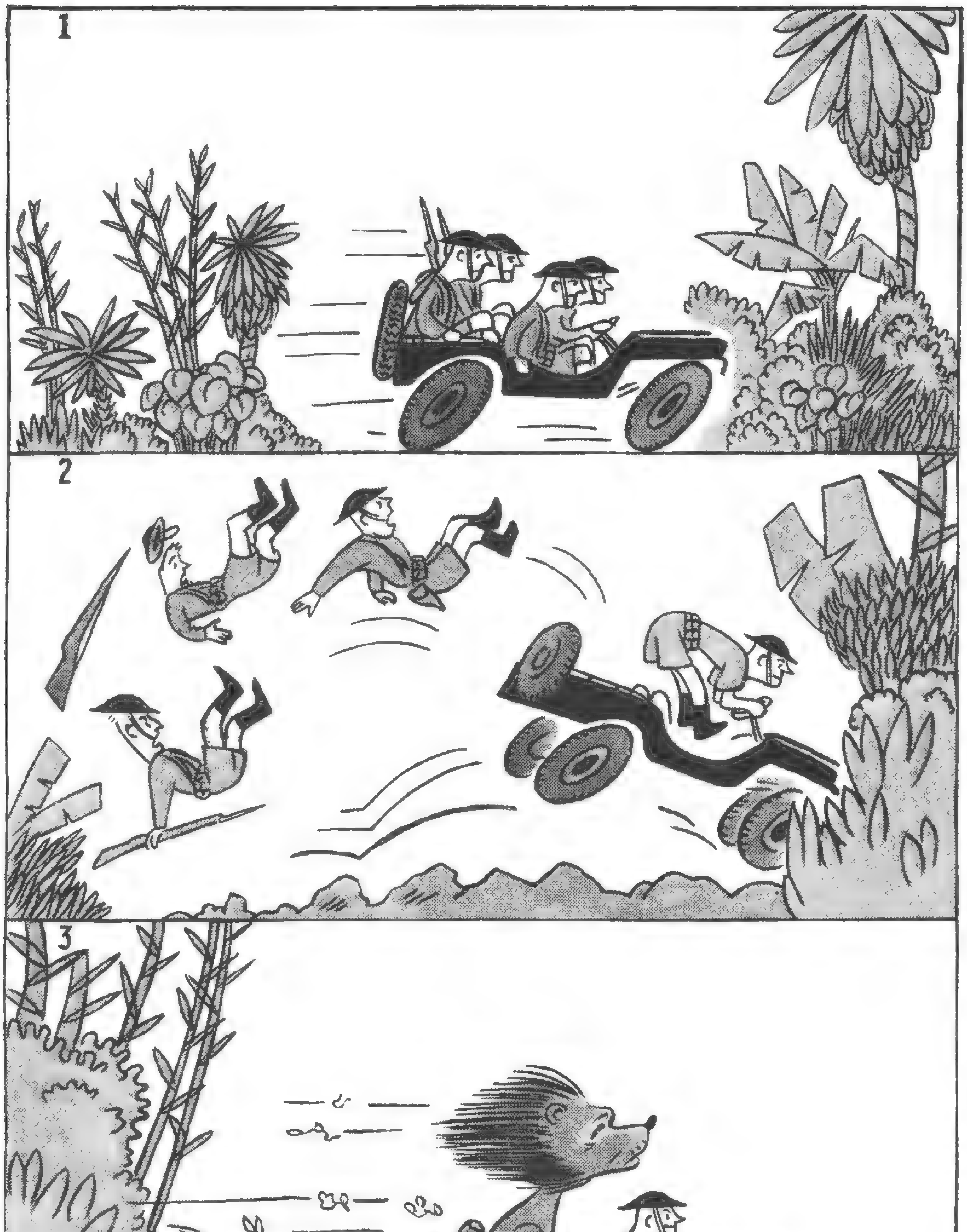
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The Inn of the Insurable Thirst

Memories of a village in peacetime France, where it was said, "Without liberty one would not wish to live"

by GEORGE SLOCOMBE

• FICTION •

℞

"And then there was Pétain, the undertaker's mute, and the black frog Laval, and the round bald, hand-shaking men eating at the *Chapon Fin*. There were the crooks and the bullies, the scared and the exasperated, the envious, the curious, the bewildered; and there were the tears and dumb anger of the betrayed. There were those who reviled their fate, and those who wallowed in it like ecstatic hogs. There were the ashamed, and the shameless. There were the old peasants he had seen, quietly, menacingly, interrogating the boys, their sons, who had thrown away their rifles and come from the vast, disorderly, unseen, undetermined zone of battle.

"There was the handsome young Breton woman who switched on the radio in the village café and who had listened, incredulous, gay, scornful but undefeated, to the old Marshal's wail of defeat. There was the big, red-faced man in black who had shaken his fist in the face of the little grey-haired general who had fled from the mainland with his staff and six men, all that remained of the Army of the West. There was the drunken doctor in the field, mayor of his village, senator of his department, lord of a household of clucking women who were scared of parachutists. There was the priest on the island who hid the Belgians, the sudden appearance of young fishermen with hands too clean, with eyes too alert, with clothes too bright, clothes into which they had sewn their Polish papers and their *livret militaire*, but had forgotten to hide their wrist watches. There was the captain of the little cargo boat, brown, vigilant, mercenary, with his freight of green-complexioned Turks, trunks full of Oriental rugs, machine guns, the big gun on the after-deck, the tall, phlegmatic, philosophical young engineer, the hysterical woman spy, the warmth of the sun on the gun-barrels on the tarpaulin hatch-cover, the sky full of searching planes, the great heaving purple sea, the long, sinister trails of black smoke from the burning oil tanks on the coast, the little trails of light smoke from the ships that fled from the invaded ports . . .

"And there was the little old man, gathering pine-needles for his fire, who had stared at the sky with frightened, colorless eyes, and had said sadly, and with conviction, 'Monsieur, it is the end of the world.' "

But this, all this, was of yesterday, and soon forgotten. The world had seen too much of horror since. It was not this that returned to him most vividly, with the anguish of remembered, remote, and irretrievable things, as he lay betwixt sleeping and waking on the deck of the steamer. Amid the warm liquid outcry of the Negro women at Fort of France he heard, in their distorted French, the nostalgic accents of other women who sang as they scrubbed and thumped their linen in the water under the bridge at Chinon. And suddenly in the shimmering coral undersea garden of the beach at St. Thomas, where the little half-caste innkeeper had shown them how to spear fish, many-colored and iridescent, he had remembered the sunlight on the wooden table outside the inn at St. Gervais, and the green and yellow lights struck on the pale, flint-sharp, sparkling wine in their glasses.

Ah, that was not yesterday, nor yesterday's yesterday. That was not the outer skin of memory, nor the skin below it, nor the irreplaceable third skin, the innermost. That was the living flesh itself, sinew and blood and bone, that was the shrinking heart at which these chill fingers of an ancient ecstasy now clutched. Chill, death-cold fingers, probing still-sensitive wounds, yet how voluptuous their touch! How under the blanket of the steamer-deck, the thin cotton sheet of the Martinique hotel, the heart and flesh of memory trembled under their probe!

Surely it was so and so that it happened; or rather was it thus and thus; and as skin after skin of oblivion peeled away, and the dark, dust-ridden years, clouded with alcoholic excitement, feverish and miasmatic, parted their slow veils, the marsh-gas vapors cleared, a tiny will-of-the-wisp flame flickered, swung in a wide arc like a spotlight, and there in the darkness of the hotel bedroom, or the steamer-deck, he saw himself and Anne, so sharp, palpable, warm with life that the very smell of the all-night café came to him, the smell of eggs frying in butter, the thin flavor of white wine in thick glasses, the dark sour taste of Gaulois cigarettes, the rich hot smell of burning alcohol, the sweet aromatic smell of coffee being roasted in the grocery store across the street, before dawn came, and the pale blue iron shutters were rolled up, and the clanging iron bins of ordure were picked up and emptied and flung down again, to sound amid the early morning noises of awakening Paris a deeper note, as of distant war drums beaten.

Ouverte la nuit. Open all night. They had walked there, Anne and Eliot and he, when the cafés closed in Montparnasse. They closed at two o'clock then, in the days before the great cabarets opened and Montparnasse was as full of neon lights as Broadway, and as full of Broadway accents as of neon lights. And in those days the night air of the boulevard still smelt of the country. There were the petals of fallen lime blossoms everywhere. The stars swung high over the trees, and the summer nights were mild with the freshness of new milk. The Rue Notre Dame les Champs ran down the hill before them, empty and silent, with only a cat slinking by in the faint shadow of the grey, shuttered houses. They walked along it, shunning the shadow at the walls of the houses, breathing deeply of the night's freshness, heads in air, and Eliot, released from the piano he thumped in a Paris *dancing*, standing bareheaded before them and singing vinously:

I've seen moonlight, I've seen starlight,
I've been walking in the starlight.
Lay this body down!

A solitary taxi came up the Boulevard St. Raphael, turned to their shout, and drove them in the direction of the central markets. Anne's hand lay on his knee, and his own closed over it. On Anne's other side, Eliot sang, with eyes closed against fate. The taxi stopped in a dark street, ill-named: *La Rue des Bons Enfants.* The Street of the Good Children stank of stale vegetables, sour coffee, and the lurking breath of the cutthroat. A light shone through a glass fanlight. The taxidriver sounded his horn, and a door opened, to disclose an evil-looking passage papered in dark red, and a waiter in a crumpled shirt and no tie.

He was an old man, and his age, if not his appearance, reawakened confidence. He shuffled before them along the corridor, up a flight of wooden steps, and opened a door.

They saw a room which contained three tables with wine-stained linen. The room was lit by a single yellow electric globe in the ceiling. The walls were papered, this time in dark blue with immense red flowers. On the table was a greasy wine-card. The waiter closed the door and shuffled away, promising to inquire if they could be served with food. Silence fell on the house. On their young spirits, but recently so blithe, descended an immense malaise, compounded equally of mistrust, gloom and sheer ennui. Then Anne had said, with a decision which surprised them all, and lightened their hearts so ridiculously that they began to giggle like children:

"Let's get out of here, quick."

And still giggling they had dropped the uneasily contemplated wine-card, opened the door, thumped down the stairs and returned to the street, with Harry's deep, drunken voice reiterating mournfully:

"Oh my soul, oh your soul,
I've been walking in the graveyard;
Lay this body down!"

In the street next to that of the Good Children they heard an accordion played softly on the first floor of a wine-bar. Lights came from the windows, and a crazy wooden staircase, curving sharply above their heads, led to the lighted room from the street. When they opened the door they saw a small zinc bar and behind it a woman cooking eggs in wine over a small gas stove. The room contained several small tables, and a big one in the middle under the electric light. They sat on wooden benches at the big table, Eliot on one side of the table, he and Anne on the other. A good-looking boy wearing a cap and a muffler asked them politely what they would drink. They ordered white wine, and with it, eggs fried in butter. The dish of eggs was placed before them on the bare table, covered with the red rings of wine glasses.

Libre ou Mourir

In the corner of the room sat an old man with an accordion. He was blind, but he could feel unerringly for the small glass of brandy which the boy with the cap and muffler brought him from time to time. He drank it in one gulp, sucked the ends of his grey moustache, and began to play again. In another corner of the room, with their backs to the window, drinking red wine, sat two prostitutes. One of them was no longer young, a stout woman with large, work-coarsened hands. The other was quite a girl, pale under her rouge, quiet, and looking about her with calm, contented eyes. The older woman talked all the time to her companion, in a low, toneless voice which never stopped for breath or for emphasis. They had reminded him of the two women in Toulouse-Lautrec's drawing: *La Visite*.

It was there that he had known definitely what it was that he felt about Anne, and she about him. They had said nothing of it to each other. They had scarcely looked at each other. But their hands had met under the table, had met and clasped, and then they had looked steadily at Eliot over the dish of eggs and the thick glasses of white wine, and only their mutual reluctance to exchange glances in Eliot's presence, and a slight huskiness and dryness of the throat, and an extreme frivolity and impersonalness of speech to each other, told them what desire beat in their veins, and why they had wandered thither, sleepless and tireless, through the silent dawn-conscious streets.

The next day Anne had packed a suitcase, locked up her apartment and joined him at the café on the boulevard. It was as casual as that. His own suitcases lay in the back of the car. A *fine à l'eau* stood before him on the round marble table outside the café. At the moment when Césare, the bald, shiny, red-faced old waiter with the black alpaca sleeves put the glass on the table, poured out the brandy from the bottle, and turned to fetch the ice-pail from another table, Anne's taxi drove up, and Anne herself came across the terrace to greet him, cool and smiling, with her yellow hair tumbling, her foot light on the ground, her hand light, lightsome on his heart.

He had ordered a drink for Anne, they had drunk their *fines à l'eau*, had said goodbye to Césare, and had got into the car. It was night, and they would drive until the city lay far behind them. The day had been hot and breathless, and the night was still sultry. Anne had said: "It is so hot. It would be nice to swim somewhere. Somewhere in the dark, a big clean river."

They had driven first on the Fontainebleau road, he thinking of some reach of the Marne he had once seen, where under the stars a clean, clearflowing stretch of river might be attained from grassy banks. But in the darkness the river was not easy to find. Once, after leaving the high road and driving over a rutty track, he had found a river, probably the Marne, but the water, when he turned his car lights on it, did not look promising. It had a look of oiled steel, of stagnation, the look of a tideless harbor, sinister and uninviting. They turned the car round and drove away.

When dawn came and he could see to read the signposts he left the high road again, but this time turned southwest towards the Loire. The rays of the rising sun, almost horizontal, showed him Anne's profile as she slept in the seat beside him. She looked young and helpless, he thought. At eight o'clock he stopped at a village, filled the tanks of the car, and asked the blue-overalled mechanic of the filling station where they could get coffee. At the next village, he was told, there was an inn.

They left the high road again, and drove through a valley of poplars and young larches. There was a look of lushness about the country. The fields stood high with uncut grass. The few houses they saw were built of white, hand-squared stone, carved here and there into flowered door-lintels, decorative corbels, arched windows. Richness and decay lay deep on all the land. It was the country of Rabelais, ancient, careless, smiling.

And soon they came upon an inscription that might have been written by Rabelais himself. On the right of the road, through the green of deep meadow grass and overarching trees, they saw the morning sun sparkling on water: a fast, flashing river flowing clean and clear over a bed of stone and gravel. And between the road and the river they saw an inn. It was a simple, almost a primitive structure, with whitewashed walls, a steeply gabled roof, a crazy doorway, a couple of roughly-hewn oak tables and benches against the sunny wall, and inside the door glimpses of a dark, old, warm interior, a stone-flagged floor, a very wide fireplace with a cone-shaped chimney going up into the raftered ceiling, several wine-stained tables, and against the wall a few old dishes of pewter, an old chromeograph calendar and several green bottles.

But first their eyes were taken by the words written, in an uncouth hand, in the whitewash above the door: *L'Assurance contre la Soif*. In this house, proclaimed an unknown wit, thirst was an insurable risk. But the wit, unknown to them, had a local following, left mourners and a legend behind him when he died of that too-happily in-

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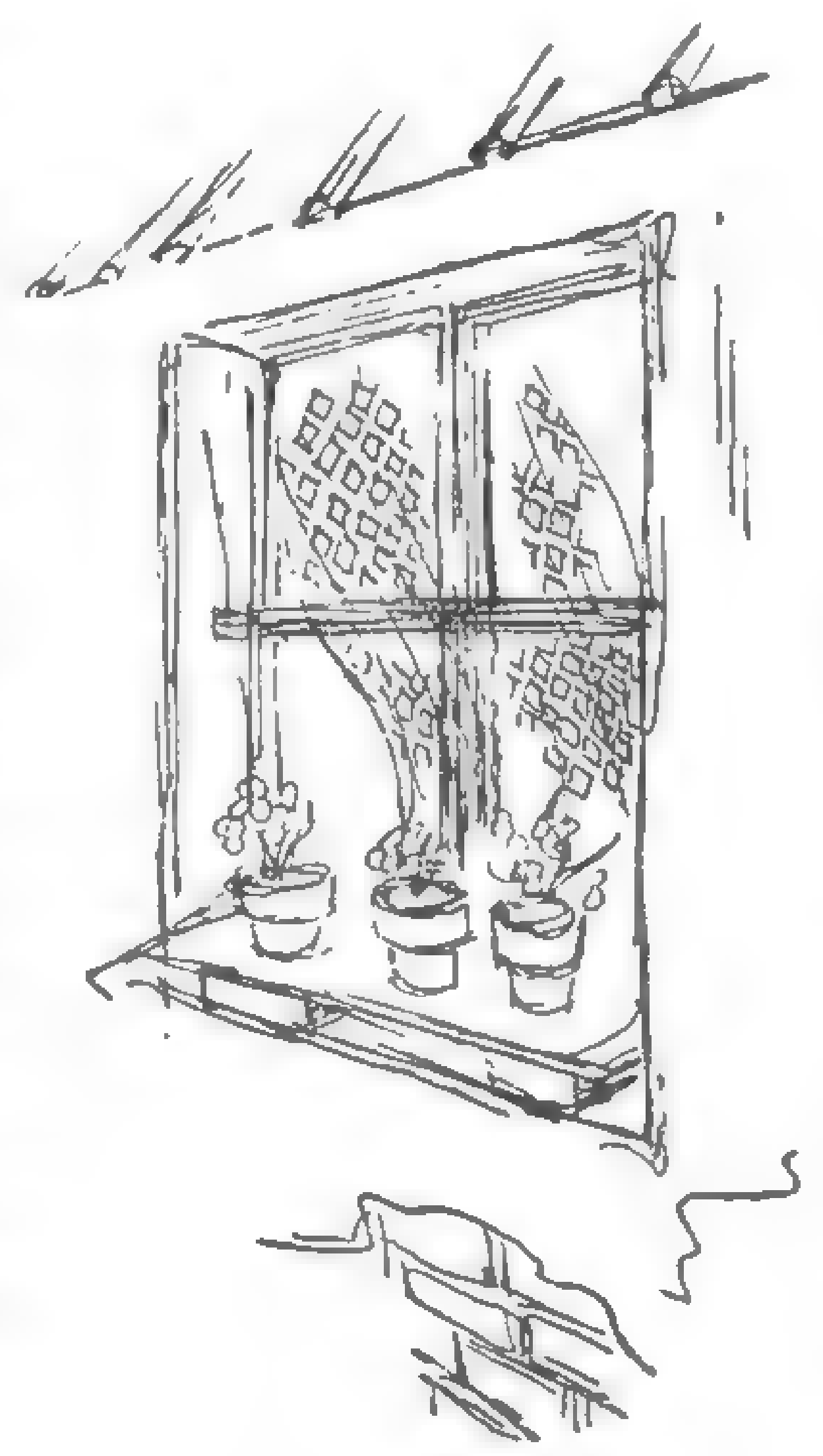


Goldbricks, Front and Center!

Army promotion, demotion and discharge are all determined by an efficient card system, without regard to personal pull

by KENT SAGENDORPH

•ARTICLE•

THE Army's secret weapon is a piece of paper. Every officer in the service, from the newest lieutenant to the oldest lieutenant-general, is terrorized by it but every man among them must stand up and face it without a quiver. It's a weapon for making those officers fight harder and move faster. It is called, tersely, AGO Form 66.

Form 66 is a new development of the mobilized Army of the United States, which is a very different organization from the United States Army. The former is the emergency fighting force and the latter is the old peace-time regular army which acts as a nucleus for expansion in time of stress. Form 66 is a system for identifying and ruthlessly uprooting the clinging vine type of peacetime Army officer. He is the loud-voiced, pompous old parade-ground hero who can scare a recruit into a panic with a glance and make him trip over his feet with a single word. But he can't keep up with the furious pace of modern mechanized war and must be dropped.

Setting up a nationwide delousing system for Army stuffed shirts is a heartbreaking job. The very officers who evolved the system had to survive its ordeal. Some of them didn't. Most of them saw popular old comrades-in-arms fall by the wayside and tragically await retirement. But in the first thirty days of its operation 170 officers were found to be incompetent. In that same period other officers were revealed by the system to be capable of high command assignments far beyond the junior rank they were holding. Concurrently, thousands of qualified officers were located and assigned to special duties requiring special backgrounds.

"The system," commented the authoritative *Army and Navy Journal*, "is a means of centralizing the administration of such a colossal task, but of decentralizing the information resulting from it. Formerly the officer himself filled out a dual card which listed his qualifications. This has been superseded by a single card upon which the entries are made mechanically by a card-punching machine. The resulting tabulations furnish immediate information about him to any corps or task commander who might need him."

Form 66 is entitled: "Officer's Qualification Card." It is divided into four rectangular sections, each describing one phase of his record. Three of them have to do with his record as a soldier, and the fourth is his record as a man. Everything he does—good or bad—is translated by the machine into another hole in the card. Every ninety days his card goes through the tabulating machine and drops into a pocket. If it drops into the wrong pocket, he is summarily ordered to appear before a reclassifying board.

This board, composed of senior officers, looks at the master card and notes the position of the holes in it. Each hole, of course, represents a separate report. Members of the board can examine these supplementary reports and read a running case history of this officer dating back to the day he accepted his commission. Some of those holes mean that he has been in trouble and has been reported. The board makes a note of that. Others show that he has special qualifications in some military specialty. He might be an expert cryptographer, a command pilot, a skilled topographer. He might show an excellent record in his course at the Command and General Staff School. His attainments are balanced against his transgressions.

Finally, there is the report from his immediate superiors in his post or organization. For example, the victim's post commander's report might read: "This officer is adequate in the performance of his duties and well-liked at this post," but from his organization commander (who might be a general in charge of a brigade) will come a blast like this: "Subject officer succeeded in losing his company of infantry in a river bottom and had to be extricated by his own first sergeant. Has shown unfitness for field command." The board weighs the evidence and arrives at a decision: transfer to a desk job where he won't get into trouble—or abrupt retirement.

If the decision recommends retirement, it is subject to review by a secret board of five top-ranking generals who are so high up the scale that nobody ranks them. Their word is final. Their identities are kept secret so that officers cannot appeal to them on a basis of personal friendship. Retirement is applied to officers who have had more than seven years' service.

Officers who have had less than seven years' active duty are handed the unpleasant choice between voluntary resignation or involuntary dismissal.

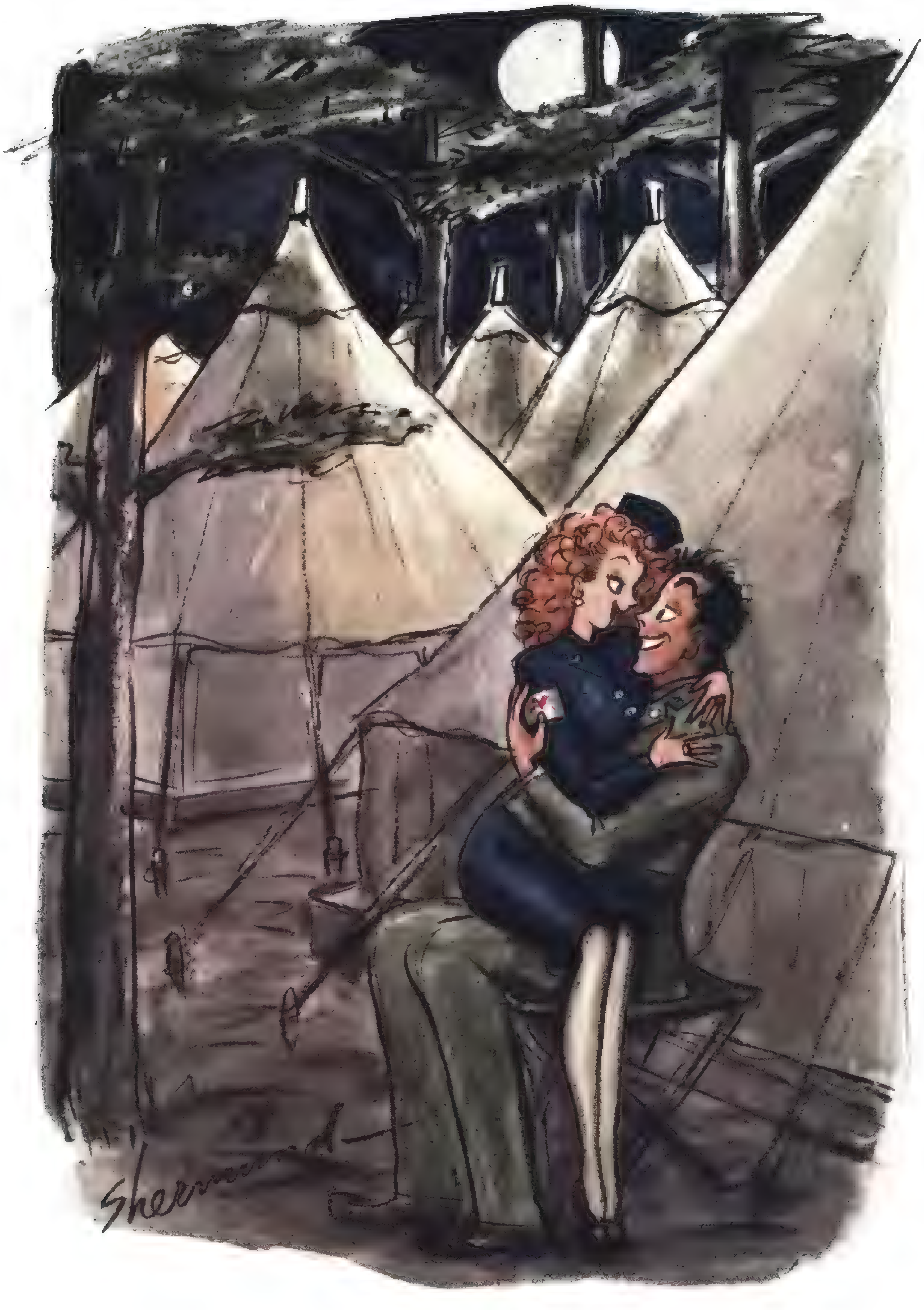
There is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. There are appeals to members of Congress; frantic wire pulling among War Department bureaucrats. But the order stands and there is no appeal. It is a harsh method, but these are harsh times.

From Washington came a widely-circulated explanation of what was going on. "No army," said the message, "is better than its worst leaders. No matter how many million well-trained men constitute its ranks; regardless of how much expensive equipment it has on hand, an army led by incompetent officers is doomed to catastrophic defeat. No crystal ball is needed by the directing heads of our army to see what is facing them if drastic action is not taken. They are responsible to the nation for its defense. As these commanders return from one inspection tour after another they realize all too clearly that there is only one thing to do. They have done it. Officers

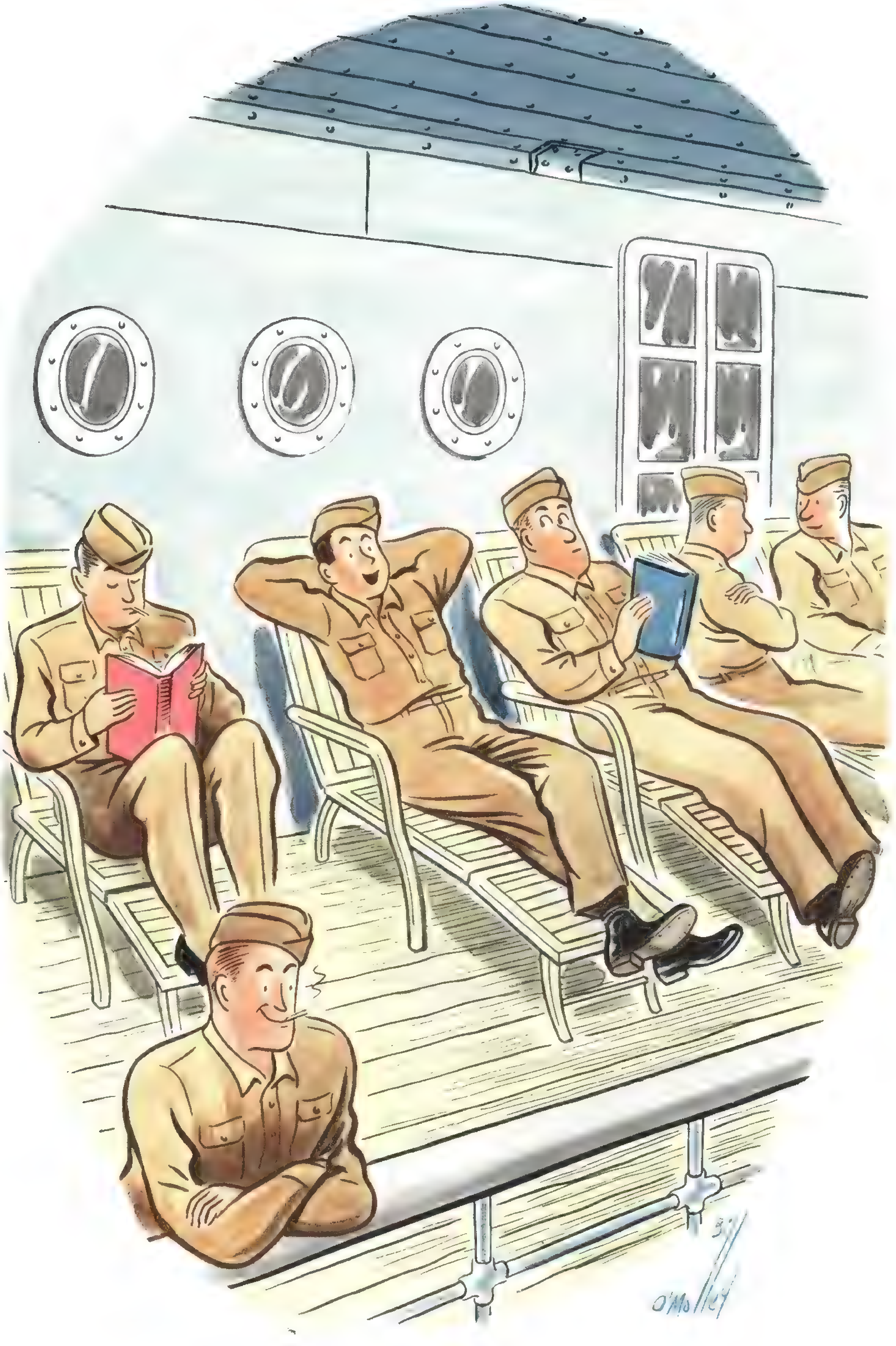
Continued on page 101

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"But I don't want an orderly—I wanna French maid!"



"I'm glad one committee finally realized what type of entertainment we'd appreciate most, Miss Benson"



"I wonder if they dress for dinner on this ship?"

The Sporting Scene

Pre-flight navy cadets run the gantlet of basketball, baseball, soccer, boxing, wrestling, football, swimming and track

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

SMITH IS PICK-AND-SHOVEL VICTOR
JONES LEADS WOOD-CHOPPING FIELD
BROWN IS WINNER IN GROIN-KICK

Those headlines you'll never, never see on your sports pages. Such events are on the program of the toughest sports schedule this nation has prepared for any of its young men. These earnestly competitive exercises are among those on the docket for the lads at the pre-flight schools of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics.

They are not events to cause any thundering stampede among athletes who have heard of the Navy's athletic program as a snug berth in which a proficient muscle man can park during the war. They are not show-window events. They are harsh training jobs for boys who are planning to play for keeps.

You'll pardon us for mentioning the third of the never-never headlines, but that item probably indicates more plainly than anything else that this naval aviation pre-flight physical training program is not sport for sport's sake. It is something to prepare naval aviation cadets to fight any way the enemy asks for it, and fight harder and meaner. The enemy led with his toe in this particular event, and although it is a style of combat to which we are not accustomed, we shall get at it—but excellent.

Sweating and grunting and hardening at an athletic curriculum applying sports realistically to self-preservation are the first of the 30,000 aviators the Navy plans to train this year. This program is under a full head of brawn steam at the first pre-flight schools; those at the University of Iowa, the University of Georgia, St. Mary's College (California) and the University of North Carolina.

What youths are going through in this naval aviation physical conditioning is something to make the 9-inning pitcher and football's 60-minute man wince. But this plan is not for lads who may be taken out at a signal from the bench. It's for an air fleet that intends to take out the opposition, knowing full well that the penalty for failure is not the balming spray of the showers.

There are three months of this strenuous schooling, working up to post-graduate courses in mayhem, bachelors' degrees in assault and battery, and diplomas wrapped in sinew.

Get a load of some of the details of the pre-flight schools' physical conditioning program:

Beginning by dawn's early light the lads have calisthenics or road work, followed by a quick swim. Then there are what the curriculum refers to as "body building exercises," although what aren't body building exercises for the survivors in this program?

Wood-chopping, ditch-digging, drills in selected sports, infantry drills, obstacle races, hikes, ju jitsu, rough and tumble wrestling, grenade throwing and swimming only partially list the activities on a two hour and twenty-five minute daily program, to which is added another two hours daily of intramural sports or "varsity" sports training.

The "varsity" teams do not carry on Uncle's pay-roll any coddled celebrities who've traded on their fame of playdays to secure nice, safe work and good rating as sandwich men for the real fighters. Lads are kept in the preflight school three months—if they can stand up—then sent to naval reserve flight training bases.

There are no permanent details to play any one sport. Switches from the intramural to the "varsity" squads will be made as often as performances allow. The "varsity" squads do their practicing and get their coaching while their shipmates are engaged in the intramural sports' daily two-hour sessions, daily, meaning except Sunday. A week-day ten-minute period also is provided for chapel.

The "varsity" part or the Navy's pre-flight training calls for baseball in the summer; football, soccer and cross country in the fall; basketball, wrestling, boxing and swimming in the winter; and baseball, track and football in the spring.

Although physically balanced first grade material rather than sports specialists naturally will be attracted to this branch of the service, it's expected that the naval aviation pre-flight schools will have teams in all sports that will develop an esprit de corps by performances against the most competent specialized opposition available.

Almost no "shore leave" is allowed these boys during their training. Along toward the end of their schooling they'll be allowed to roam on some daily hikes of thirty to forty miles under conditions that will train them in jungle campaigning. There will be accent, in spades, you might well say, on Spartan simplicity and rigor in the schools and training.

When it is understood that the physical conditioning part of the pre-flight training is conducted along with intense education in military drill and seamanship, elementary communication, naval lore, gunnery, use of parachute, chemical warfare, first aid, navigation, mathematics, engineering, and divers other subjects, it will be appreciated that these establishments will have no charm for the youth who wants to start right out by strutting his uniform before the maidens in the gay spots.

This super-tough training program was begun by Lt. Cmdr. Tom Hamilton, whom you may remember as a football notable and football coach of Annapolis. With Commander Hamilton as the pre-flight physical training program was planned were almost 200 seasoned experts in sports coaching. These were not athletic luminaries who ran in out of the draft storm but university and high school practical physical training authorities:

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GEORGE WOLFE

"This one is armored in case of invasion!"

Two Good Neighbors

A Mexican points out some instances of racial snobbishness that make a mockery of Pan-American friendship

by HART STILWELL

• ARTICLE •

"Antonio," I said, "I am happy that we are going to be good neighbors now. My country and your country are going to be friends at last."

"That is fine," he said, as he poured a drink of tequila for each of us. He salted the lemon, and we each drank the tequila, chasing it with a taste of the salted lemon.

"It is fine tequila," I said.

"It is," Antonio agreed.

"Antonio, what positive test is there for good tequila? How can you know when you are getting the legitimate article?"

"There are many tests," he replied. "Some people go by the bead. Some go almost entirely by the taste. Some judge it by other methods. But there is one certain way to tell good tequila."

"Yes?"

"You pour some of the tequila into a glass, then toss the liquid up into the air. If it is good tequila—really first class stuff, why nothing will come down."

I looked closely at Antonio, but he did not smile. "Have you tried that?" I asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it would be wasteful—and it would be unnecessary. If tequila is good enough so that I think it is extremely good, then I do not want to throw away any of it. And if it is not quite so good, why then there is no use trying."

"I see."

"If it is good tequila, I do not have to test it to find out. And . . ."

"And if we are good neighbors, there is no point in continuing to tell ourselves. There is no need to mention it . . ."

"You catch on."

"But when there is need for us to keep saying that we are good neighbors?"

"Do we become good neighbors, after all, by saying that we are?"

"Antonio, you are a bit unreasonable," I argued. "You are thinking of the Alamo, and of Chapultepec Castle, and of Vera Cruz . . ."

"On the contrary. I can forget such things. I can forget them just as you have forgotten Bull Run and Appomattox."

"Then what else is there to remember, the oil?"

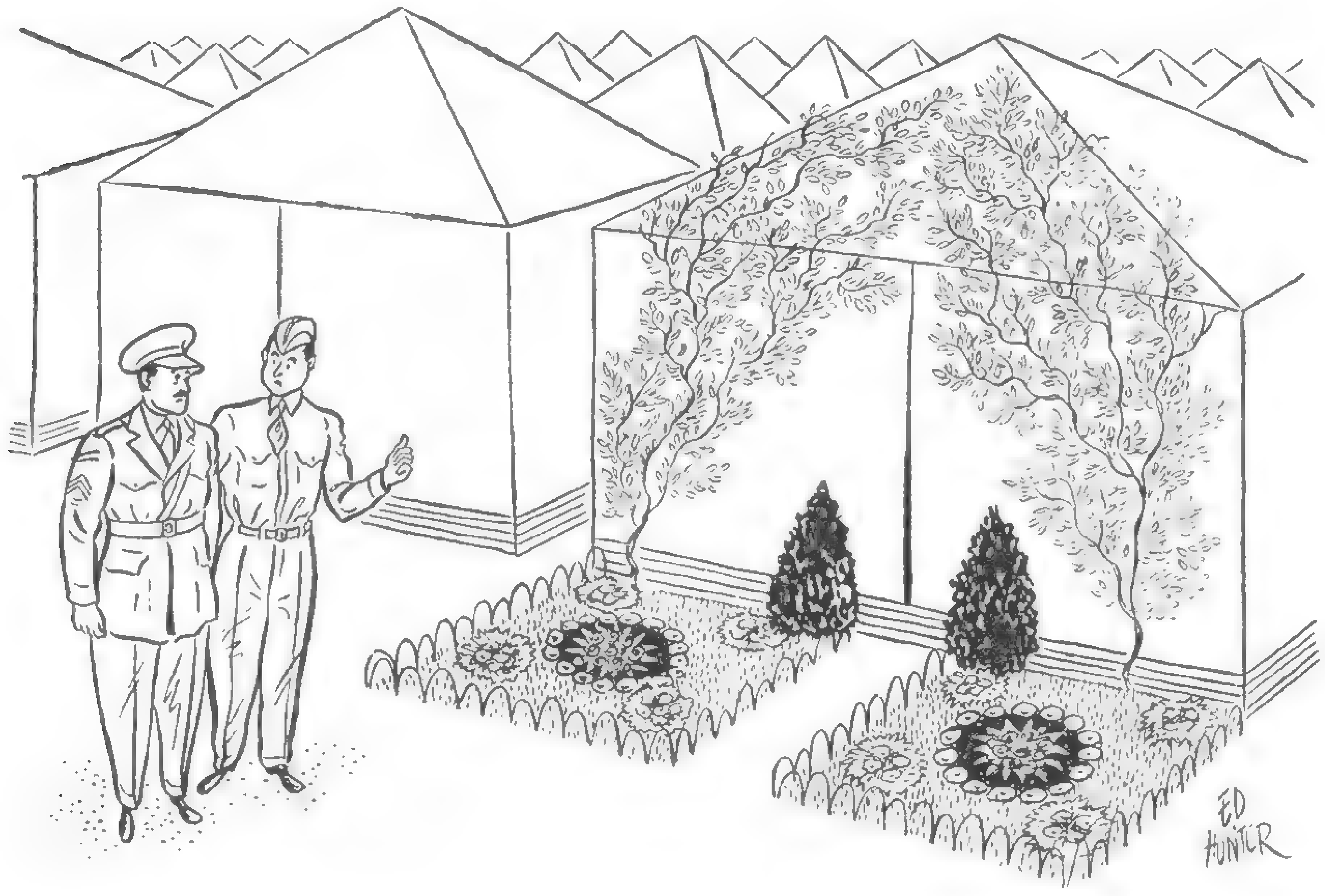
"The oil is nothing. That was a business difference. It is done. Neighbors fight over oil. But when the oil question is settled one way or the other, they are good neighbors again."

"Yet you feel that we are not good neighbors?"

"I ask you, are we?"

"I believe we can be, if . . ."

"Ah, you change. Now you say we *can* be, and you add *if*. But I say, are we? And will we be? Those are the questions. Let us take a slightly different situation, since we do not wish to bring personalities into this. You and your people are, I believe, good neighbors with the British?"



"He's that gas station attendant from Ohio"

"Why yes, I believe so."

"You have forgotten Valley Forge and New Orleans and are good neighbors?"

"Yes."

"Now let us suppose you go to England. Suppose there is some characteristic about you of such a nature that an Englishman can look at you and tell that you are an American, just as you can look at one of my people and see that he is a Mexican."

"All right."

"Let us say you get off the boat in England and you go with your family to a restaurant. Then as you sit down, the people in the restaurant turn to stare at you. Some of them who are near your table move to more distant tables. Then as you prepare to order food, the manager comes to your table. He is polite, as an Englishman naturally would be. But he is firm. He tells you that you can not be served in his restaurant."

He paused and I looked away because I felt a certain degree of embarrassment.

"You do not understand him for a moment, so you ask him why he will not serve you," Antonio continued. "He tells you because you are an American."

"I think that you are giving undue emphasis, Antonio, to isolated incidents."

"Such isolated incidents, as you call them, are, usually, an expression of a general attitude. And of such isolated incidents is the relation of one people toward another established. I need not be insulted personally to know that there are circumstances under which I would be insulted. Nor do I need be insulted personally in order to feel the humiliation one has in knowing that such a condition exists."

"But you exaggerate the generality there," I continued. "It is not a Mexican citizen as such who would be barred, but . . ."

"But the lower classes, you wish to say? Would you call a consul of the Mexican government a man of the lower class?"

"But it is absurd to think such a man would be put out of an American restaurant."

"It may be absurd, but it has happened. I know of such incidents. There need not be many of them. Such things can be extremely embarrassing. I presume that you have never been in such a position, but I can assure you it is quite embarrassing to be told that you must leave a place because you are a member of an inferior race."

"I know, of course."

"It is particularly humiliating if you have your family along. One's children do not always understand. They may think they have been dealt a cruel blow by fate in having parents who are looked upon with scorn by

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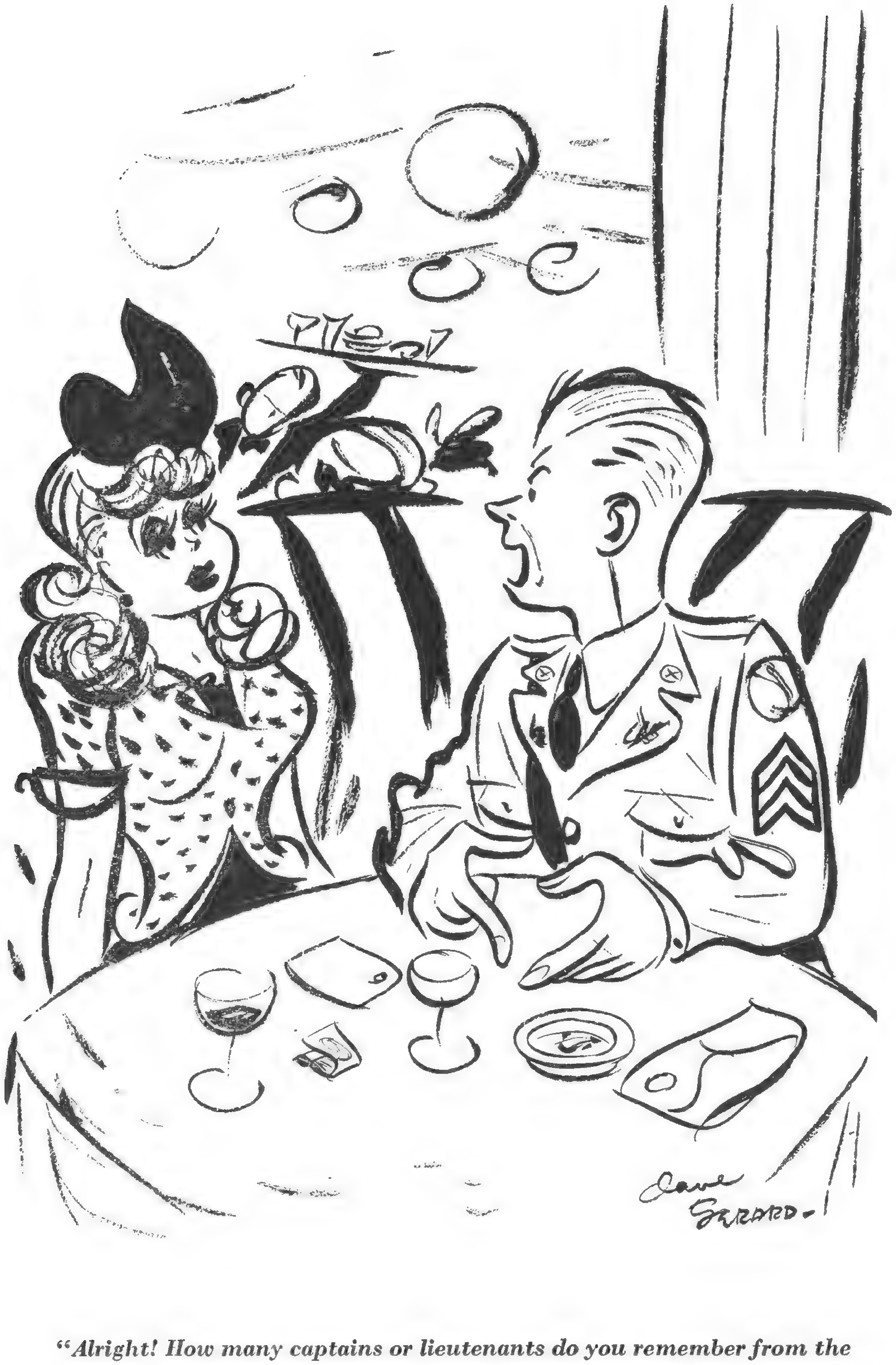


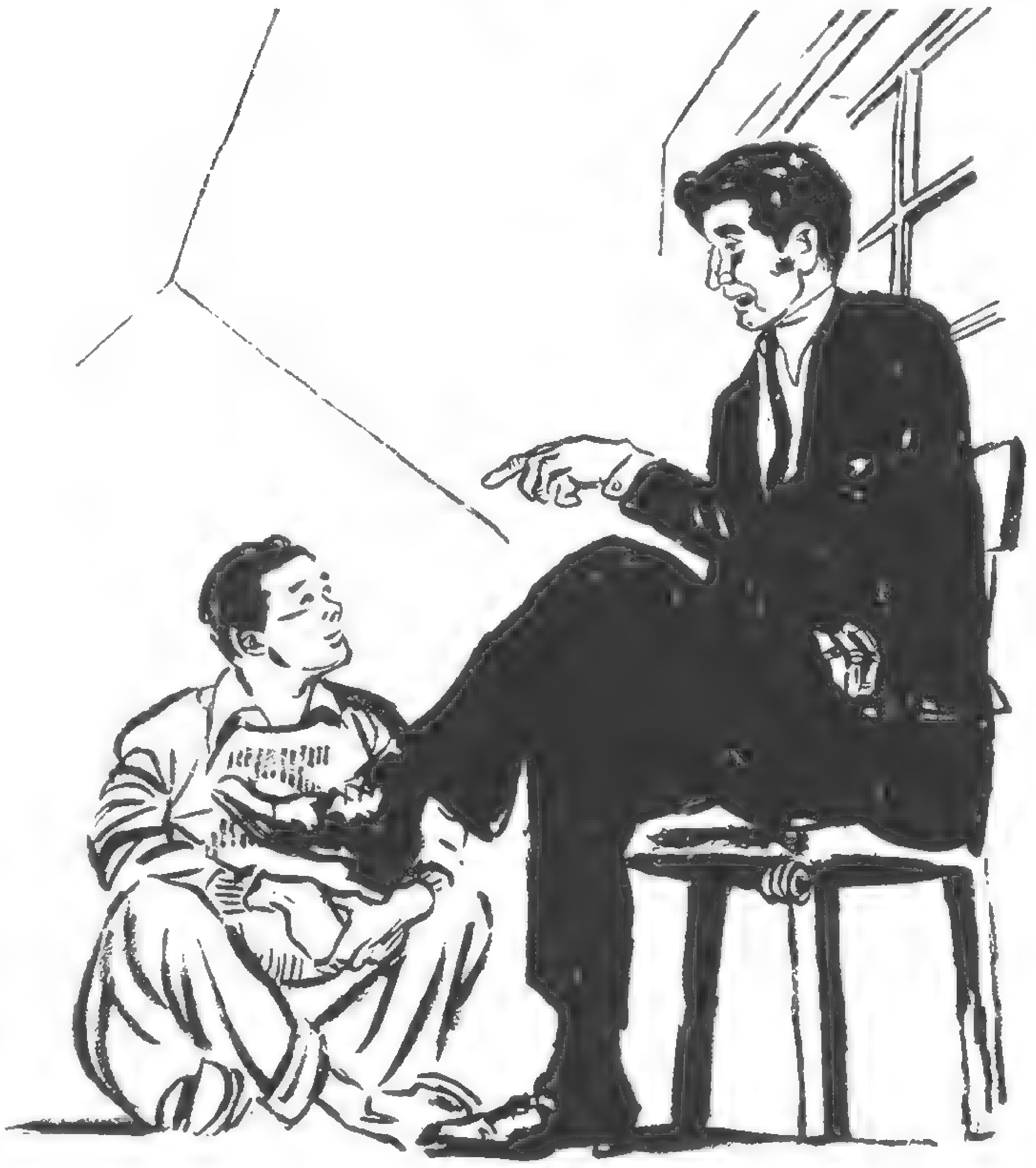
"Alright! How many captains or lieutenants do you remember from the last war? And everyone's heard about Sergeant York!"

My Uncle Poldé

He could not understand this America where even working people went about with the confident manner of nobility

by FRANK MLAKAR

• FICTION •



I remember that I was the first to see him the night he came. He stood there quietly just inside the door, waiting for someone to notice him. Relatives, friends from all over Cleveland crowded our small house. It was the celebration of my father's name day. *Sveti Janez*—St. John's Day! The table was piled high with roast fowl, coils of Slovenian sausage, hams, fruit, mounds of *potitsa* and other pastries; and down the middle of the table marched a row of jugs filled with delicious homemade wine.

My father bustled from this group to that, greeting old friends, pressing them with more to eat. But already the guests were beginning to sit back from the table and pat their stomachs, laughing and giggling in spite of themselves as they gossiped about each other's illnesses and calamities.

My mother darted in and out of the room; she was everywhere with more food, more drink, laughing and coaxing. She ran over to me. "Do you like it?" she whispered gayly, with a little mock-bow.

When she lifted her head a cry broke from her. Her eyes were fixed on the tall thin man who stood in the doorway. I saw she was trembling.

My mother cried out, "Poldé!"

The man gave a start, turned himself toward her. He was weeping as she embraced him.

The room quieted. My mother at last lifted her head to look up at the man, smiled tearfully, and taking him by the arm led him to my father.

"Janez," she said, "this is my brother Poldé!"

My father gave a cry of gladness. He turned to the guests. "Now we really have something to celebrate!" he shouted. "This is Anitsa's brother from the old country." He dragged his new-found brother-in-law to my brother and me. Tony, three years older than I, had his arm round my shoulder. My father started the introductions before he reached us. "Here are my boys, Poldé. Tony is the big one, and this is Paul, sixteen years old."

Uncle Poldé embraced us, murmured a greeting and turned his face back to my father, who led hım to the big table.

The guests immediately crowded round them, plying Uncle Poldé with questions about himself, the old country, their mutual friends. "When did you leave?" "How are things in Mala Vas?" "How are the Podpadecs who ran the mill? Where are the . . ."

Uncle Poldé twisted his big hands with embarrassment, evaded several of these questions, and then said abruptly, "I've been living in Trieste the past few years."

But Funtek the grocer was not to be put off in this way.

"Poldé," he persisted, "do you remember? We were boys together—"

Uncle Poldé's eyes dropped to the floor.

"Yes!" cried Funtek. "Why, it must be twenty years—" His wife broke in, grabbing him by the arm. "There'll be time enough for that later," she said. "Let Poldé alone," and when he protested, she spun him round and took him away.

Uncle Poldé smiled weakly, sat down to the table. After a moment the distressed look passed from my mother's face, too; she set a few dishes before him and he began to eat.

Soon there was a general burst of talk again. But the jollity—seemed a bit different now. Puzzled looks were thrown at Uncle Poldé. Funtek still grumbled to himself. This was indeed a strange immigrant! Most of them were glad to see familiar faces again after the long trip to America; they did not behave like this! I could feel my mother's own bafflement.

As though aware of the impression he had made, and regretting it, Uncle Poldé commenced to talk loudly to my father. "So this is America?" he exclaimed. "Do you always eat so well?"

My father waved a deprecating hand and said pompously, "This is an occasion, but I can't say we ever starve."

At midnight the guests began to leave. Many of them came to Uncle Poldé once more for a final word. He appeared to have lost some of his tenseness, but when someone pressed him with a reference to their old days in Slovenia, he pleaded weariness. "I don't see why you have to be so quiet," said Funtek, disgruntled.

Only my father seemed really undisturbed by Uncle Poldé's behavior. He was tired by the excitement of the evening and said quite matter-of-factly when the guests had gone, "It was a good party. Now let's go to bed. Tony and I start work at six."

In the morning, when I left for school, Uncle Poldé was still sleeping.

We did not learn any more about him in the next few days. He did not tell my mother where he had been the many years she had not heard from him, nor why he had come to America. She continued to regard him with a wondering look.

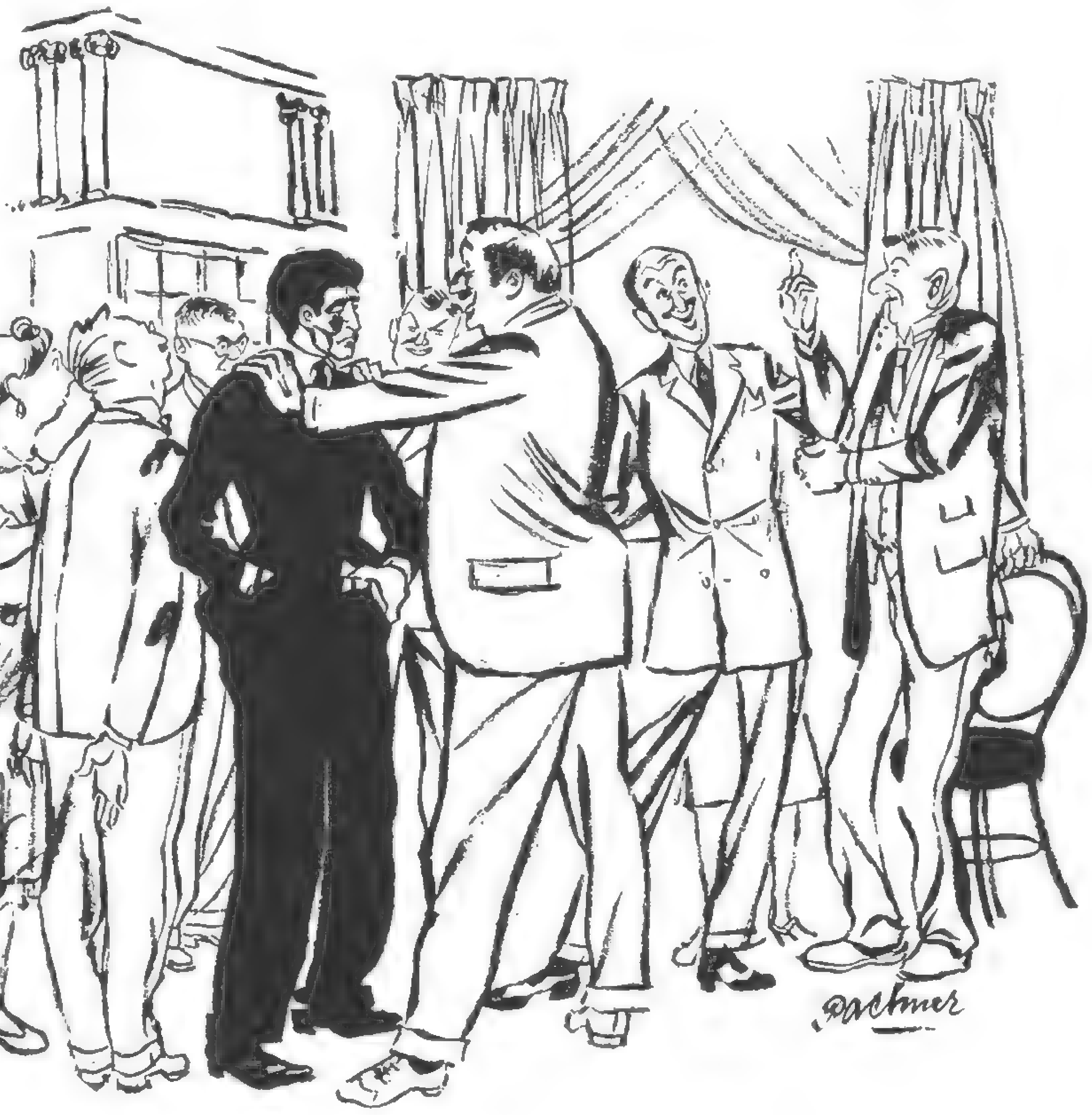
He did not talk much. At noon when I came home for lunch I would find him seated at the table, chin cupped in his bony hands. Sometimes, however, he would begin abruptly to tell about something he had seen that day. He talked and talked then. "A strange place, this America," he said once, shaking his head. "People here walk about with the look of nobility on their faces, more sure of themselves than the counts and princes back home in Slovenia. Where do they get this look? Even the penniless seem to act as if they'd not be at all surprised to meet a miracle face to face." This look that he thought he detected on the faces of Americans appeared to interest Uncle Poldé a great deal. In fact, he said, some of the members of the Slovenian colony in Cleveland were different people now; he did not recognize them. "In the old country they bowed their backs, resigned to their old place in the world. Here in America they step out like new men." He waited a moment, then added, "Does this happen to everybody in America?"

He spent most of his time wandering about the city. At night he came home tired, but trembling with excitement, his face alight, burning with anticipation. By morning all this seemed to have burned itself out, as though it were too much for him to hold. He came downstairs with a dead look on him, his eyes dull as ashes.

Uncle Poldé said nothing about getting a job. My father suggested to him that Tony might be able to help him find one at the factory where he worked. Uncle Poldé said, "Yes," quietly, and went up to the little attic room we had prepared for him.

When Tony came home one day and told him he could start work the following morning, Uncle Poldé nodded his head, and went upstairs to sort out the proper clothes.

His room in the attic was small. The roof with its ribs of uncovered rafters sloped steeply and he could stand erect only in the middle of the floor. But this did not seem to bother him. He was in the habit of walking around with his head dropped on his chest. There was little furniture in the place: a chair, a shaky chest of drawers, the wicker basket he had brought with him from the old country, a cot pushed under the rafters. But he never grumbled.



One night, a couple of months after his arrival, my mother sent me up to see him. I climbed the tight little stairway. Approaching the door, I heard a muffled crying.

"Uncle Poldé!" I shouted.

After a moment he bade me come in. He was lying on his side on the narrow cot, his bony knees drawn up to his chin.

"Come in, Pavlek," he said.

"Call me Paul," I said. "My name is Paul."

"In Slovenian it's Pavlek," he insisted.

"Only hunkies say Pavlek!"

"You're not a hunky, whatever that may be," he strongly maintained. "You're a Slovenian."

"I'm not!" I shouted. "I'm an American!"

He sat up, his head almost hitting a rafter. "Tell me, Pavlek," he said with intense interest, "what is this thing—to be an American?" The muscles over his face flickered with eagerness.

"You've got to be born here," I said.

"No, no," he protested. "It's something else. You can feel it, almost hold it in your hands sometimes."

"Or else you have to be made a citizen, like my father," I said.

Uncle Poldé was not satisfied.

I remembered why I had come. "Ma wants to know if you want some coffee."

He beat the air with his hands, politely, "No, no, but you be sure to thank her for me."

"What were you crying about?" I said abruptly.

"Crying? I was crying, Pavlek?"

"I heard you," I said.

He looked at me. "But I was laughing!" he cried. "I was thinking to myself how ridiculous it is a peasant like me should be making so much money in America."

I left him then.

His days so far as we knew were all the same. Mornings, shod in his clumsy thick shoes he clumped out of the house, down the street to the stamping factory where for nine hours each day he swept the steel chips from under machines, emptied the waste barrels.

When he had been doing this a few months, my father said to him, "Poldé, it's time you asked for a better job." Poldé nodded understandingly. "I will," he promised. After some days, however, he confessed that he could not bring himself to do it. My father gave an angry exclamation. "Poldé, in America it's taken for granted you want to get ahead!" When Uncle Poldé sighed that he just couldn't do it, not yet, my father grunted in disgust and left him.

Nor could any of us understand just why things as simple as this bothered him. In fact, we could not understand him at all. We would have liked him to find other lodgings. "Joy sits as well on that man's face as a saddle on the back of a mule," complained my father. But Uncle Poldé gave no signs of leaving, although he once asked my mother if he could not stay with us at least till he began to feel a bit more at home in the city.

My mother, her face red with embarrassment, complied.

Now and then Uncle Poldé mingled with other people, his face tightening with eagerness when someone spoke to him and encouraged his company. On Saturday nights, like most bachelors in the Slovenian colony, he went to the dances held in the National Home by the various lodges, dramatic and singing societies. My mother, who was a member of several such groups, also went frequently.

Here, while gyrating furiously in a polka, his thin face never lost its sad dignity. It wasn't long before the American-born kids in the hall got nerve enough to mimic him, prancing madly up and down the floor, holding their faces in a desperately calm look. Now and then one of them exploded with laughter. Scolded only mildly by their amused parents, they became bolder and slid across the floor under his nose, their arms pumping up and down, their feet churning in comically long steps.

Uncle Poldé finished the dance, took the giggling girl to her parents, trudged to my mother and said, "I'm going home, Anitsa." There were some then who grinned broadly as he left, but as many turned their faces away.

As time passed, now and again I began to find myself going up to his room, with no purpose in mind but somehow attracted to him. "*Kai chesh?*" he would ask—"What do you want?"—the bony outlines of his face softening with kindness and then, unexpectedly, lighting up with curiosity, for he was not used to having people seek him out. I could not tell him why I had come.

"You're a strange little one, Pavlek. So quiet, always listening, peering into books. You know already, don't you, what it is to be sad and lonely." It was late; he was tired from a long walk, but his eyes were alive and warm.

He sighed. "And I'm no better."

In a dim way I knew how he felt.

"When I was a little boy I was even more lonely. I was a *yetskatch*—a stutterer. Talking to the cattle I grazed, I could speak well. But most of the time I couldn't get a word out, even to ask my mother for bread. At night, Father insisted each member of the family take his turn saying the vesper prayer. When it came to me, I pleaded with God. 'Please God,' I cried, 'I am saying Thy Name. Please don't let me stutter on Thy Name!' As I started to pray my brother and sisters began to laugh and whisper 'G-g-god' among themselves. That was the way I said it in my praying. Then, when I got the *Amen* out, Father cuffed till my ears rang to beat this perverseness out of me. I would run to the barn to hide myself."

"But you don't stutter now," I said.

"No," he said. Then he was quiet.

"No, not now." He looked into my face. And for almost the first time I looked directly into his eyes.

"It was not long before I learned that God had put me on earth for a purpose. He shared me with the peasants. I was not a humpback nor a dwarf, but I was to be laughed at. Because I could not talk. . . .

"As I grew older and more shy, my stuttering got worse. Sometimes I could not talk at all. And then one day when a gang of school-

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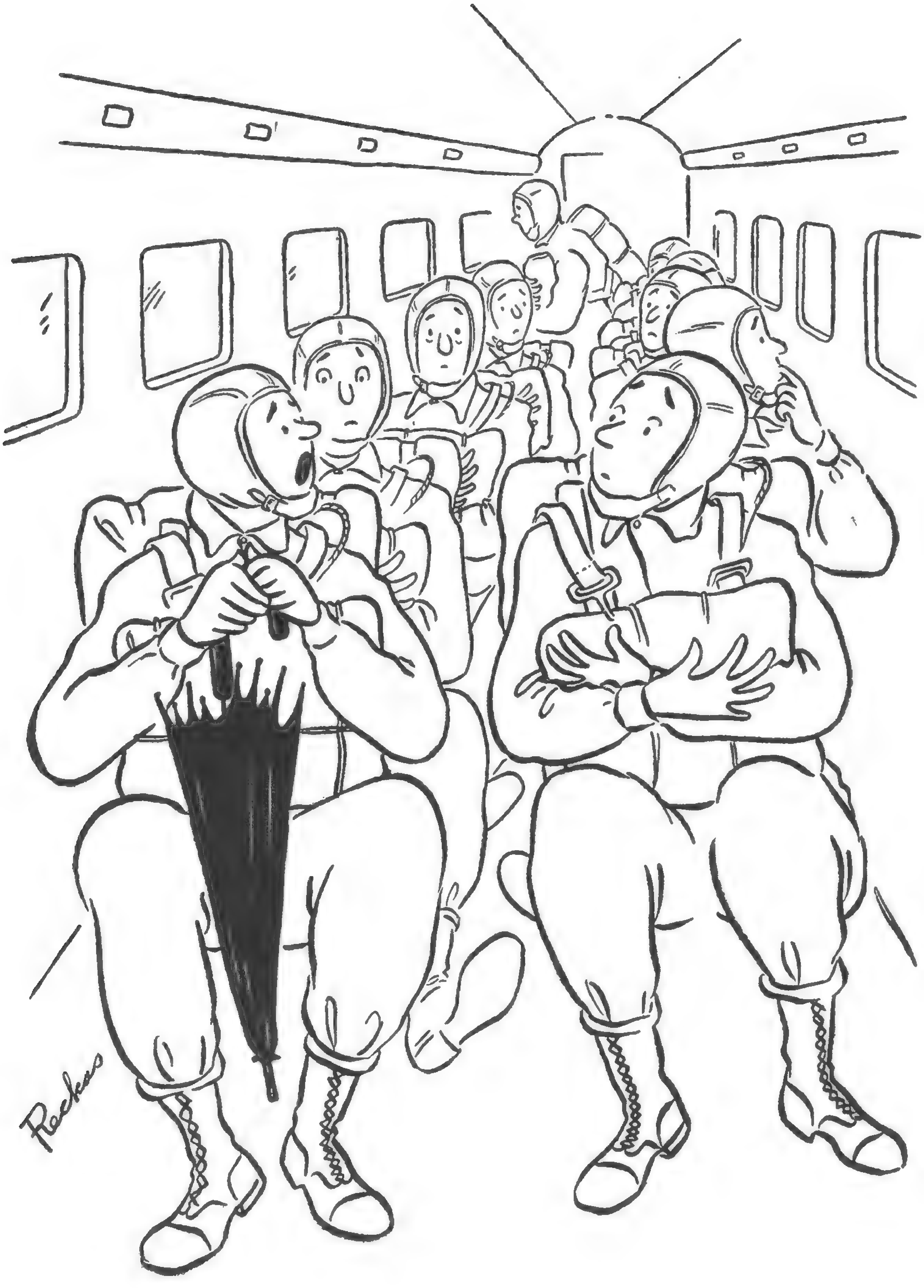

"I'm taking it along, just in case!"

Soldier, Sink or Swim

Water sports should be more widely used for physical conditioning of fighting men and war emergencies

by E. W. McGILLIVRAY

• SPORTS •

THIS war seems to be primarily a war on water instead of on land, and already many instances of the practical value of good swimming have been cited in the feats of heroism or daring. We have read reports of men diving down to rescue comrades pinned in a stricken airplane, or swimming for an hour or more before reaching a raft or a bit of debris after the sinking of a ship. Then there was the story about the Japanese Olympic swimmers who swam out and released the mines at Hong Kong by diving down to them and then exploding them with rifles. These are specific values of swimming in war. In addition to these, we have also the more general value of swimming as a physical conditioner.

Swimming competition has become so popular and the preponderance of publicity is so much with the record makers that there is a natural tendency to assume that the best and most useful way to swim is the well-known crawl stroke. Admittedly, the crawl *is* the fastest stroke, but there are other utility strokes. The side stroke, for example, seems to be the best for military purposes. It has been found that a pack, instead of hindering, actually helps the swimmer if he gets onto his side so that the pack will help float him instead of weighing him down. In this position the side stroke is the logical stroke and the most powerful. Also, a gun may be carried in one hand. This was proved by actual experimental tests at the College Swimming Coaches Forum, held at Fort Lauderdale.

A man was dumped into the water with a full pack weighing forty-seven pounds and a gun weighing nine pounds. Although it was thought that the pack would weigh him down so much that it would be difficult for him to swim, let alone hold a gun in one hand high enough out of water to keep it dry, actually the pack instead of being a handicap was a help when the man rolled onto his side enough to let the water help float the pack. This equipment was in a water-proof canvas bag. The buoyancy of the bag helped greatly, and the man, by using the side stroke, was able to hold his other arm out of water, carrying the rifle.

The proper kick for a person swimming the side stroke on his right side is for the left leg to be drawn up and forward so that the knee is bent, with the thigh about right angles to the body. The under leg, or right leg, is simply swung back a trifle with the knee also bent. Then the thrust is made by driving the left leg out forward, down and in a circular motion until it comes to a position in line with the body. At the same time the right leg is brought down to the same position, closing the two legs together with quite a vigorous thrust. This movement forces the water from between the legs in scissors fashion, giving the swimmer a definite lunge forward.

The normal side stroke calls for a "coasting," in this case on the right hand, at the time the power is given to the kick. Better progress can be made, however, when swimming with one hand only, if the "coast" is reduced and the kick followed immediately with a horizontal circular sweep of the arm. By alternating the power from the kick, and the power from the arm stroke, the propulsion becomes quite uniform, which is a benefit when carrying a burden.

In the event of helping another swimmer, it would be better and easier if he could reverse this kick, and then with the arm that was in the air he could tow the other person. This would put him a little more on his back and in better position to control the person he is helping.

Breathing is one of the most important basic feats of swimming. It is necessary to breathe through the mouth because that is the only way you can have control of the water. A drop or two on the end of the nose would be enough to strangle a person if he inhaled through his nostrils and sucked up that drop or two of water. But a person can have his mouth half full of water and still breathe if he is careful not to suck the air in too rapidly. It is very important to emphasize in the men proper breathing methods. It is so natural when breathing through the mouth to take in more air than can be used that a swimmer can easily exhaust himself by merely breathing too deeply or too rapidly.

There are a number of practical life saving stunts that can be used in emergencies by men who can swim well. For example, if there is a blanket, a sail, or a sheet available, several men can be supported by this blanket or sheet provided some of them can swim well, by simply lifting one edge out of the water and bringing it down again in such a way as to gather billows of air underneath it. Holding the edges of a blanket in this manner underwater will catch enough air to support several men for quite a while. As the air leaks through the blanket, the process may be repeated. Also, a shirt will hold considerable air, which may be conserved by closing up the neck. Or a pair of trousers may be removed, knots tied in the end of each trouser leg, and the open part swung over the head vigorously enough to gather air to serve as water wings.

Another thing that swimmers should know in emergencies is that it is usually very difficult to remove the shoes; and it has been found by tests that it is easier to swim with the shoes on than it is with the shoes off and the socks left on. If the socks can be removed, there would be a gain in the maneuver; but the socks are a very great handicap. But it has been judged from demonstrations that it

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D. SHUMWAY
TREE SURGEON
Bob Gallivan

"All I can prescribe is plenty of rest and fresh air"

Open Letter to George Jean Nathan

Suggesting he drop Dorothy Thompson a line, reminding her that the fighting British prefer their theatre trifling

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

DEAR NATHAN:

At the end of the past theatrical season in New York, all the dramatic critics who had Sunday pieces to write agreed that they had just passed through some of the meanest first nights in a generation. Half a dozen of our top-flight playwrights had not been represented at all; half a dozen next-to-top had produced inglorious failures; your Circle point-blank refused to name a "best American play," implying that even the best among trashy plays should not be marked for any honor whatever. The theatre was down, the season had ended, troubles rose for the straw-hat circuit—and just then Dorothy Thompson wrote an article in a magazine called *Tomorrow*. As you may not read *Tomorrow*, I respectfully call your attention to the piece; and suggest that you write Miss Thompson a letter.

At first I wasn't completely floored by Miss Thompson's essay: *The Theatre, A Comment on America*. My eye caught a name in italics and I read: "The theater demeaned to the purpose of *Hellzapoppin* is, however, only a reflection of our whole bourgeois world."

Then I saw something about you—not you individually, George Jean Nathan, but you-all critics: "Yet the critics themselves could mightily help to *create* a theatre, had they any idea of what it is they need to create. But they have no piety toward the theater."

You note that I am a spotty reader; my eye falls on italics; if there are no italics, I get to proper names. My next glimpse was: "Anyone who has seen Duse in however old-fashioned and anachronistic a play, or Moissi's ghost-haunted Hamlet, or Kortner's Richard III, has never been quite the same person since."

Here I have a scientific item to offer. About *Hellzapoppin* and you-all critics without piety, I don't know; but I know that I saw Duse in half a dozen "however old-fashioned and anachronistic plays" and I am the same person since. Unless Miss Thompson saw Duse in the early maturity of that celebrated actress, which I doubt, she did not witness a soul-changing apparition; she may have undergone religious exaltation because of all the stories current about Duse's lofty, almost unbearable devotion to the art of acting; but Duse when she was old simply could not make the silly and bombastic plays she presented seem anything but drivel; nor make herself seem anything but a beautiful, dignified elderly woman who had always been a more restrained actress than Sarah Bernhardt. The great terrific experience of seeing Duse was actually so unabsorbing that Stark Young, who was devoted to her, sat through one entire performance chatting with his companion about all sorts of unrelated matters. (I was not his companion; I sat right in front of Mr. Young, and his whispering annoyed me; and I have witnesses to prove what I say.)

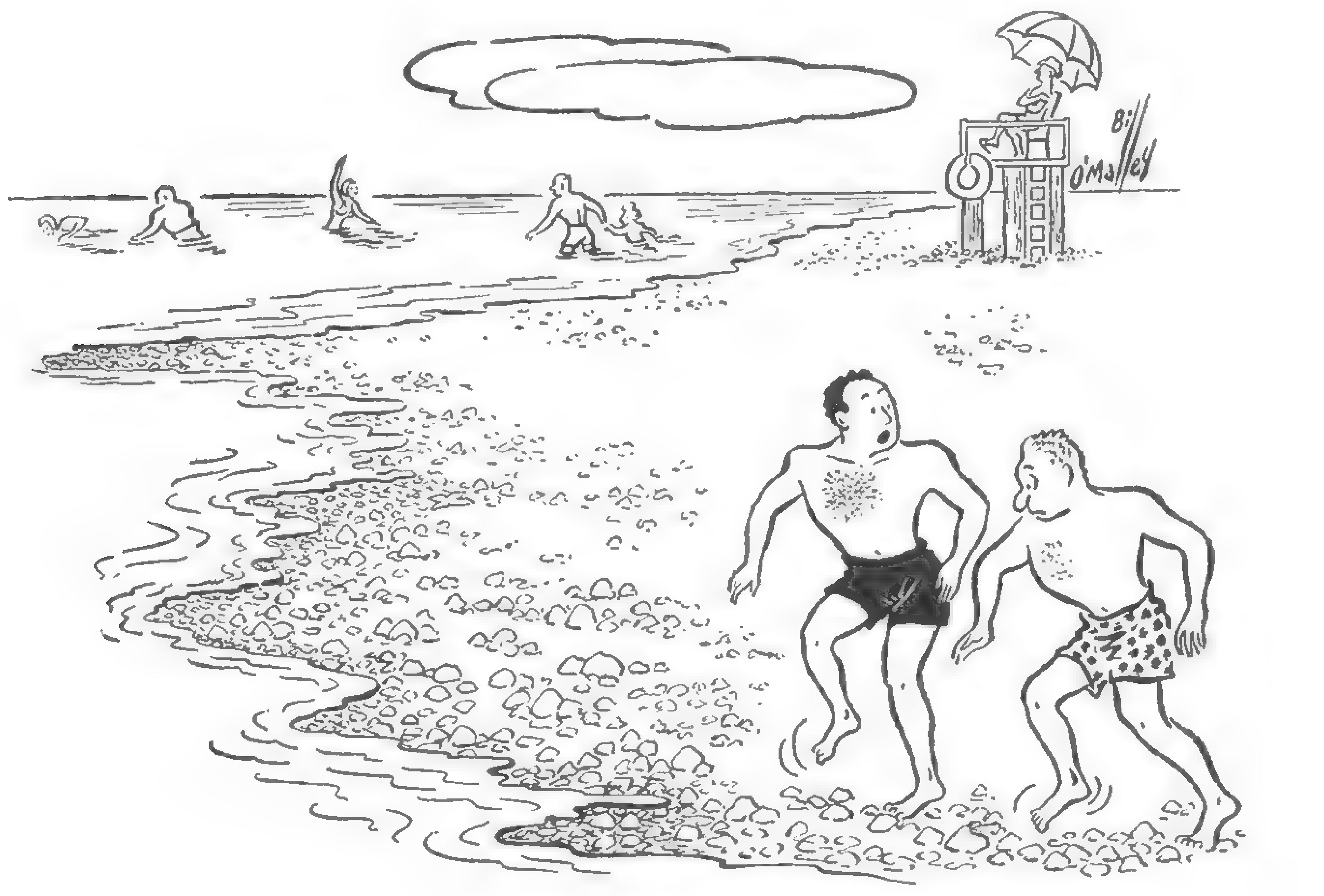
I've seen Moissi, too. And I thought he was superlatively melodramatic, which I liked; but I thought *Hamlet* was better than Moissi. Moreover, I state that all the greatest Hamlets of our time, plus *Hamlet* itself, have probably had very little effect on me—or on anyone else. That's what I want you to write to Miss Thompson about; or maybe you'd better write to me.

Because I may be a rude fellow, but I am reasonably sensitive to music, to painting, to line and color wherever they appear, to the sound of words, to the rhythm of sentences or of dancers' feet; I get a profound satisfaction out of tragedy in the theatre, I have some feeling for solemnity, I think I am able to recognize noble feeling, I rather like the grand manner in architecture and politics, I do not understand mathematics very well, but I think I know what Pascal and Spinoza and Russell found at its core; by good fortune I have had a really liberal education and a moderately serious classic education, too; I have known half a dozen of the greatest creative workers of our time and many more of the great appreciative critics; and in spite of this I seriously believe that all the Hamlets plus *Hamlet* have had little effect on my life.

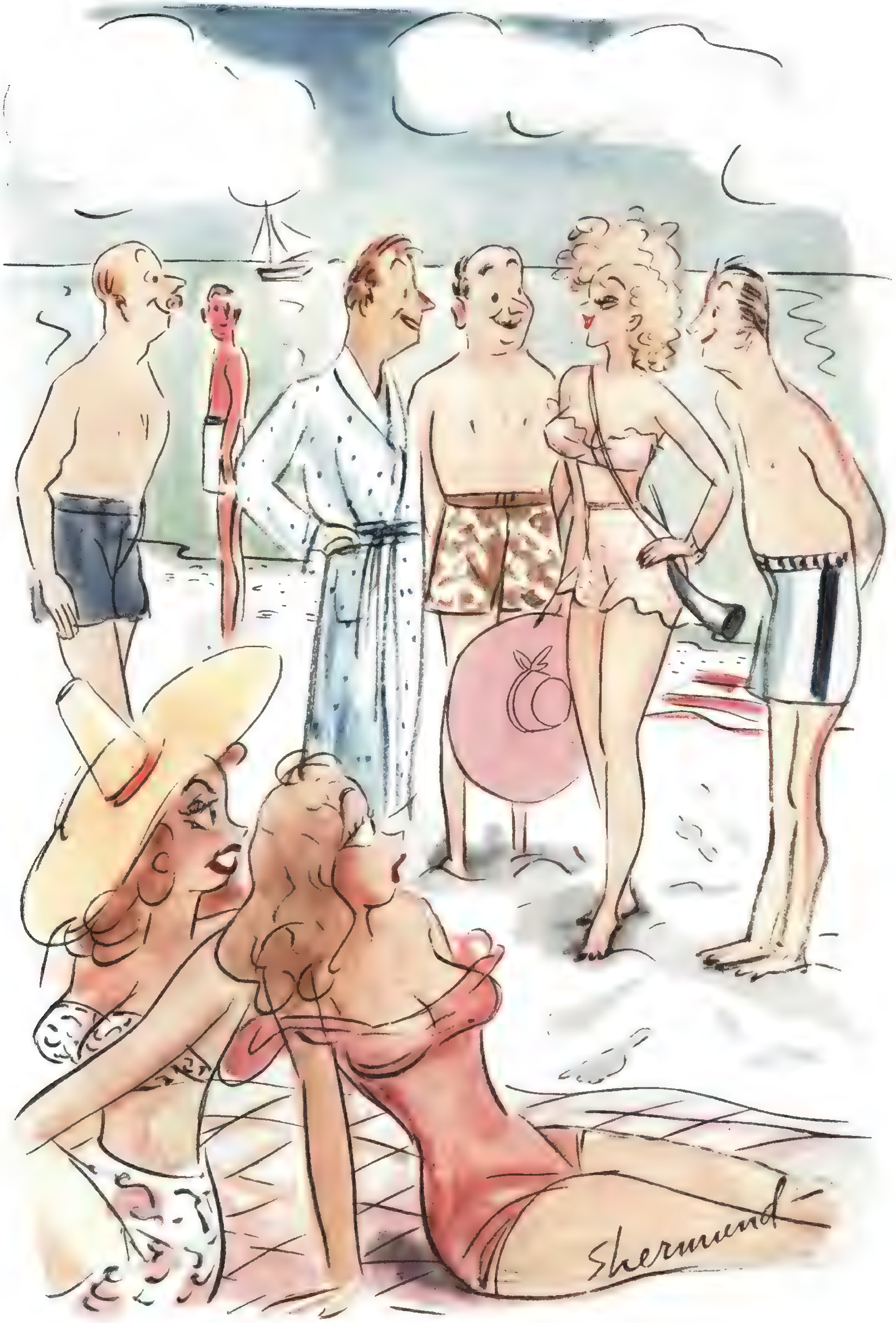
When we arrive at a god-granted victory over Hitler, Miss Thompson herself will have had a greater effect on my life; because she will have contributed to our victory, in no small measure. Lenin has had an effect on my life and the doctors who found out how to use sulfanilimide; I have been affected by phrases, snips of ideas which I haven't studied completely, like Remy de Gourmont's "dissociation of ideas" or Russell's reference to mathematicians who love perfection better than they love life; but I believe—I rather hope—that *The Ancient Mariner* and *Oedipus Rex* have not deeply marked my soul. Aristophanes did have an effect on my life for several years; he taught me that love and war were probably the same things a thousand years ago as they are now; he taught me that both could be used for comic effect; through him I learned that it was pleasant to be rich, which was useful knowledge; but as he didn't teach me to save my money, he had no lasting effect on me.

It is interesting to note that Miss Thompson's days of being "inexorably drawn to the theater" were those she spent in Germany—during the end of the ill-fated democratic era, a time of profound tragedy. Miss Thompson went to find, and did find, "that which great works of creative art produce for us—an illuminating experience." As she berates our theater of today, I must assume that Miss Thompson did not go to the hundreds

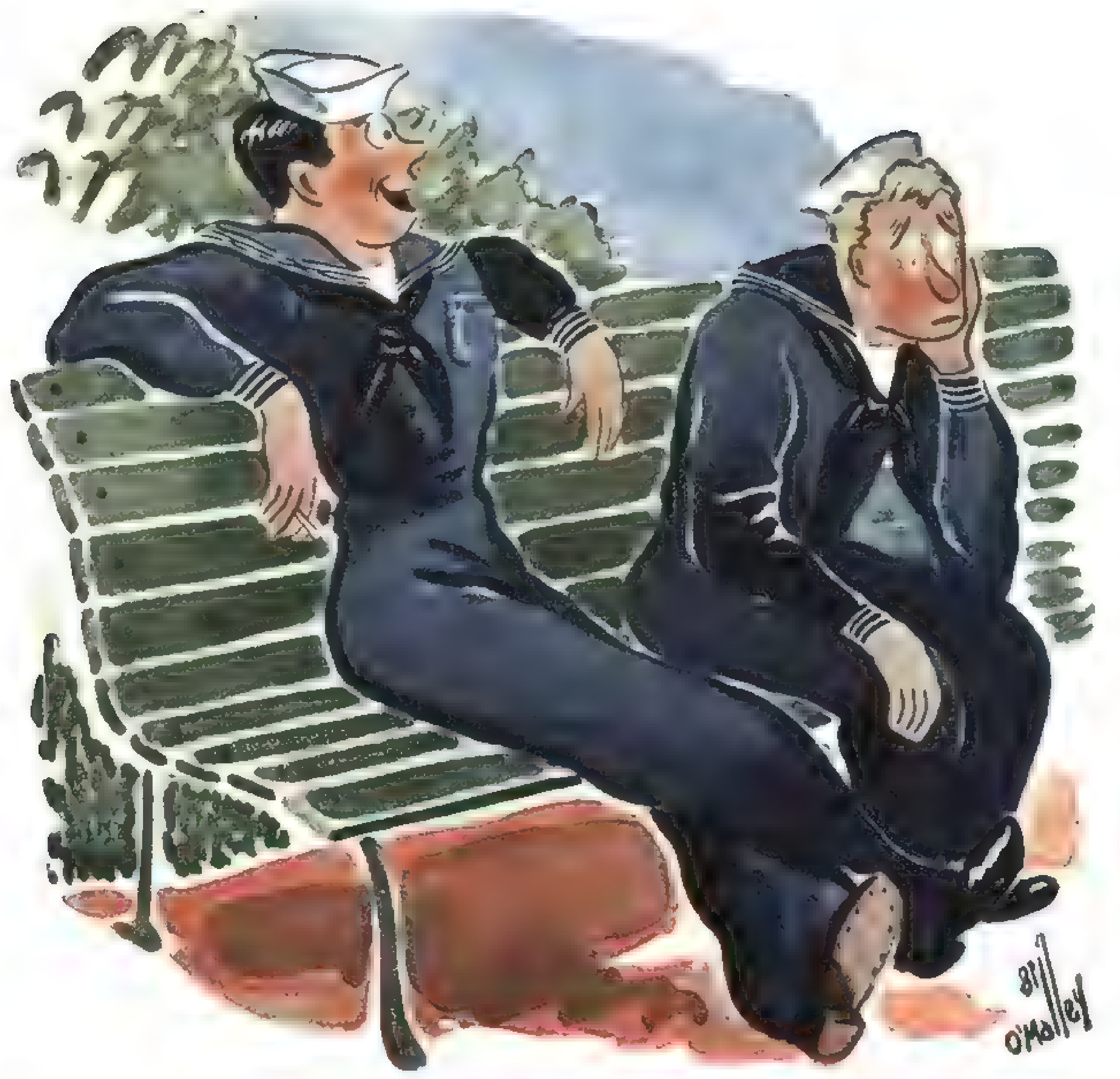
Continued at top of page 112



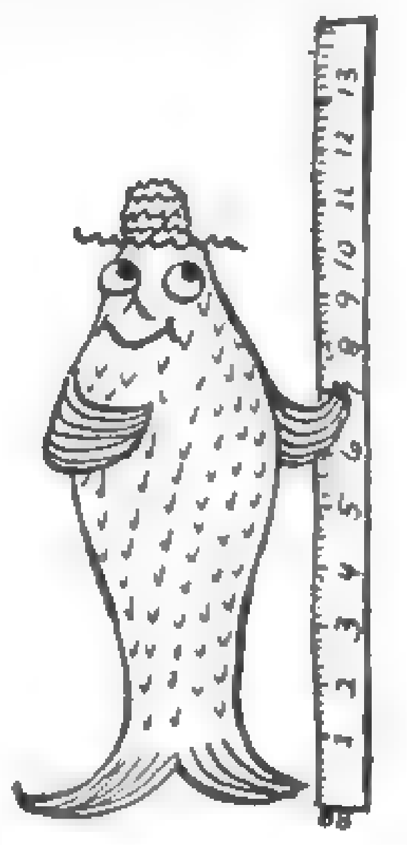
"Civilian Defense has taken the sand for the duration"



"She attracts them with a moose-call!"



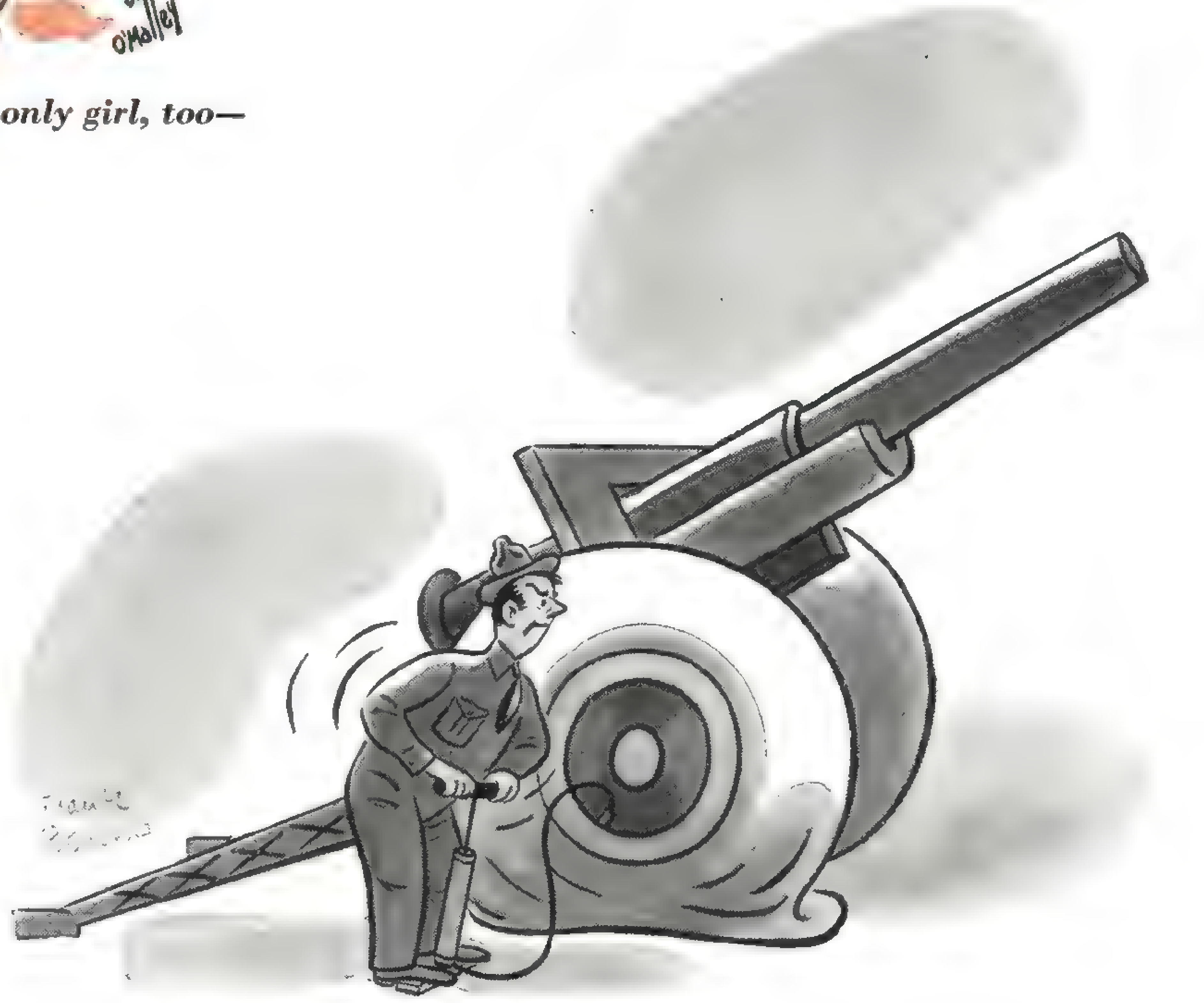
"I know how it is to be lonely for the one and only girl, too—
I was engaged to five of them"

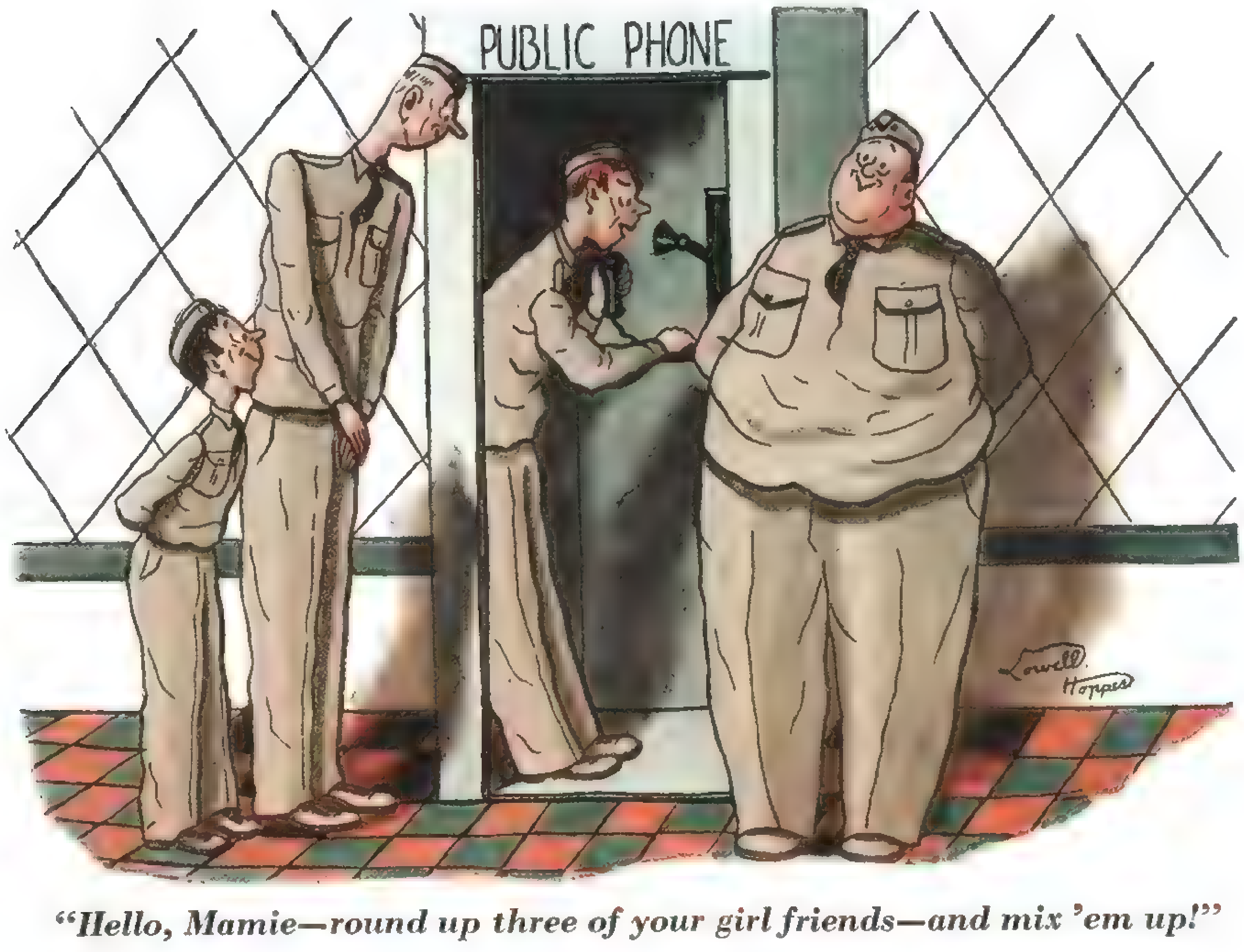


This is the height of the alibi season. You can either listen to your fisherman friends or read Hitler's latest excuses about the Russian campaign.

BUY
VICTORY
STAMPS

Even those of us who aren't in the front line of the war effort should pitch in and help. After all, we can't all be generals or radio commentators.



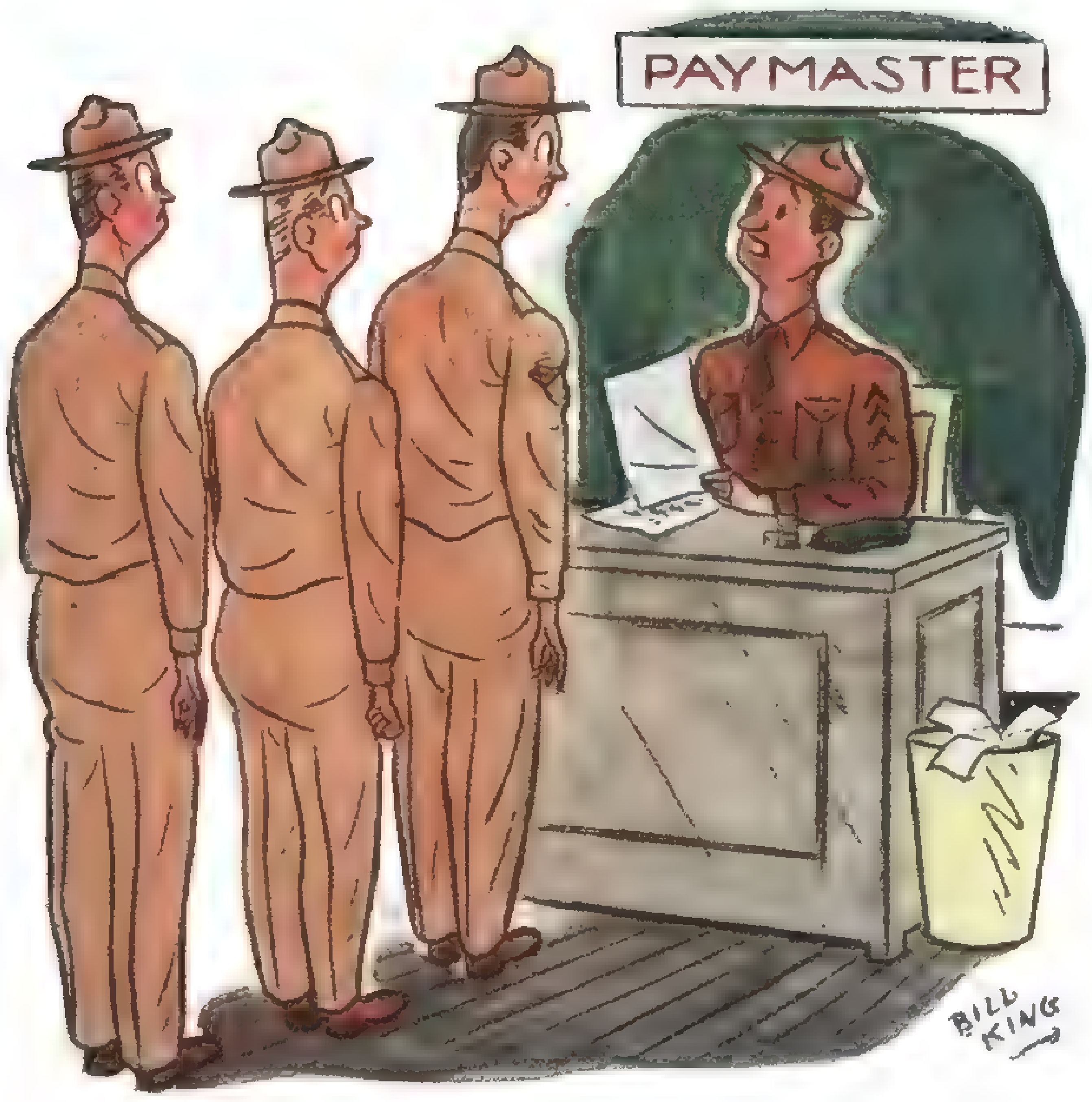


"Hello, Mamie—round up three of your girl friends—and mix 'em up!"

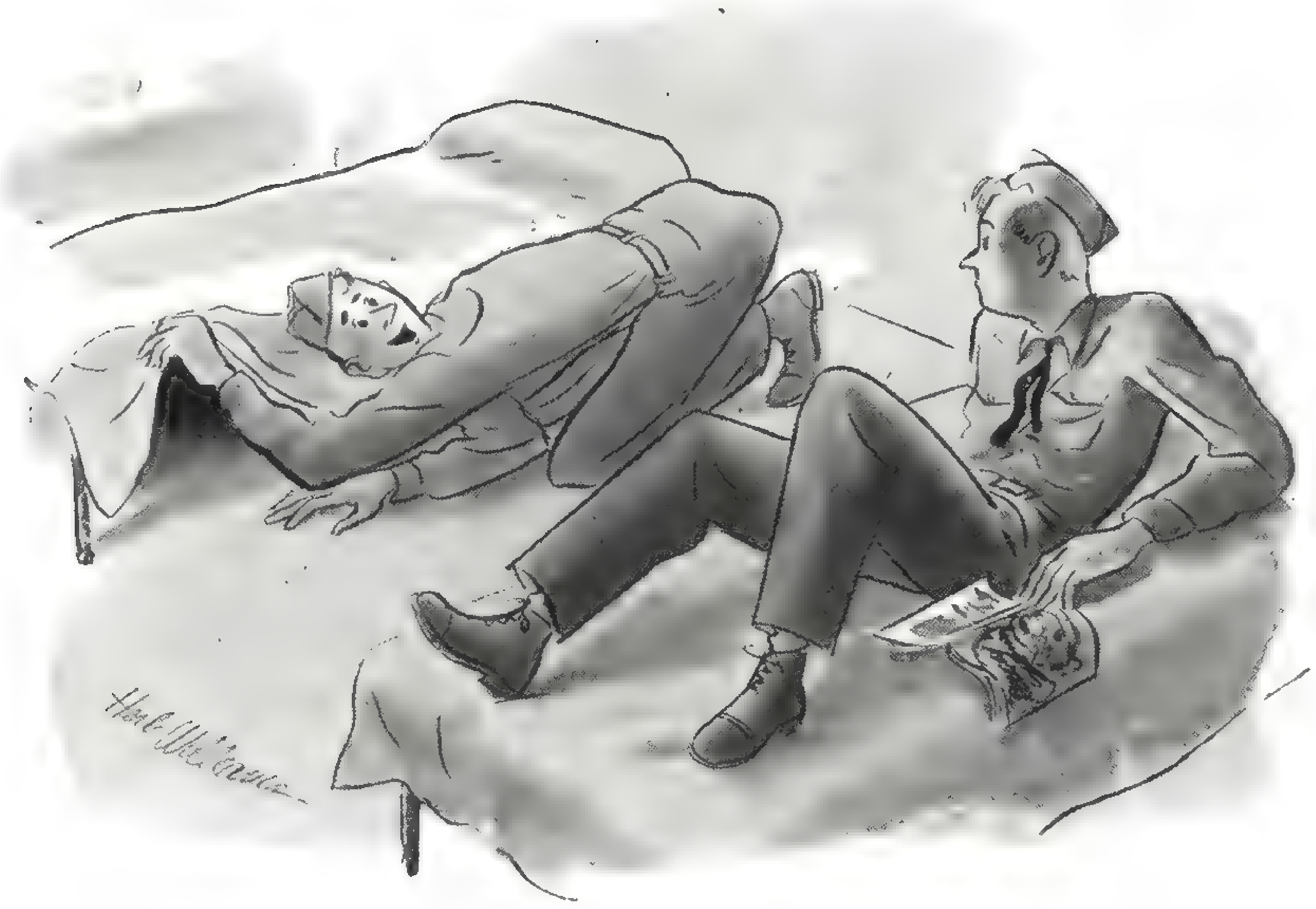
A mixed doubles partner is a girl who always starts to serve in the wrong court but can remember everything that was in that delicious salad Sue Humphries served three years ago come Friday.

Probable Baseball Write-up, 1967

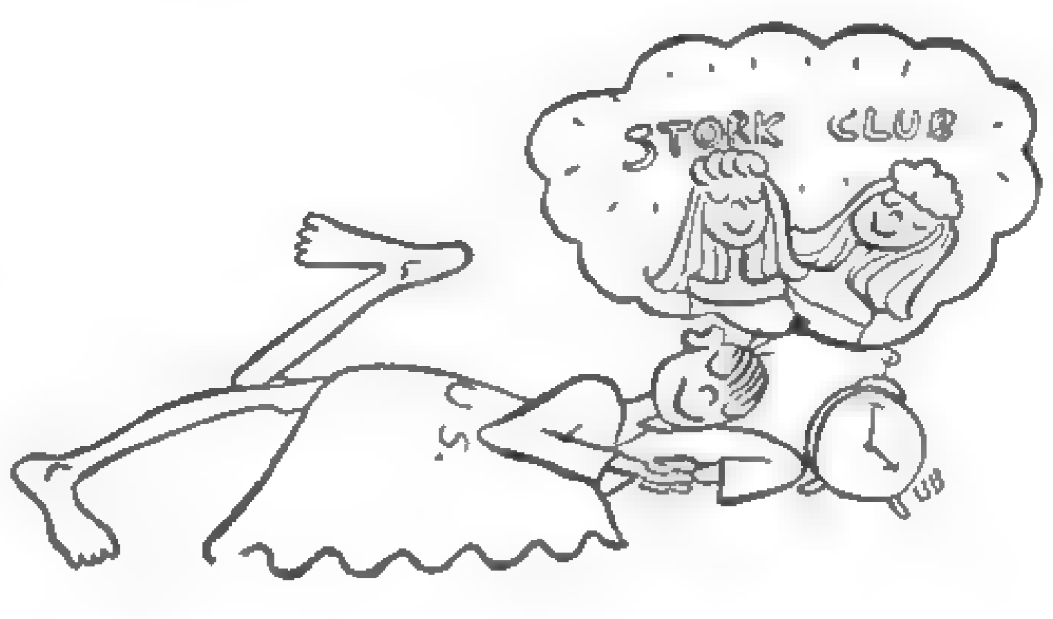
"Douglas MacArthur Sweeney doubled to centre, being held to two bases by Douglas MacArthur Scarpucci's fine throw. Douglas MacArthur Pieliciexz was purposely passed, and then both men scored on D. MacA. Nason's homer down the right field foul line. Manager Douglas MacArthur Walker of the Green Sox protested that the ball was foul, but he was overridden by Umpire Douglas MacArthur Kleemer."



"Well, let's see—$3.50 for laundry—$14.23 you owe the camp store—that leaves $3.27—how about some War Stamps?"

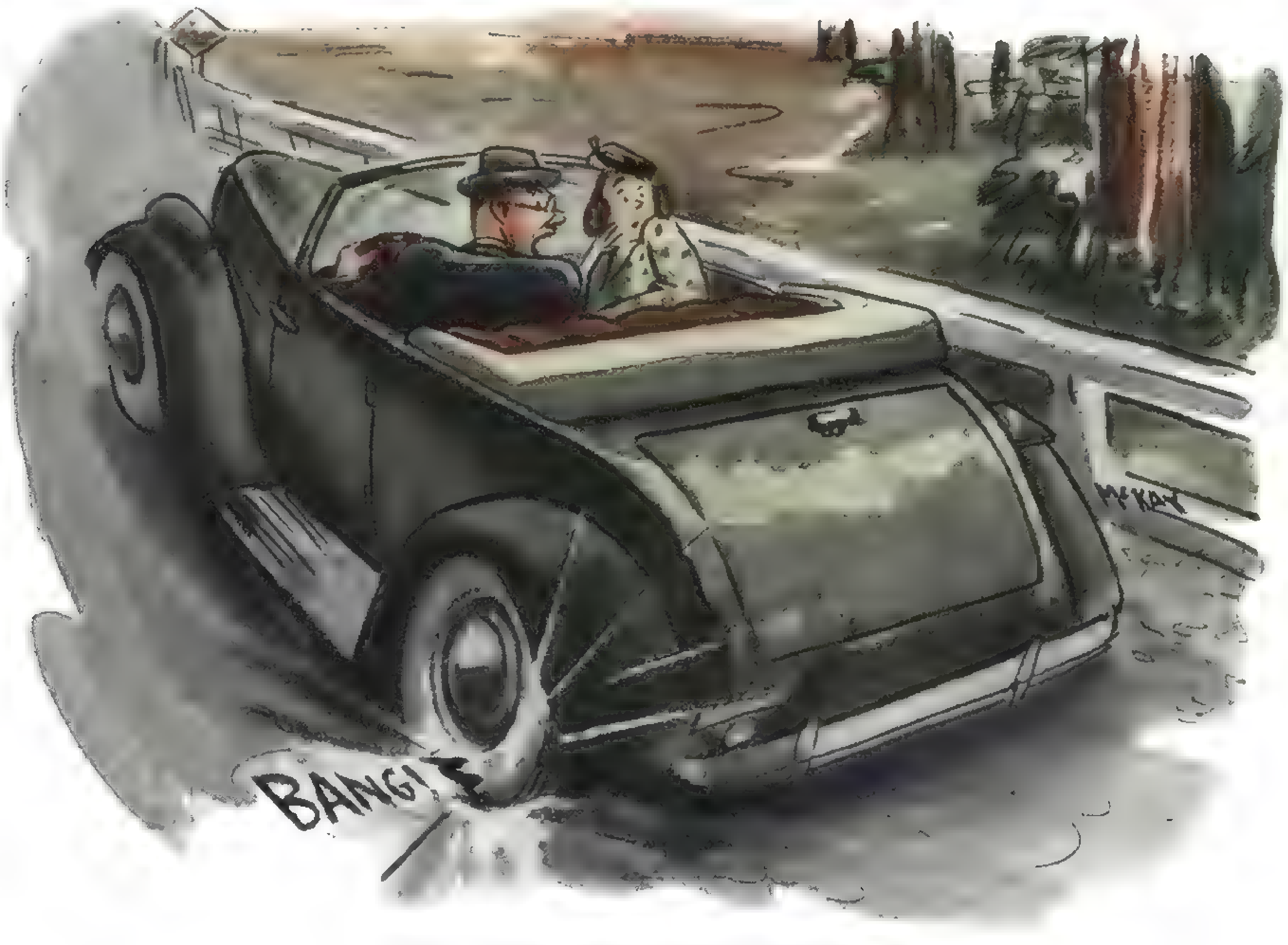


"You never can tell—there might be a woman under it"

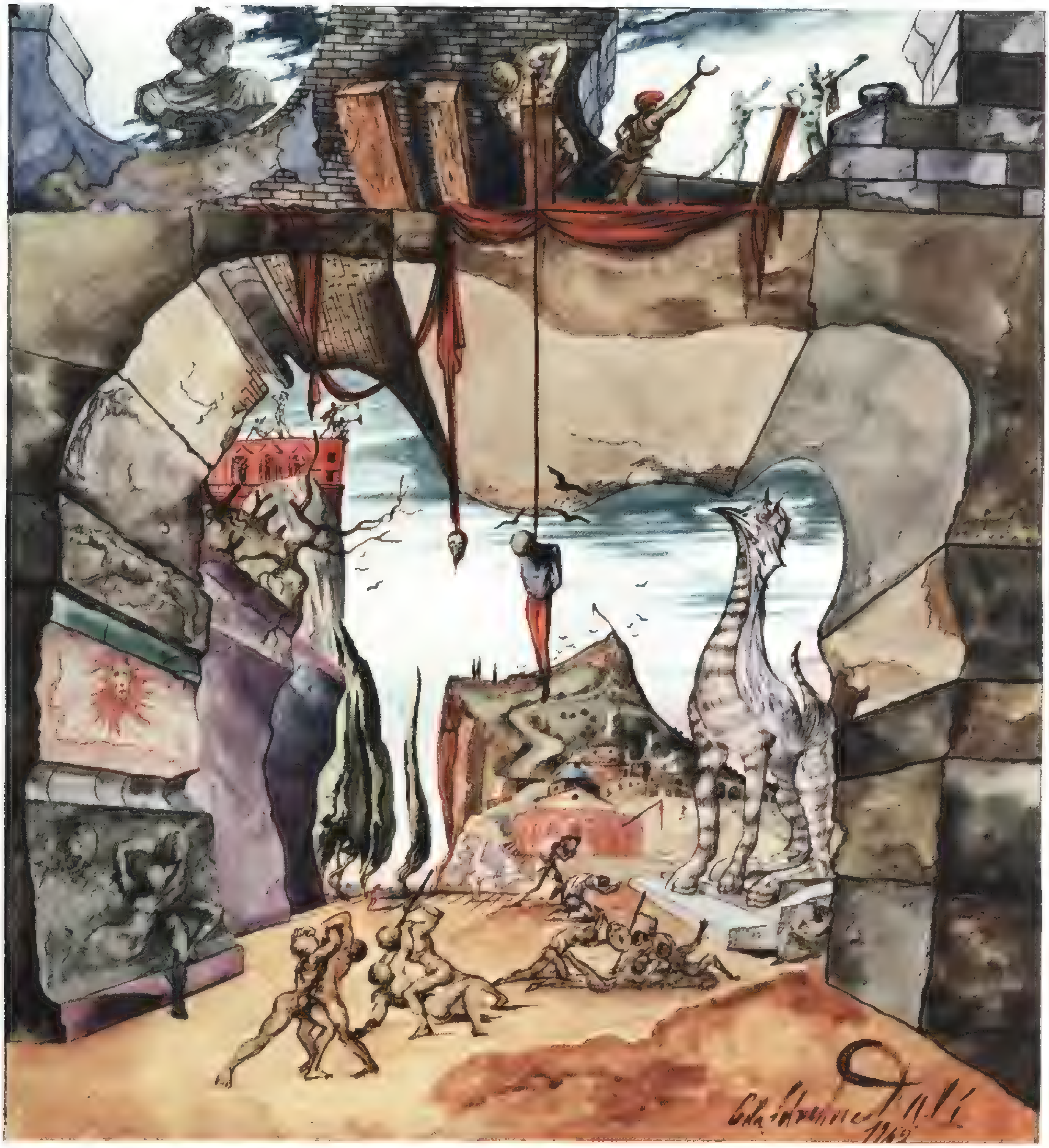


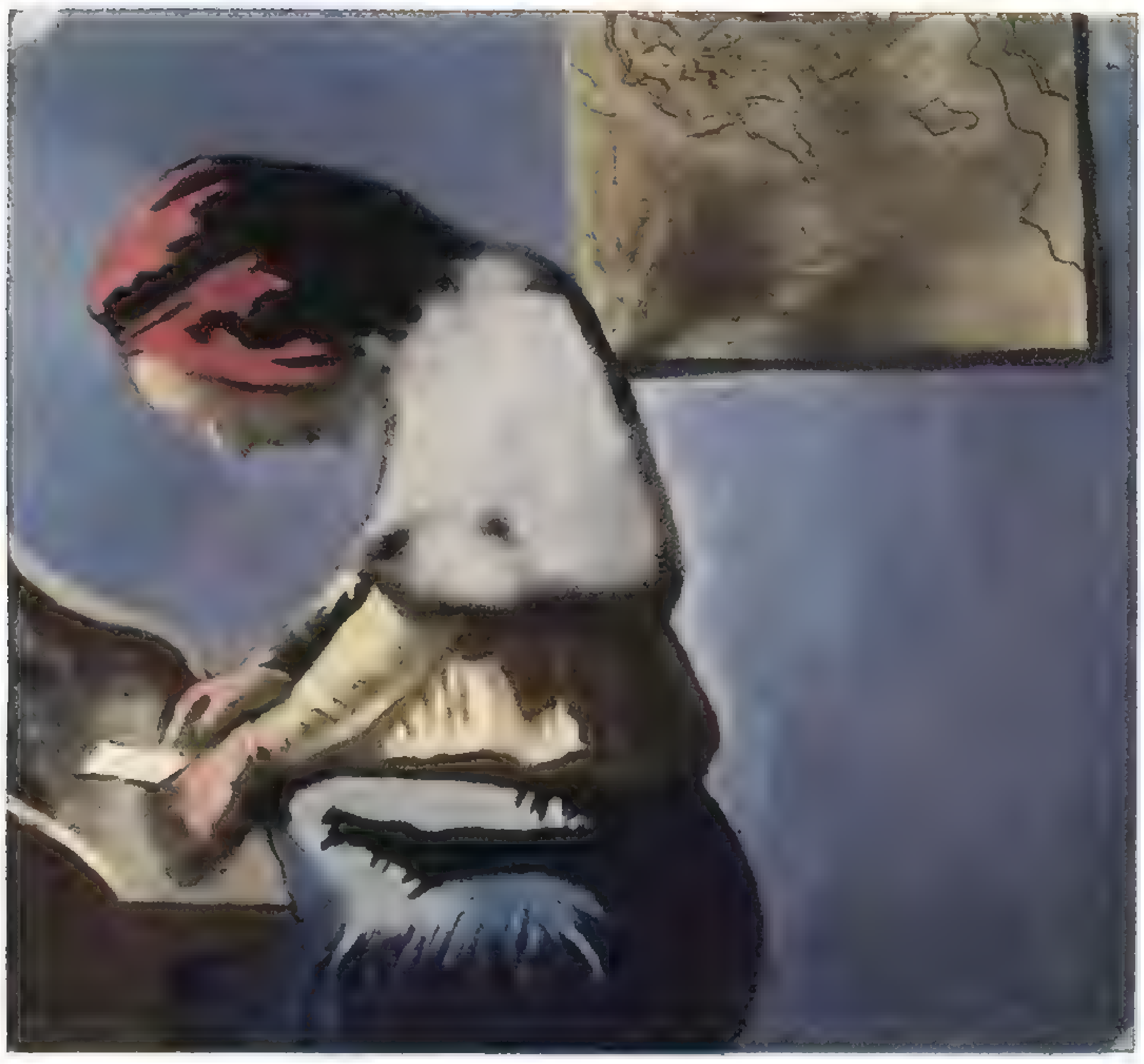
He's in the Army Now!

Many a Broadway Playboy
Recalls with a rueful grin
That nowadays he's getting up
When he used to be getting in!



"Oh! I hope that was a bomb!"





Do Your Eyes Have It?

In the remarkable sketches on this and the following pages, Salvador Dali has undertaken to demonstrate that his hand is quicker than your eye. If you accept his challenge, your task is to discern the camouflaged image concealed in each drawing. Stare as long as you wish and from as many angles as you like until the hidden object emerges. After discerning the simple images adroitly worked into the scene of carnage above and the portrait of a woman reading a letter at left, try your eye on the problems Dali poses on the next two pages. The solutions are given on page 130.

Total Camouflage for Total War

As the War for Survival demands some new, more general type of camouflage, why not employ psychological control of vision?

by SALVADOR DALI

▪ARTICLE▪

℞

To be or not to be (Shakespeare). To see or not to see (Dali). That is the question, or more precisely, the problem. At the beginning of the last war it was Picasso, inventor of Cubism, who found the solution. This is the authentic story.

Seated in the spring sunshine on the terrace of the famous Rotonde in Montparnasse, Picasso and a group of his ardent admirers were sipping their absinthe, with the familiar ritual of the sugar spoon. The talk was naturally of war. But with this group of youthful innovators in the arts, the conversation was given to imaginative flights, rather than weighty considerations. Somebody threw out the strategic suggestion of making an army invisible.

"That's perfectly possible!" cried Picasso. Everybody kept still, waiting for the great painter to launch one of those ideas with which he always managed to eclipse other contributions to the conversation, no matter how original. And Picasso went on:

"If you want to make an army invisible, all you have to do is dress the soldiers like harlequins. At a distance the diamond patterns will merge into the landscape, and nobody will be able to see them."

Thus out of the casual and offhand talk bandied about among a handful of still little-known artists, was born the principle of camouflage so effectively used in the last war. It was not long indeed till one saw heavy guns, cuirassiers, cruisers, tanks, all covered with the same fancifully colored arabesques that figured simultaneously in the perturbing canvases of the new painters. At first people did not realize that this very same Cubism which created such a scandal in the art galleries as being too trivial for days occupied with matters of such grave moment, was already operating with high efficiency on the fields of battle.

The profound lessons of history repeat themselves, but never in quite the same way. Outwardly they change, often beyond recognition. And just as the camouflage of 1914 was Cubist and Picassan, so the camouflage of 1942 should be Surrealist and Dalistic. For this time, the discovery is mine—namely the secret of total invisibility and the psychological camouflage. More of this later.

The discovery of "invisible images" was certainly part of my destiny. When I was six years old, I had astounded my parents and their friends by my almost mediumistic faculty of "seeing things differently." Always I saw what others did not see; and what they saw, I did not.

Among countless examples, there is a striking one which dates from that period of my life. Every Saturday I received a juvenile publication to which my father had subscribed for me. Its final page was always devoted to a puzzle picture. This would present, for instance, a forest and a hunter. In the tangled underbrush of the forest the artist had cleverly concealed a rabbit; the problem was to find it. Or, again, a doll must be discovered, lost by a child in an apparently empty room. My father would bring me the puzzle, and what was his astonishment to see me find, not one but two, three or four rabbits; not a single doll but several—and never the one which the artist had meant to conceal. Still more astonishing was the fact that my rabbits and my dolls were much clearer and better drawn than the ones which had been intentionally hidden. As soon as I outlined them with my pencil, everybody could see them as clearly as I could, and exclaimed over them in surprise.

But my seeing several rabbits where others could find only one after long study and turning the page this way and that—was not all. The really phenomenal part of it was that in the same image I could see a mosquito, an elephant, a bathtub, or anything else, just as well as a rabbit.

It was in psycho-pathology that I later found the explanation of this mysterious ability to see whatever I chose, wherever I chose. I had the paranoiac mind. Paranoia is defined as systematic delusion of interpretation. It is this systematic delusion which, in a more or less morbid state, constitutes the basis of the artistic phenomenon in general, and of my magic gift for transforming reality, in particular.

Watching fanciful images taking on more and more definite form, while gazing at the damp spots on an old wall, was one of the favorite and fascinating games of my childhood. I could see almost anything too, in the ever-changing shape of the clouds—so prolific a source of paranoiac visions. What was my amazement, in the course of later studies, to find that back in the days before Christ, Aristophanes in *The Clouds* had declared them "the masters of delusion"—melting from the form of a leopard into the graceful contours of a nude woman, and evolving thence into the shape of a nose. In the same way, I was to read the advice of Leonardo da Vinci, who counseled his pupils to seek inspiration for painting an equestrian battle, by gazing in a certain mental state at the spots of dampness on an old wall, in order to see the desired images arise out of chaos. The very same clouds and damp old walls which had evoked the hallucinations of my childhood.

Long before Aristophanes, indeed, the cave man, whose animal engravings of magic import simply followed certain lines of relief on the walls of the cave, in which he saw the forms which obsessed him, was obeying the same paranoiac principle—the systematic delusion of interpretation.

And well before the cave man, even before man appeared at all on the surface of the earth, the same principle reigned in nature, taking the form of that most mysterious and least known of all phenomena—mimetism. In the beginning . . . was camouflage, the invisible!

The leaf-type insects represent one of the most subtle forms of mimetic camouflage in nature. Some of them not only take on the exact form and color of leaves, but even imitate their slightest surface conformations—tiny holes corresponding to drops of water pierced by a ray of sunlight, gossamer traces of mildew, the notched edges made by the gnawing of certain insects. Others imitate rotting twigs or thorny stems so closely as to be indistinguishable from the originals. Thus we might say that reality playing at illusion, becomes illusion; and being illusion—and therefore invisible—can serve equally well as a mechanism of defense or offense.

The leopard's spots and the tiger's stripes, imitating the effects of light and shade in the jungle, the markings of all animals in fact, obey this same obscure principle, whose least developed and most elementary manifestation is among the mammals. On the other hand, there is a variety of African sole which

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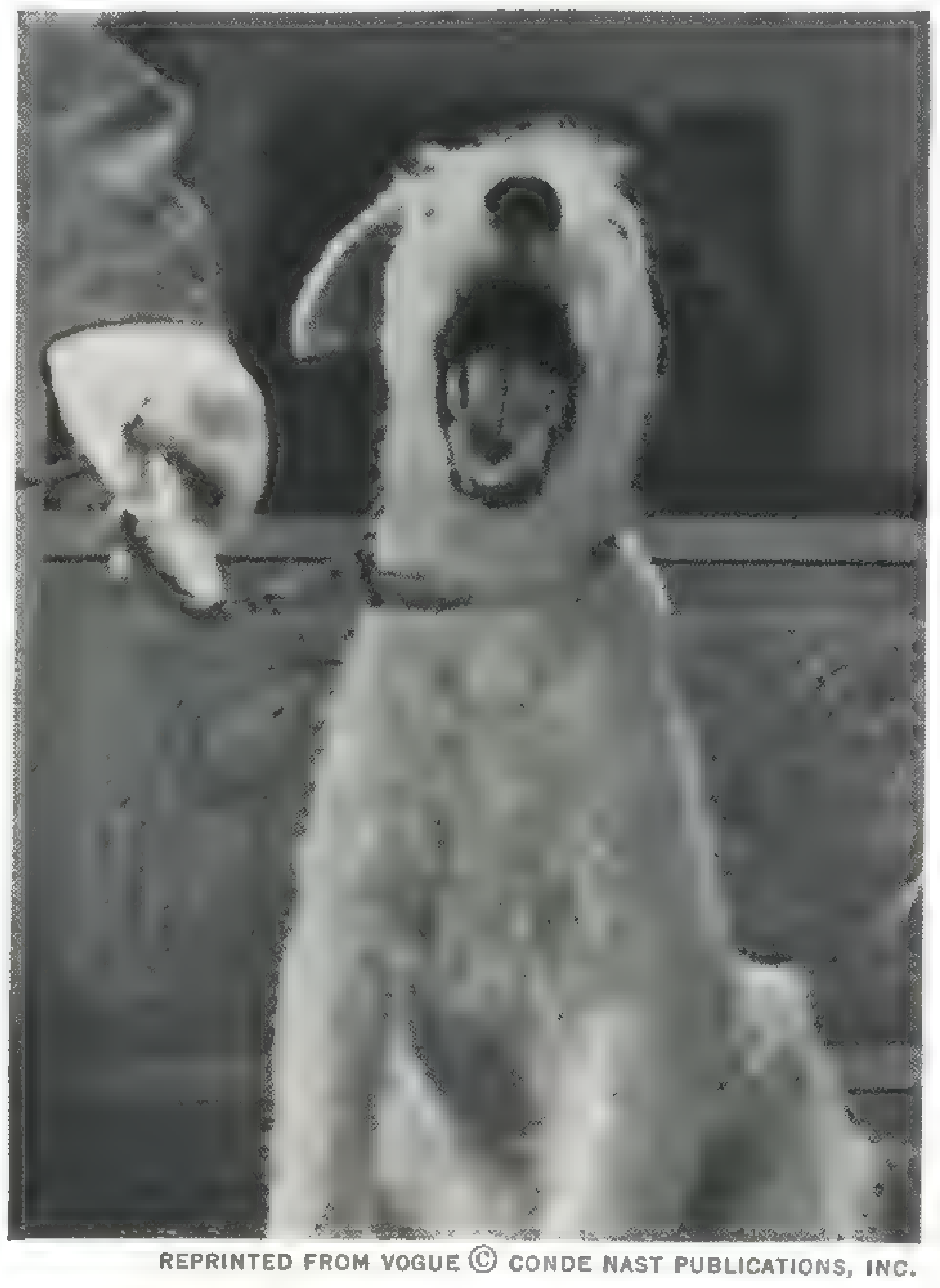

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This bit of visual drollery is really the reverse of those on the opposite page. Dali here asks you to visualize the incongruous image suggested somewhere in this picture (try holding the page at a distance and squinting your eyes)—and then compare your version with his on the next page.

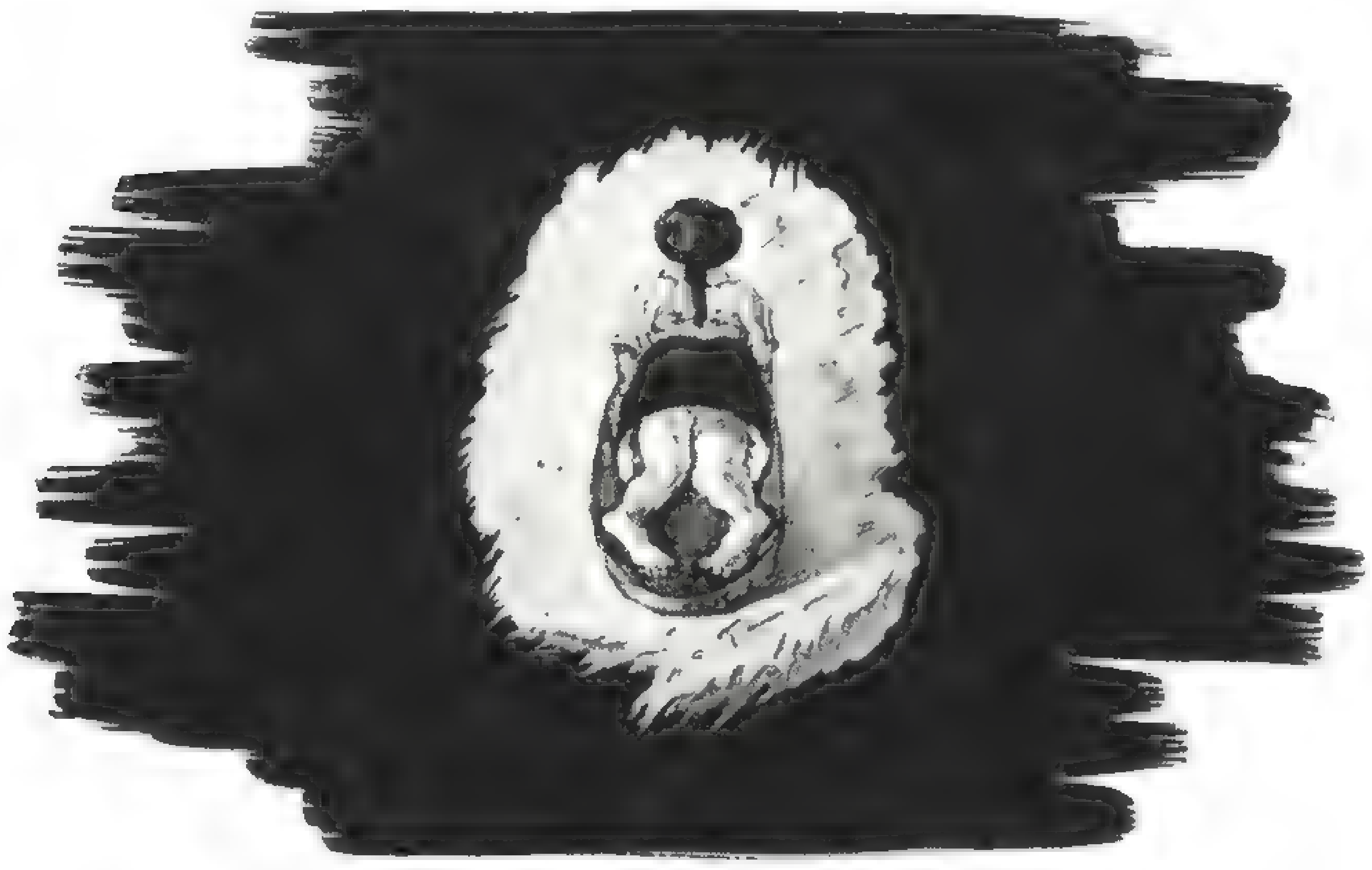
can identify itself so completely with its environment as to permit the amazing experiment which follows.

A checkerboard pattern of black and white squares is designed on the bottom of the aquarium. Here the fish is allowed to live, and by the end of a month, the checkerboard design appears identically reproduced on its back. The sole becomes invisible to the most knowing eye.

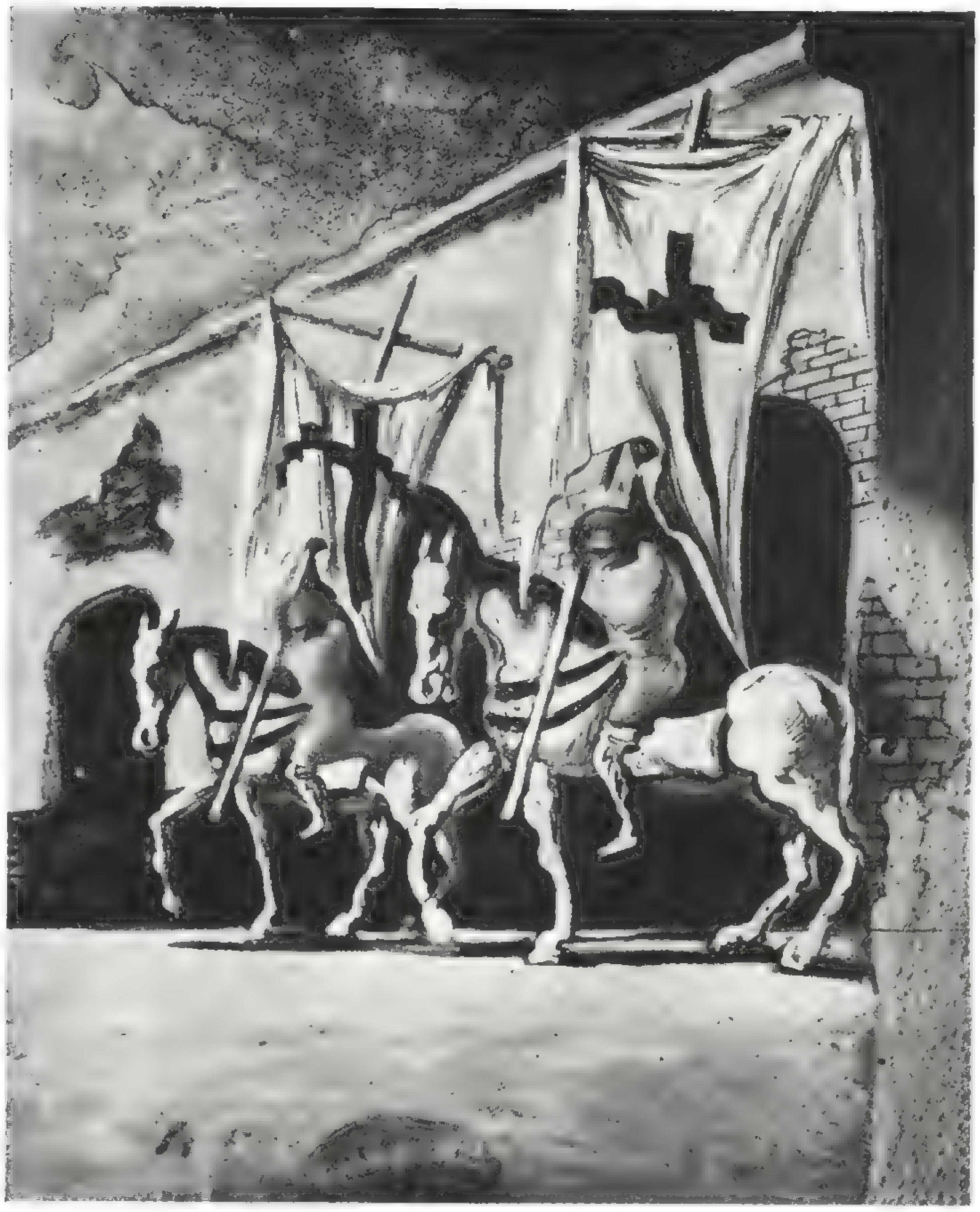
But the great problem of camouflage lies in the fact that cannons and tanks are not stationary. It is not enough therefore to devise a camouflage which makes them invisible by merging them with their surroundings. Some general type of camouflage must be found to serve more or less for all occasions. It is a question of looking for "constants of invisibility"; the results of which never have been and never will be satisfactory. The Germans have invented "parasitic" images—imitation flying fields, fake motorized columns. But these devices too are elementary in the extreme.

For ten years I have made a systematic study of the problems of vision, and I have come to the conclusion that we have had but

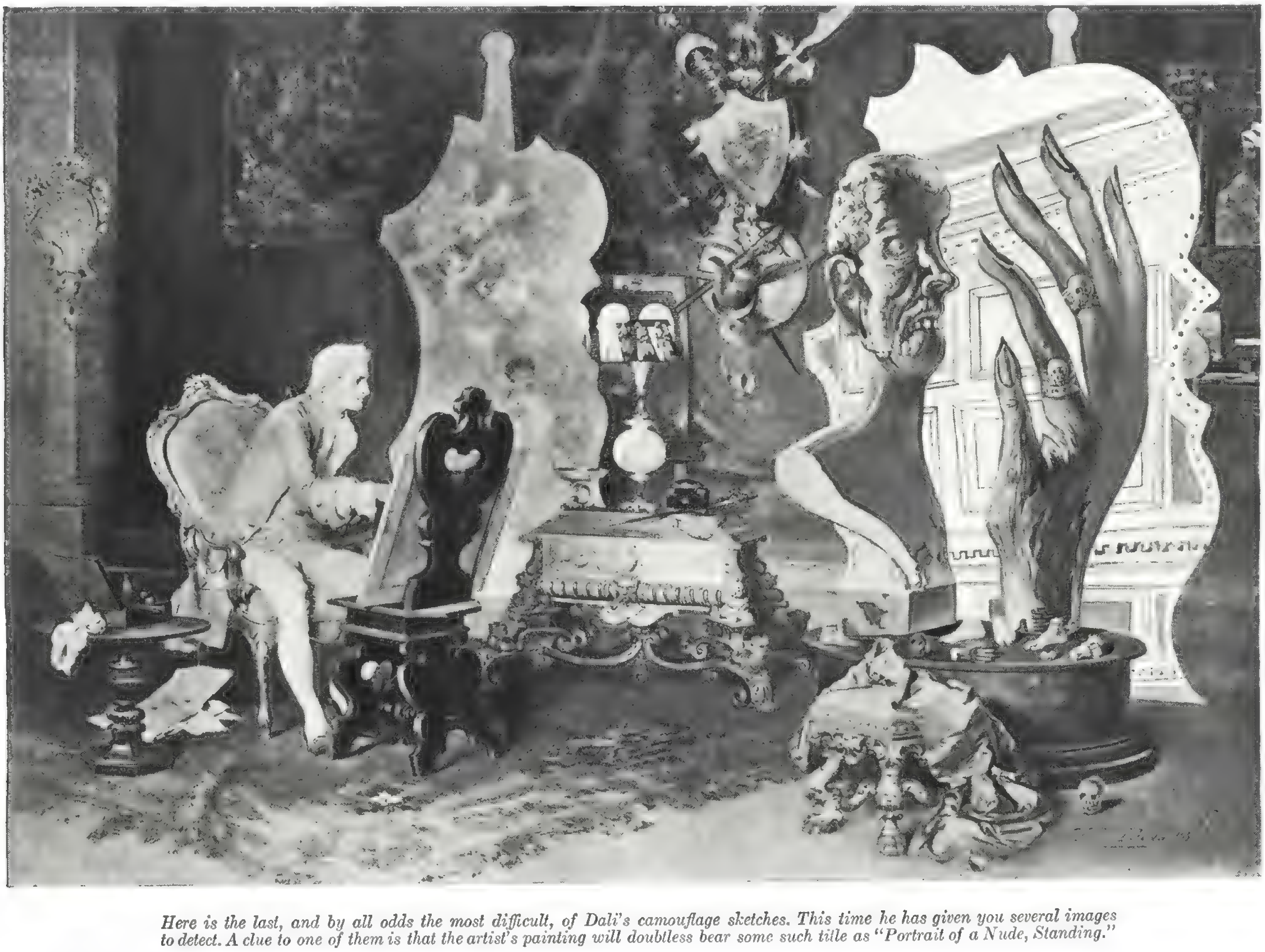
Continued on page 130



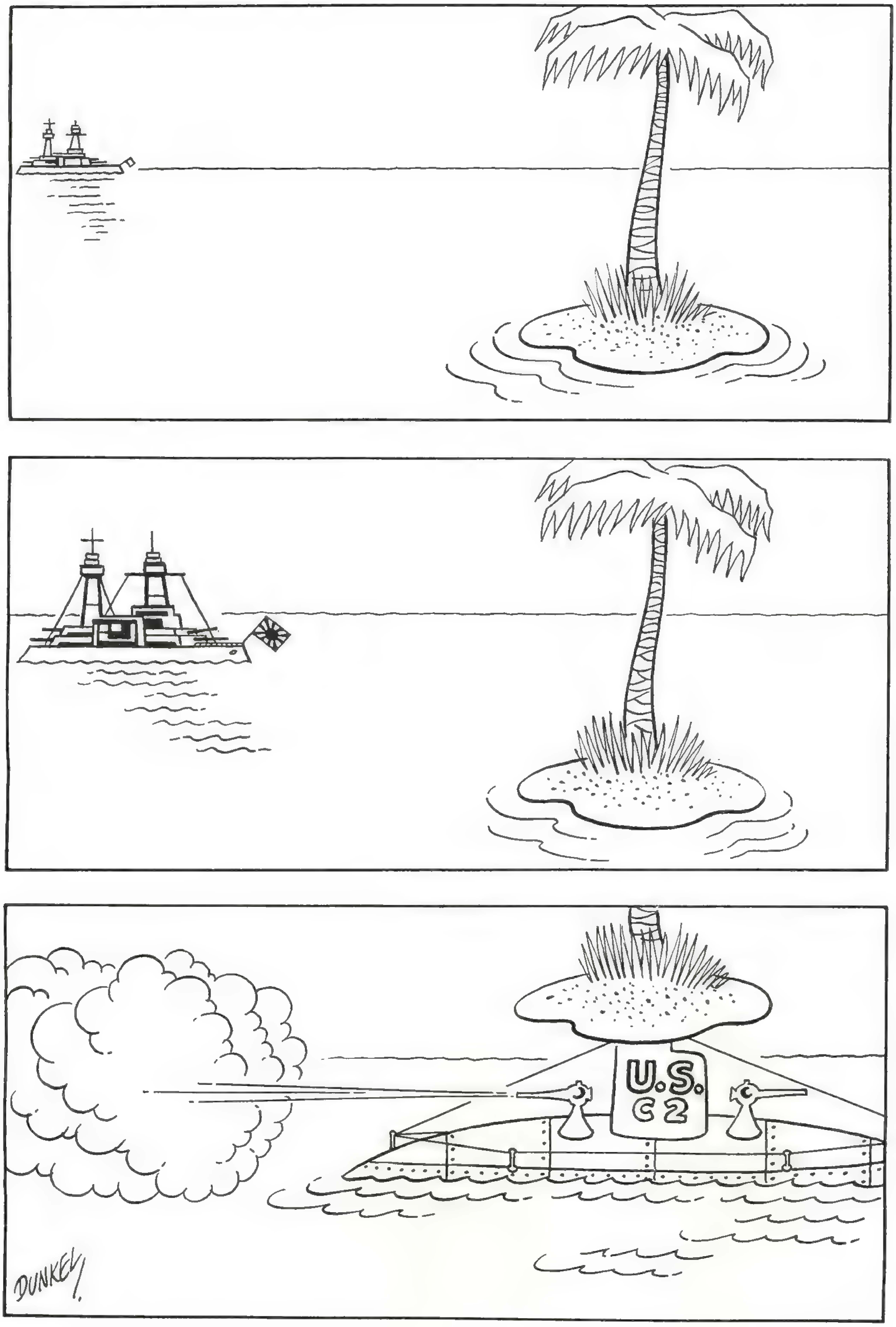
Here is what Dali saw in the picture of the dog on the preceding page—the reclining figure of a girl.



In this scene from the Crusades, Dali has concealed a pleasant image which you should be able to detect rather easily. The solutions of the two exercises in camouflage on this page, as well as of the two preceding ones, will be found on page 130.



Here is the last, and by all odds the most difficult, of Dali's camouflage sketches. This time he has given you several images to detect. A clue to one of them is that the artist's painting will doubtless bear some such title as "Portrait of a Nude, Standing."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DUNKEL

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

After reading *Islandia* and *Only One Storm* with stifled yawns, your critic found joy in *Heroes I Have Known* and some whodunits

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

▪ BOOKS ▪

Except that there is a certain refreshment in relieving my mind, it somewhat troubles me that I cannot agree with two men for whom I have great respect—the poet, Leonard Bacon, and the publisher, John Farrar. They have combined to float an amorphous mass of words called *Islandia*, one of the least important works ever inflicted on a suffering world. There are only two good qualities in this hugeness; the Introduction by Leonard Bacon which contains in a few pages better writing than can be found in the following thousand, and the excellent paper and printing provided by Mr. Farrar.

Islandia is (fortunately) only an imaginary country somewhere in the Antarctic where the inhabitants have that insufferable complacency so often accompanying a lack of intelligence. A milksop from the U.S.A. visits them, and has the same adoration for them which some reviewers have for the book. This gentleman is so far below the specific gravity of Mr. Milquetoast that he allows the first Islandia girl to keep him guessing for a vast number of pages; my patience was worn out long before his. Eventually he transferred his affections to another girl; the only way you can tell them apart—for there is no true personality differentiation—is that the second one would and the first one wouldn't. During the incredibly long and tiresome narrative of this pseudo-Utopia, I was so homesick for New York, New Haven, and way stations, that I exclaimed with joy when on page 389 (about a third of the way through the book) the unregenerate Jennings (supposed to be a "bad" character, devoid of appreciation of the best things) remarked to the Milksop:

> "When I got back to New York last July, I nearly let you down. John, I never was so glad to be anywhere in my life! God, man, I didn't realize how much this country had got on my nerves. I said to hell with the Exhibition Ship and John Lang and his schemes, and Mannera and everything else, for New York is the only place for me."

Good for Jennings! If I were in Islandia, New York and Chicago would seem like Paradise.

It is curious that *Islandia*, a book so extremely light in cerebration, should move so slowly. The story and the first heroine move like snails suffering with the hookworm.

> "But you must hear some music, John. I should like to take you to a concert. There is one every night."

Well, in one week in New York in that horrible country, the U.S.A., I heard Toscanini conduct the New York Philharmonic in Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, and two days later I heard him conduct Symphony No. 9; these are quite good enough for me, without going to Islandia.

As an illustration of the natural and beneficent differences of opinion concerning books, this terrible novel has been superlatively praised by some reviewers and other well-known persons. One of them, deservedly distinguished in another form of art, has exclaimed in print that *Islandia* makes *Gulliver's Travels* seem crude. This is like saying that the latest jazz in New York makes Bach seem crude. *Gulliver's Travels* was published October 28, 1726, was a best-seller before night, and has been a best-seller during every week for over 200 years. Of all prose works in English published during the last 500 years, none has a better style than *Gulliver's Travels;* it is the perfection of austerity and beauty. When I read that *Islandia* made its style seem crude, I felt as Hawthorne felt when Emerson said that John Brown had made the gallows as memorable as the Cross! There ought to be an anthology of superlatives.

When I contemplate *Islandia* and hear the superlatives with which it has been greeted, I know that if I were there I should feel exactly the way in which Mr. Gilbert Gabriel expressed his feelings about Paris. Our accomplished American dramatist, Mr. Elmer Rice, author of some admirable plays, wrote one (the name of which I cannot remember) in which apparently he maintained (this was in times of peace) that it was unnecessary for Americans to go to Paris for any cultural reason or to complete their education; that New York really had everything Paris could offer; why go abroad when we have everything here? At that time Mr. Gabriel was dramatic critic on the *New York American.* He had a column review of his friend's play, which I read with increasing fascination to the last sentence. It was to the effect that Mr. Rice was absolutely correct; why go to Paris, why indeed, when we have everything here; sentence after sentence repeated this statement in varying language, when at the end came something like this. (I am quoting merely the sense of it from memory.) "This play therefore proves positively that it is not at all necessary for any American to go to Paris. God, how I wish I were there!" Well, after with wearisome repetition the author of *Islandia* shows how superior that country is to America, I would follow Mr. Gabriel's method and say, "Yes, indeed, how superior Islandia is to America, and how glad I am to be in America!"

I think with some confidence we can say of *Islandia* what Byron said of the works of Southey. It will be read after Virgil and Homer are forgotten, but not until then.

Only One Storm, by Granville Hicks, is amateurish. It exhibits the same difference between clumsy and consummate writing that is so painfully evident between amateur and professional acting. We are all too familiar with the amateur performances of small-town plays; where, in the general store, the actors try so hard to give the tone of rusticity. The one-suspender store-keeper says, "Wal, now, I hain't seen him," etc. He does

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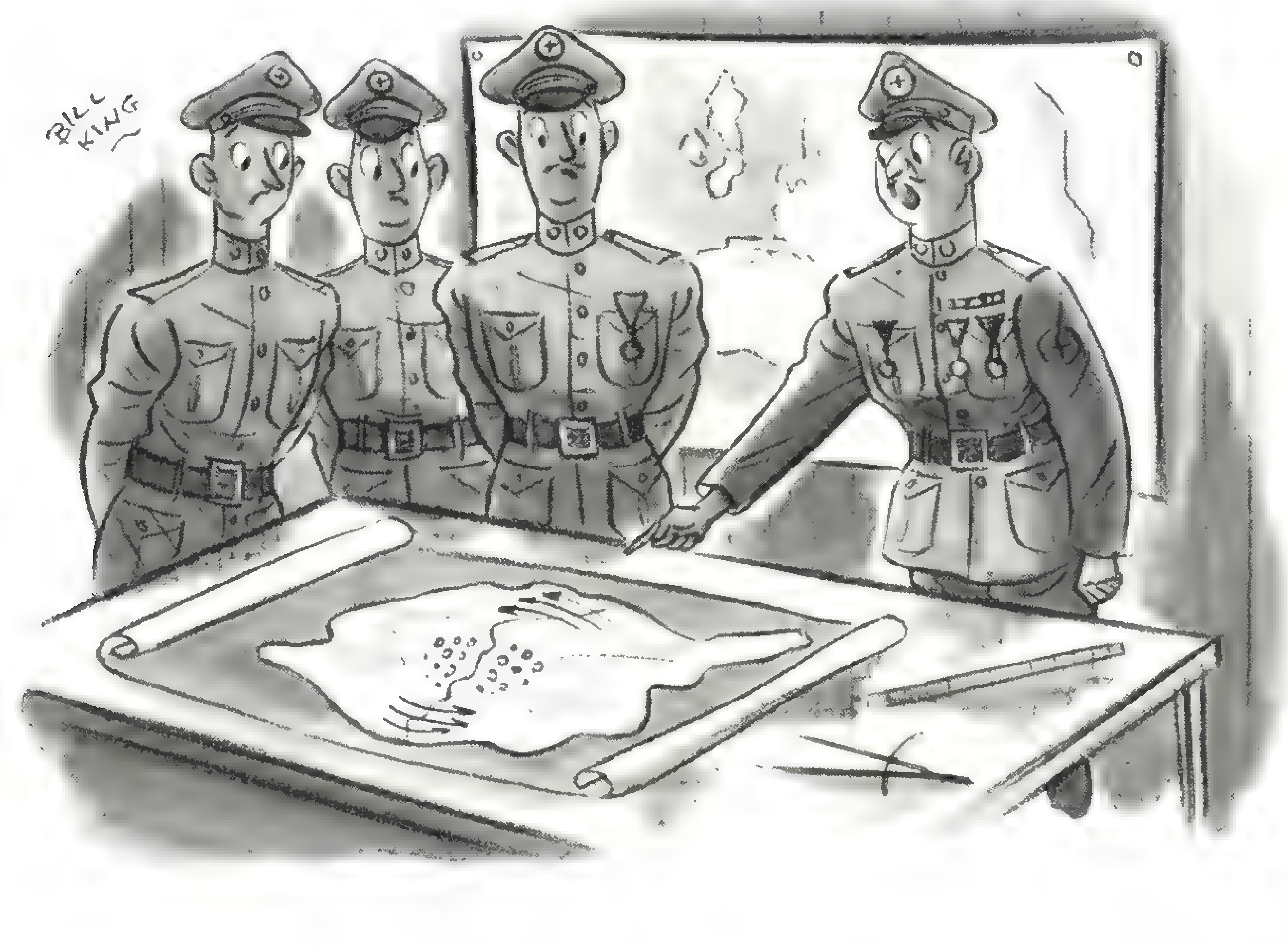
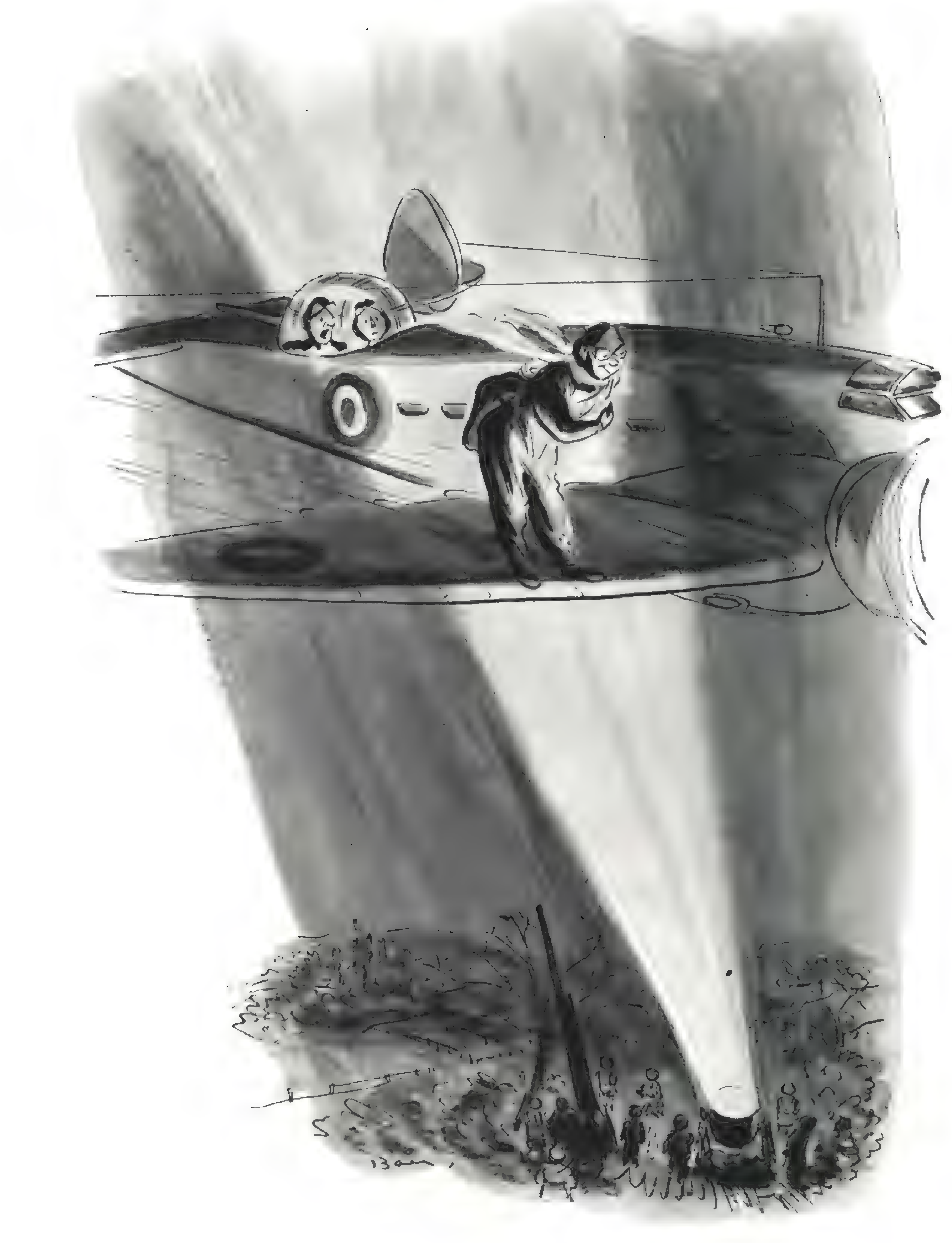
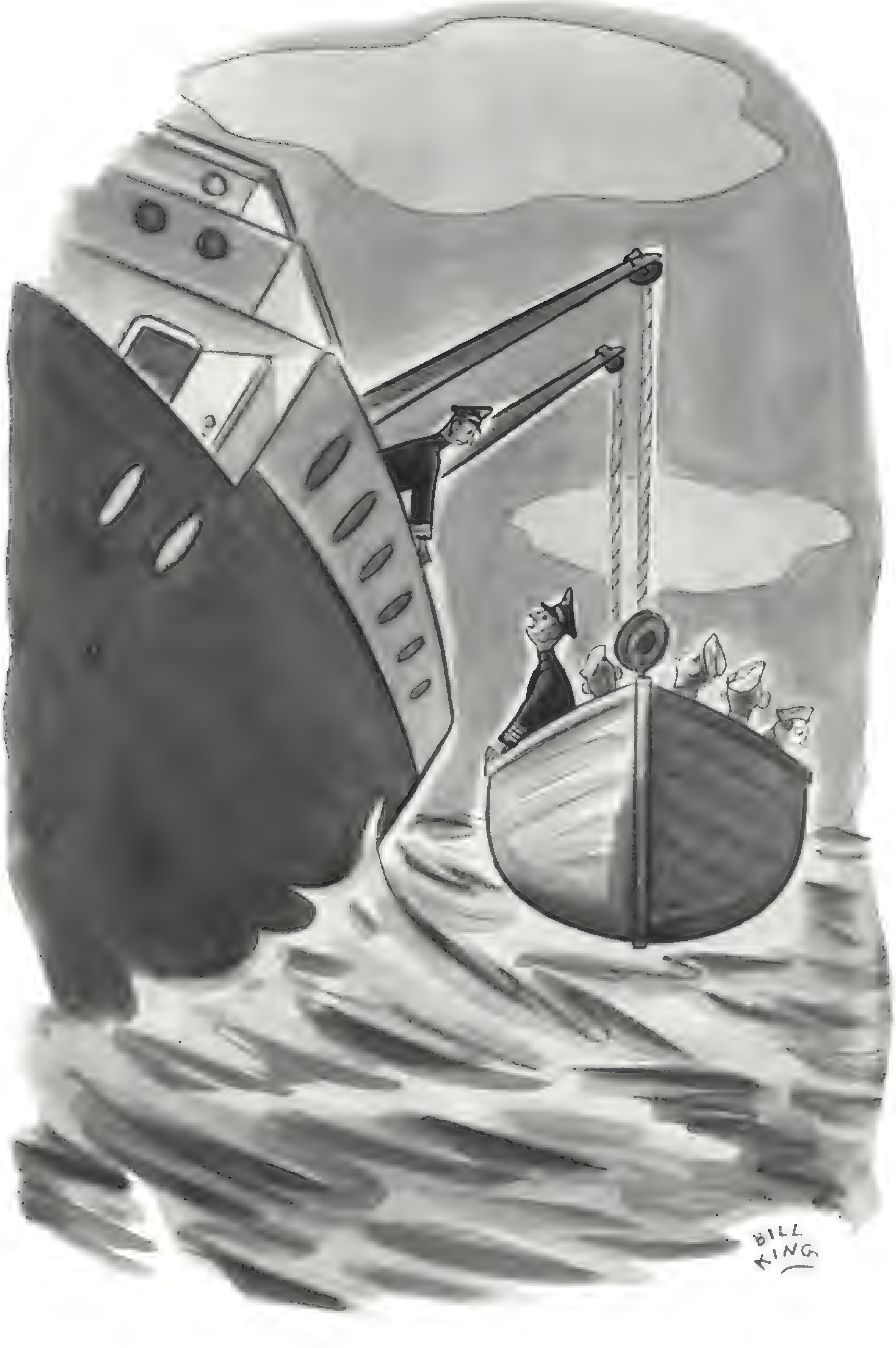


"By simultaneous movements last night, we out-flanked the enemy and they out-flanked us—so we've captured their country, and they've captured ours!"



"Willowby can't seem to forget the year he spent in vaudeville"



"First Mate Higgins, I'm placing you in full command of the ship"

Scrimshanker Jones

All hands knew the mate had it in for Jones and only waited for that strange knee to heal to put him off the tanker

by GUY JACKSON

• FICTION •

ABLE-SEAMAN Jones weighed a hundred and fifty pounds but didn't look it. There was something about him that suggested scrawniness. Perhaps it was the hang-dog look on his thin, twitching face as he limped about the decks. Or the feeble efforts he put forth when there was a job of work to be done.

"Damn sodger," the mate would say, watching him.

"Bloomin' scrimshanker," the bosun grumbled.

And Captain Reid would look back at the ship's wake when Jones was at the wheel and ask testily, "Why don't you hire men that can steer a course, Mister?"

Then the mate's ears would redden and he would try to change the subject. Because the mate knew, as everyone on the ship knew, that able-seaman Jones had him where the hair was short.

Able-seaman Jones' limp was a peculiar limp. It could be turned on and off. When able-seaman Jones scuttled up the oil-soaked wooden pier as his ship secretively docked at his home port the limp would disappear entirely. Sometimes when he was scuttling to his meals aboard ship he would forget, and then one of his shipmates would grin slyly, and say, "Knee better, Jonesy?" Then able-seaman Jones would falter in his stride, and behold, he was limping again.

The knee that caused Jones' limp was always swollen and bruised-looking. The mate knew this. He examined it now and again and painted it with iodine. He had been painting it with iodine for several months but it refused to get well, which is what he could not understand.

The mate woke sometimes during the night, thinking of Jones' knee. It was beginning to haunt him, even more than submarines, the metal sharks of prey.

Everyone on the ship knew that the moment Jones' knee got well he would be packing his bag to go ashore. But Jones' knee stubbornly refused to get well.

The explanation of this was simple. Every night, in the solitude of his white-painted, steel-walled room, able-seaman Jones went to work on his knee with a fid.

A fid is a pointed wooden tool that is used for splicing rope. This particular fid was about fifteen inches long and two inches in diameter at the butt.

Jones would grasp the pointed end in his right hand and bring the butt down smack, smack, on his knee. Sometimes tears would come to his eyes. It was very painful.

It was a peculiar situation. As long as Jones' knee remained bruised and swollen, Jones would have a job. The moment it got better he was out of work.

Until Jones joined the oil carrier he had never been to sea.

Oil tankers do not run on ordinary schedules. With the U-boats on the prowl, they sneak into port and are gone before you know they have arrived. They can load in eight hours and unload in eighteen. Other vessels give them a wide berth. They are ignored as much as possible. They are looked upon as a menace to honest shipping. No Blue Peter flies at the foremast when they are ready to leave port.

So Jones walked aboard the oil carrier one night, about ten days after Pearl Harbor, just as she was about to sail. It was almost midnight. He was ashamed to go to his dingy room and face his wife; ashamed to go home with empty hands and empty pockets.

The mate was at the head of the gangway. One of his men had not turned up, after the manner of certain sailors. He said to Jones, "What yuh want?"

"A job," said Jones.

"A. B.?" asked the mate.

Jones didn't know what he meant, but he was half-frozen and half-starved and he had a skinny little wife at home who was also half-frozen and half-starved and who was about to become a mother, so he said, "Yes, sir."

"It's a risky jig now, my friend, with all these pig-boats around," the mate said. "You really don't mean you want to work on a tanker in times like these, do you, man?"

"I do," answered Jones, with a kind of wry reminiscence in his tone. It was thus he became a sailor.

Then he borrowed fifteen dollars from his good-natured shipmates and sent it in a letter by the pilot.

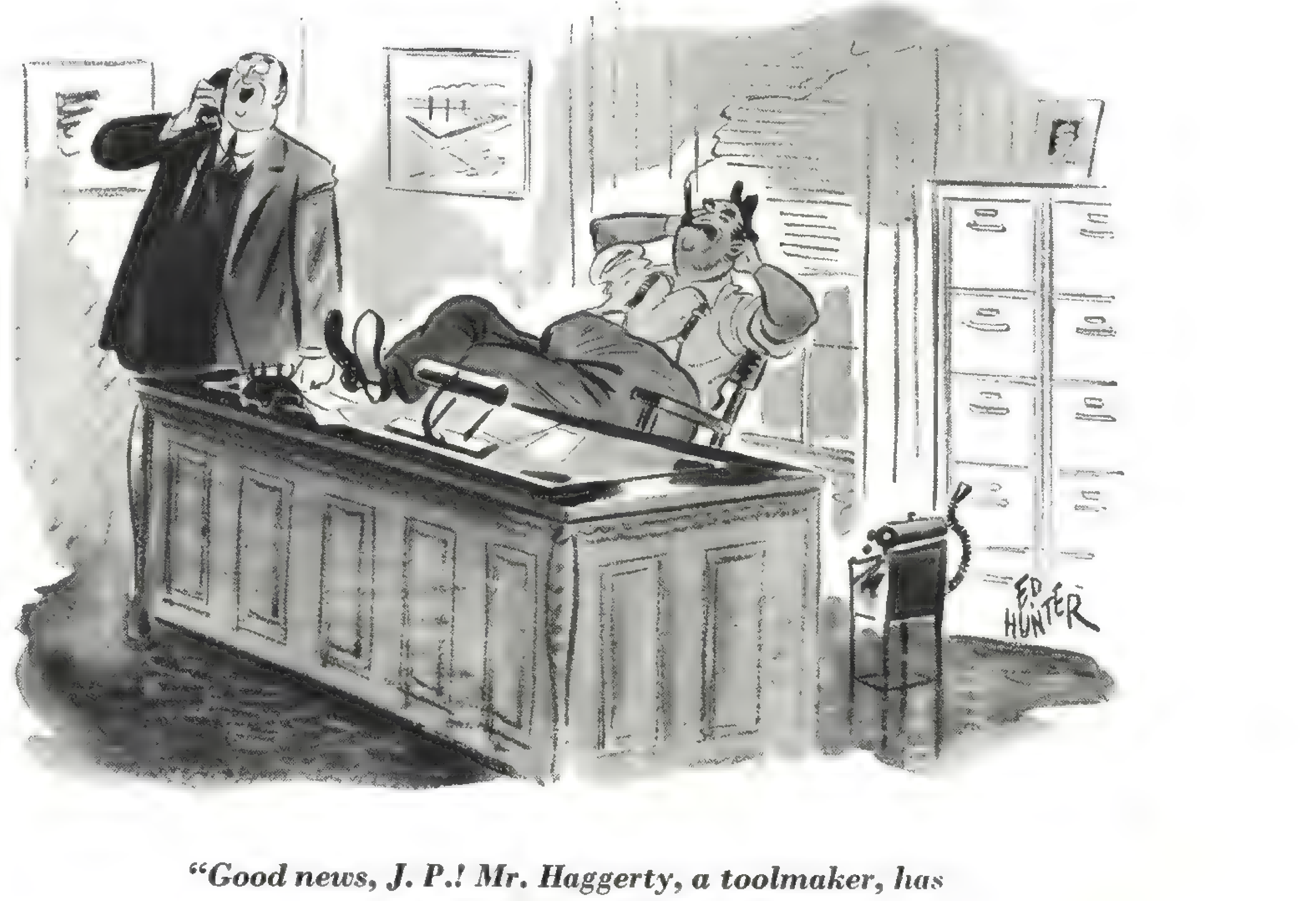
Jones was an awful sailor, even for times of peace. The mate was a good man but he couldn't forgive Jones for calling himself an A. B. He told the bosun to give Jones all the dirty jobs, which the bosun did. They taught him to steer after a fashion, but that was all. They made no attempt to teach him a sailor's trade, and he was too shy to ask. So he washed paint and scrubbed alleyways and polished brass, which anyone can do. But they never let him work with ropes or go aloft or paint.

Tank ships differ from ordinary cargo vessels in many ways. When a tanker is empty she floats high in the bow and low in the stern. It is a long, steep climb from stern to bow. The reason for this is that the engines are placed right at the stern instead of amidships like other vessels. An empty tanker looks like nothing else on the face of the waters.

A loaded tanker resembles a ship somewhat. Except in a blow. In a blow a loaded tanker looks like a first cousin to a submarine. In quiet weather her main deck rises about six feet out of the water. She has no bulwarks. Instead she has some white-painted rails to keep the crew from falling overboard.

When they left Jones' home port they sailed

Continued on page 114



"Good news, J. P.! Mr. Haggerty, a toolmaker, has consented to work for us!"

Can We Take It?

Let's don't kid ourselves, as each European country did before it fell, that we are necessarily invincible

by CURT RIESS

• ARTICLE •

℞

I CANNOT tell you what we must do to win the war. I haven't the slightest idea how many and what kind of ships we need, how many men, how many planes, how many tanks, where we must strike, when we must strike, and I have no answer to many equally involved technical problems. Since almost everybody else in the United States seems to approach these problems with less diffidence than would be shown by qualified generals or admirals, you won't mind my ignorance.

In spite of these limited qualifications, I made up my mind one evening that we are going to lose the war.

That was two or three days after Pearl Harbor, when the first bad Pacific news came rushing in. It wasn't the news, it was what a young lady said, while discussing the war during a party in Greenwich Village. "Oh, we can't lose," the lady stated in a somewhat excited voice. "We Americans are a funny lot. We have a certain something—I couldn't tell you exactly what it is. But we have that certain something that it always takes to win a war."

In order to make clear to the reader my reaction to the lady's statement, I must point out that for years I have been a reporter living in and traveling through many different countries and that I've had a lot of varied experience. I think this is where I start. Experience—not of any so-called "military value"—but the kind any of you might have had in traveling around Europe and America.

What the lady in Greenwich Village had said, I had heard too often. I had heard it in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, in Poland, in France, in Belgium. They all had this "certain something" which would prevent Hitler from making mincemeat out of them. The Austrians said they were not Germans. The Czechoslovakians said they were not Austrians. The Poles said they were not Czechoslovakians.

When I heard the same old melody again, I had a bad taste in my mouth.

You see, when they said such things in Europe, it was patriotic, too. But it was also, and even more so, the unwillingness of the people there—or their inability—to look reality in the eye.

There was a widespread indulgence in wishful thinking between 1933 and 1939. It was by no means always based on cowardice or unwillingness to fight.

I remember, for instance, a talk I had with a Czechoslovakian in the Summer of 1938. "We are not Austrians," he began. "We know, too, that England and France don't want to fight. But we won't ask them. If Hitler starts any funny business with us, he'll have a European war on his hands."

In Belgium and Holland most people clung to the illusion of neutrality. In France there was an unwillingness to take into account developments for what they were—something which, in retrospect, seems like complete craziness.

When I landed in France a few days after Munich I expected to find my French friends, mostly well-informed newspaper men, in utter despair. Instead, I found them in the very best spirits. They actually had convinced themselves that Munich was their victory. (Daladier said later that when he landed in Le Bourget on his return from Munich and saw the masses waiting for him he was afraid he would be lynched, and that it was one of the great surprises of his life to be fêted like a winner.)

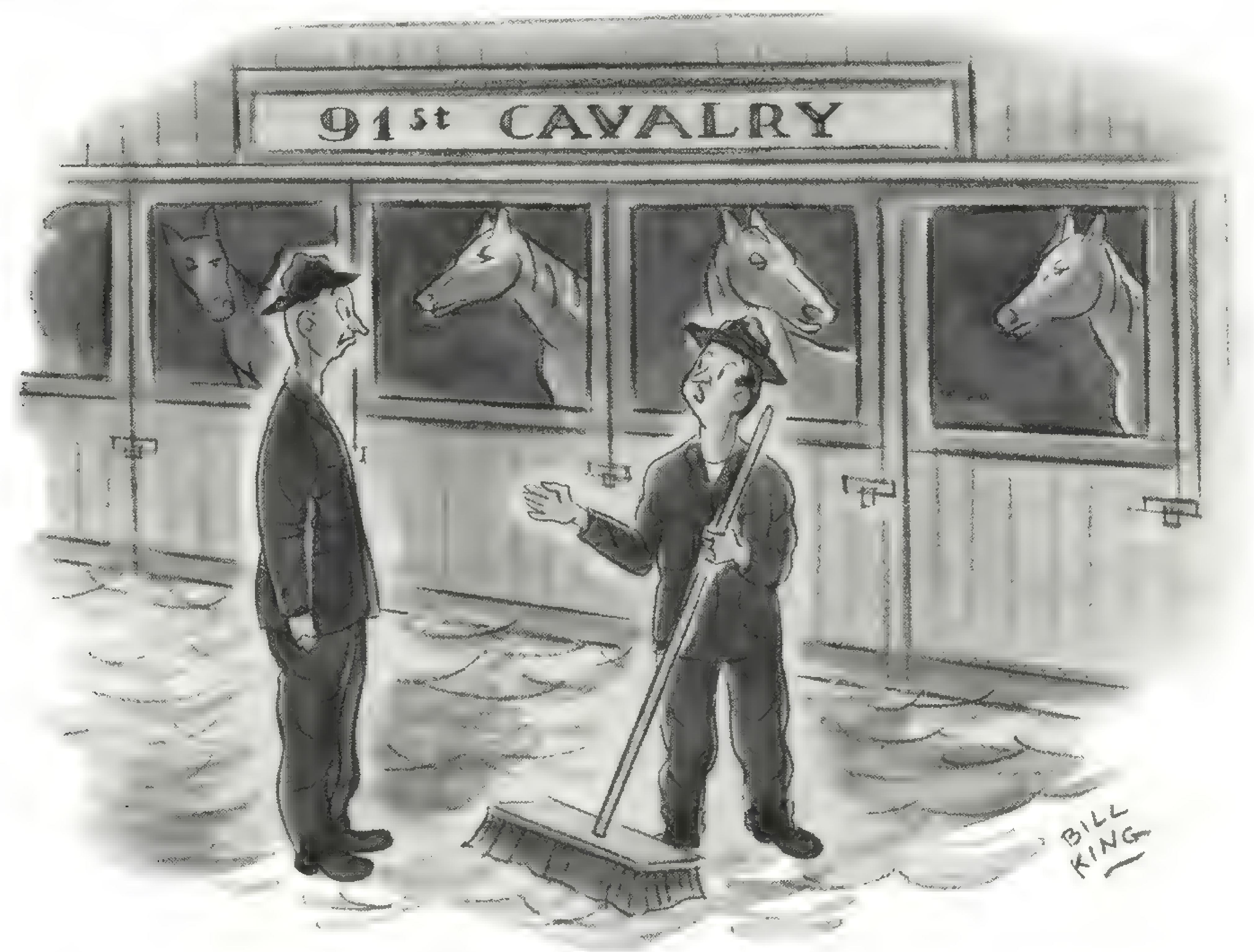
Touring Europe in the early months of 1939, I saw the same picture everywhere. Everywhere people said that there would be a war. Everywhere people looked and acted concerned—but they weren't really concerned. Almost none of the hundreds of people I encountered in many different countries had changed his way of life in view of the war he expected to break out at any moment, or even intended to change it in the near future. Looking back, it seems to me that all those people went singing and dancing to the guillotine—as did the aristocrats during the French Revolution—except, of course, they didn't know that they were going to the guillotine. If you tried to tell those people how serious and desperate the situation would become, you were simply not listened to. (In the United States you were at least called a warmonger. In a way it shows that even those who indulged in the illusion that we could stay out, had enough sense of reality to know what it would be like should war come . . .)

I still remember a long conversation with a great French writer, shortly before the outbreak of the war. He said, "This is a disgusting time. I wish I had been born fifty or a hundred years ago. Why shouldn't I be allowed to live my own life? Why should I be involved in all this madness for which I am not responsible? I am a writer. That's all I want to be. I don't want to be a hero."

I think this was the general feeling all over Europe. People didn't want to be heroes. They wanted to live their lives, fulfilling their obligations, striving to achieve a certain amount of happiness, and they felt that it was unjust to be asked to do more and to be more.

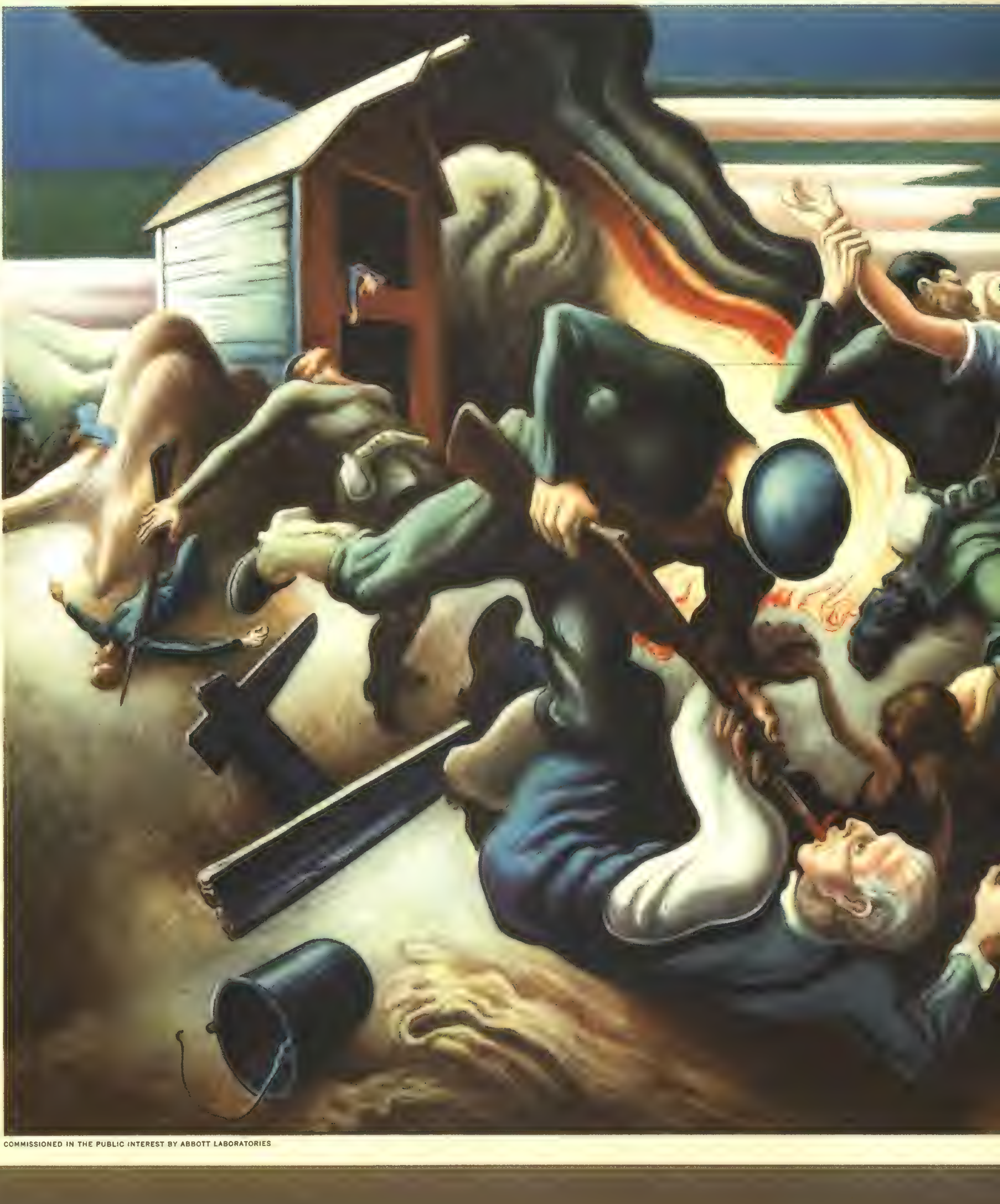
That is why the war had to become a "phony war."

What was the phony war? We, then spectators, thought it phony because nothing much happened. But it was worse than that. It was phony because those who fought Hitler didn't want to give up anything or to suffer or to sacrifice. Some of them felt bad about the countries already invaded and the



"They're putting us where we're most qualified—unfortunately I used to own a string of polo ponies!"

Continued on page 104



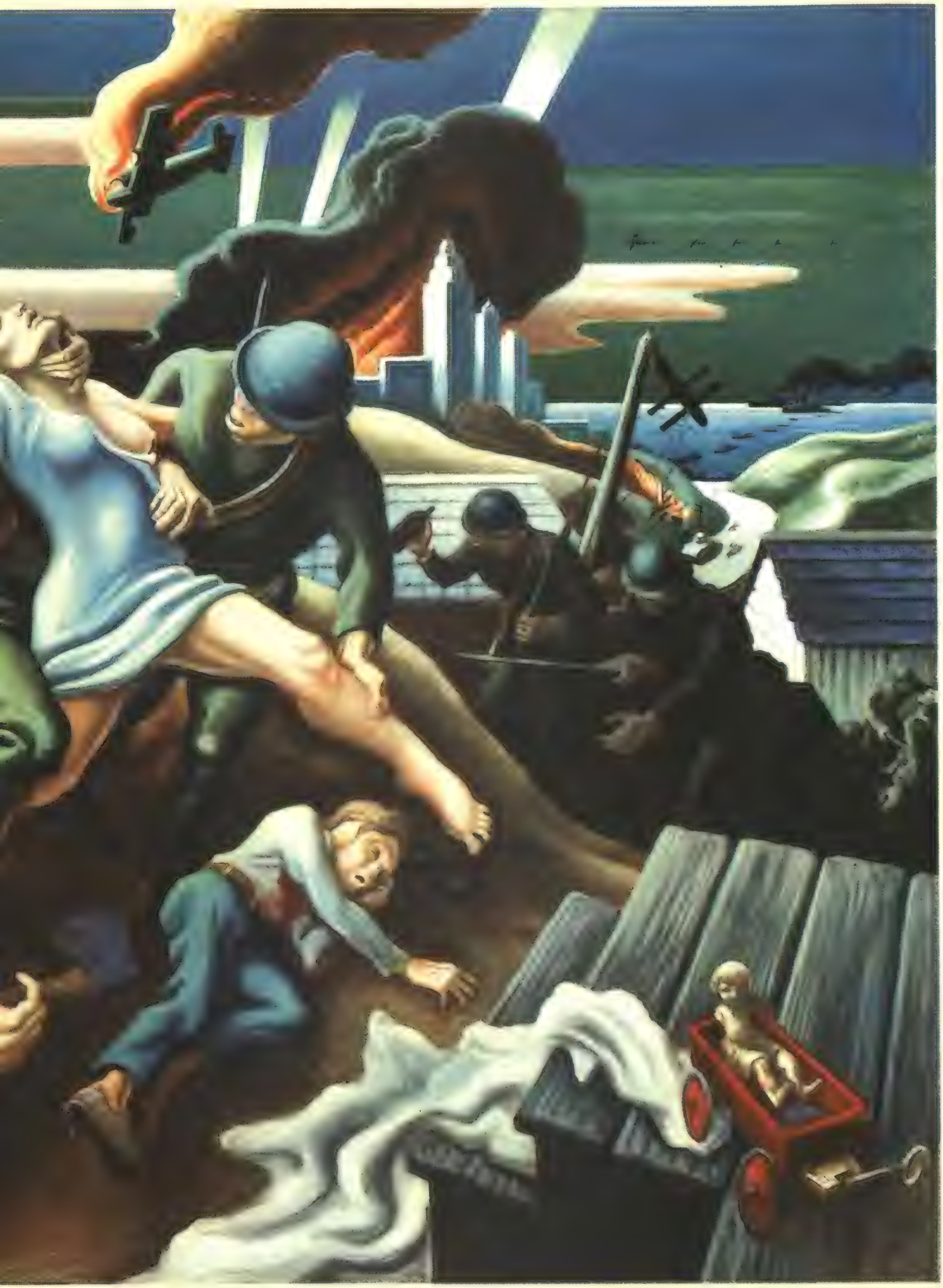
COMMISSIONED IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST BY ABBOTT LABORATORIES

INVASION

by THOMAS HART BENTON

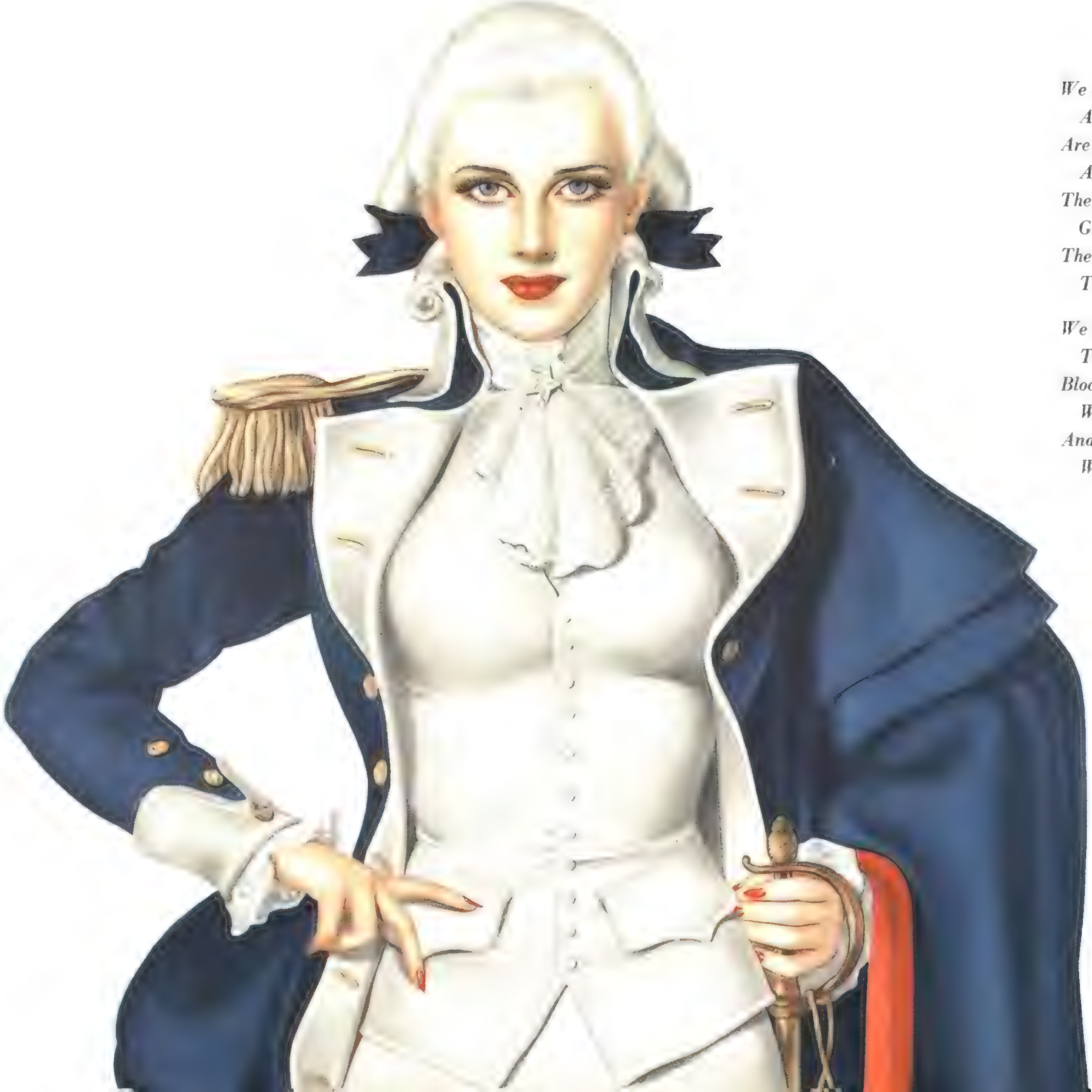
“Invasion comes when people are too weak to fight or when, having strength, they quarrel and bicker among themselves until they lose the power to apply their strength.

“In spite of all that has been shown of the horrors accompanying this war's invasions, there are Americans who yet refuse to consider them as the dread actualities they are
and who, brushing asid
reaching this country,
and their hatreds and
There are people also
caution that we speak
hearts they believe th



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY COLTEN FOR ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES

eas chimerical the possibility of their
keep playing their small ambitions
greeds against our American unity.
who though they see what is *real*,
softly about it as if in their secret
e enemy might succeed and that by speaking softly now, they might in the day of defeat, make a deal and save their skins. But when it comes, Invasion means rape and destruction. It can be surely avoided only by facing its possibility with unified minds and by recognizing that whatever evil comes to any American in a day of catastrophe, must come to all."



VICTORY SONG

We are still masters of our glorious fate
And those who thought Democracy was dead
Are silent now . . . their taunting jibes abate
As they await in terror and in dread,
The clang of steel rings out across the sea . . .
Great silver birds are poised to take the air,
The shipyards hum a song of victory . . .
The sound of marching feet is everywhere;

We have not changed . . . there is no sacrifice
That We, the People, will not gladly make,
Blood, sweat and tears will crush the crawling lice
Who thought a sleeping eagle would not wake!
And we who conquered pain and loss before
Will raise our flag above Corregidor!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

Sea Wolf's Soother

From tropical Jamaica, where mixing a Planter's Punch is a sacred rite like Voodoo, first came the swizzle stick

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

THE custom of relishing one's rum has had its ups and downs ever since sugar cane was first planted, the downs being mostly via the hatch. Old-school afterplay included tongue clicks like pistol shots, and heart-felt sighs of "Wahoo!"—with the back of a tattooed, hairy wrist serving as cocktail napkin. Flocks of sea gulls floated on the aroma.

Without this brightener, the life of a buccaneer might have seemed harsh and rude—all cutlasses and no canapés. With it he was cradled in his square-rigged jeep of the deep as snuggly as though mermaids had tucked him in. And on the morrow, if luck held, he and his crew would capture a brig with eighty puncheons aboard, which would mean that there would be enough rum to last till cold weather.

So practical-minded, these pirates. They recalled how a member of the profession, Captain Kidd, had had his gulleteering definitely discontinued, along with his other activities (he collected doubloons, moidores, etc., as a hole-in-the-ground hobby), by a hangman's noose at Execution Dock in London, May 23, 1701; the moral of which was, "Swallow while the way lies open."

Besides, the possession of good rum—good anywhere—made you a capitalist. It was the same as money in the bank, but with flexible banking hours arranged for your convenience, nights and Sundays included. You just went to the pay-out window—that is to say, the bunghole—and drew as desired. It was "pay to bearer of jug." A bouncing overdraft might raise the problem, "Is it my hat that's caroming and ricocheting down these stairs of egress, or is it me?"

Under such happy monetary conditions (anything less than a gallon was small change; if you took a girl out for a swell evening, bang went a barrel) trade between the West Indies and the North American Colonies grew brisk. Tall ships brought the old oaken puncheon to go picnicking with the old oaken bucket, which soon lost its moss in the rush of toddy concoction. Punchbowling champions howled for refills. Puddings flamed. Every coonskinned frontiersman had to have a tug at his demijohn with his johnnycake. The glow of Hot Buttered o'erhung wintertime New England. Indeed, though patriots who gathered in taverns to discuss the rights of man, hadn't yet won representation as taxpayers, they at least had refreshment, which is no small right.

Revolution in busy Jamaica took the form of swizzle, to which local lime groves lent a hand—or maybe you'd say it looked more like a monkey's paw—by the name of swizzle stick: a peeled twig about one-fourth inch in diameter and eighteen inches long, ending in four or five outstretched "fingers." Fiddlemaker Stradivarius was slapdash compared to these West Indian whittlers. Critically they selected, patiently they peeled, lovingly they polished the hard, supple white wood, destined to color up meerschaum-fashion as it spun through the years. It was the first highspeed mixer ever devised, and, rotated between the swizzler's palms, it still laughs at electricity.

The plan of operations involved, as it does today, a large glass pitcher, much fine ice, a few mint sprigs, and multiplication of the following *per-glass* formula: juice of ½ lime, ½ teaspoon sugar, several dashes of Angostura, 1 jigger bouquet rum. Inserted upright, the swizzle stick was whirled (hostesses with pretty hands enjoyed the opportunity of showing them off) till froth arose to flood level. Pouring and drinking were pronto, using six-ounce glasses the top half of whose contents would be foam. To the unwarned it seemed airy innocence. But what a deceiver!

Just how old this drink is nobody knows, but that doesn't stop them from arguing. If I may have the floor a moment I'd like to spring a quotation from the sea yarn *Tom Cringle's Log* which appeared in 1829 from a pen pushed by one Michael Scott while managing a plantation in Jamaica:

> So the rum was produced forthwith, and, as I lighted a pipe and filled a glass of *swizzle*, I struck in: "Messmates, I hope you all have shipped?"

Which proves that "something over a century" is the least you can give it.

And the Jamaicans weren't the only rum rotarians either. The whole Caribbean area is stippled with twig-tipple centers, each redolently claiming to be the first and still the foremost. Certainly in Barbados there are artists who know how to compose a pretty pitcher when the mood seizes them as it so frequently does. *Their* rum, they confide to you, is the *only* rum worth a friendly churn. If you still have a spare ear, the Demerarans of British Guiana will apprise you that the super-duper is Demerara—made in the sole spot on the map where magicians know how to palm a stick. And in Trinidad you run into logicians who expound the thesis that since Angostura's base is known to be Trinidad rum, you're asking Angostura to bunk with a stranger when you commingle it with rum of any other type. To hear them you'd never have any suspicion that "Ang" was a traveling man.

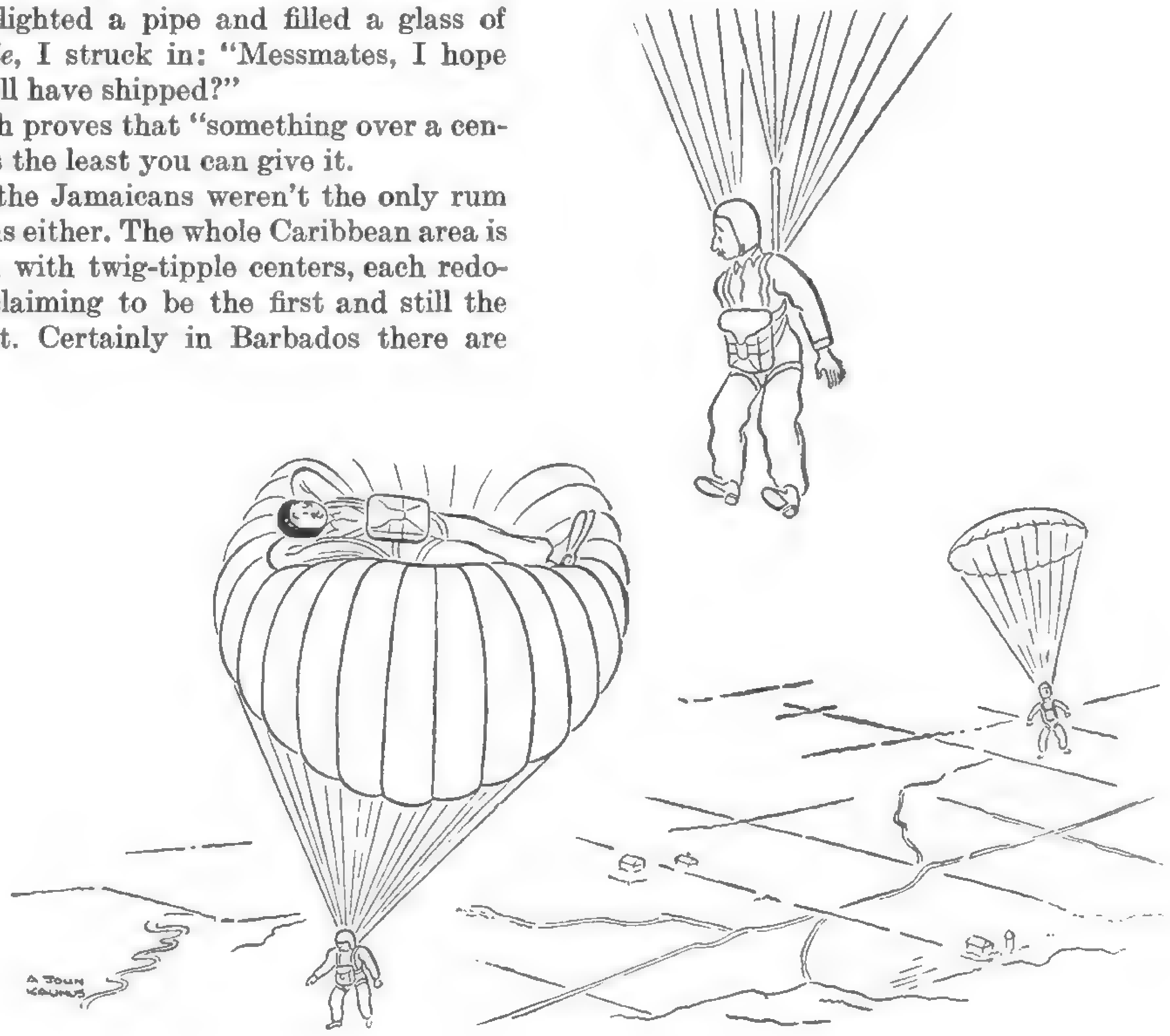
Iconoclastic as it may seem, the truth about swizzles is that if you haven't got a twirl-stick of a garden-grown or improvised sort, you can obtain as much foam by using a shaker—shooken with plenty of vim and violence.

But what about the romance of the thing, the enthralling sense of swizzle?

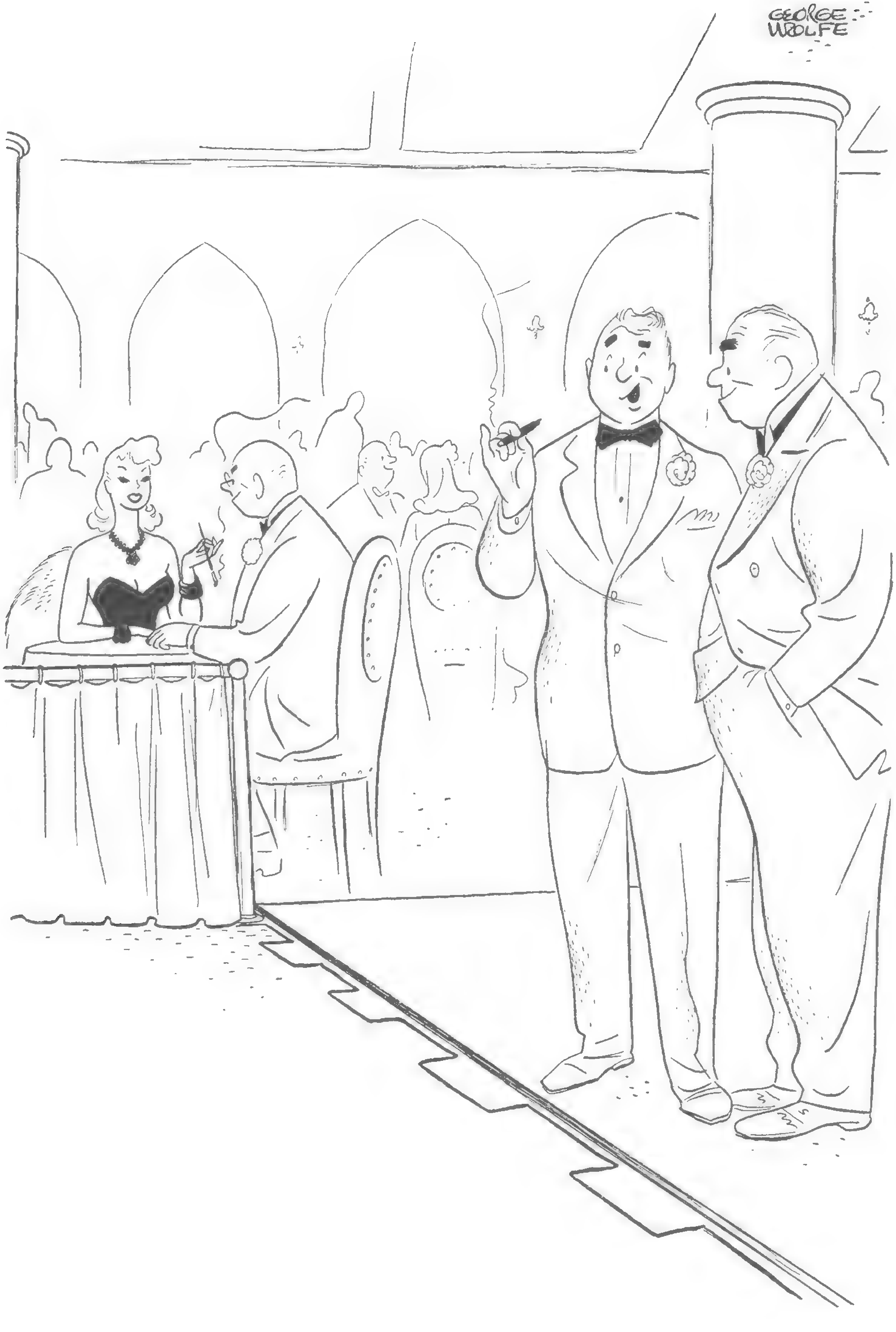
Due any minute.

While we're waiting, let me tell you about

Continued on page 103



"I prefer to ride down on something!"


GEORGE WOLFE

"I see something new has been added to Harvey's expense account!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Contrasting Broadway's five glamour girls who range from thirty-five to sixty-three with the press-agented cuties of Hollywood

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

In Hollywood, what is called a glamour girl is uniformly a chick of tender years. Talent generally plays no, or at best very small, part in the quality attributed to her. The so-to-speak glamour consists mainly in a press agent's imagination, which various hired hands around the studio set about converting into an approximation to reality.

This approximation is maneuvered in devious ways, behind all of them the press agent master mind and entrepreneur. First, a dentist goes to work on the chick, very often a girl whose sole assets are youth, a good figure, and a ferocious ambition some day to achieve the high artistic eminence of a ringside seat at Hollywood's most recherché night club, and converts the little one's teeth, which may resemble the stubs in a November corn field, into so many unbelievably symmetrical pearls.

Secondly, a hair-doer is drafted to exercise his virtuosity on the little one's locks and, whatever they be like, peremptorily to change them. Only in the rarest instances is their color sacred. If black, they must be altered to yellow; if yellow to black; if brown to red; if red to something else again. Too, they must be arranged in a coiffure that mama back home in Texas or Ohio would never recognize and, if she did, would faint.

Thirdly, if the little one's figure is not exactly what it should be, a physical culture expert is summoned to pummel and roll the little one out of what lumps and bumps are in the wrong places.

Next comes the makeup professor who goes to work on the little one's pan. The erstwhile thick eyebrows are shaved into the contour of slender crescent moons. False eyelashes, in some cases approximating Gauguin's paint brushes, are glued to the patient's lids, giving her the aspect of a brunette whisk-broom wistfully enamoured of itself. An exotic compound of belladonna and possibly crème de cacao is dropped into her eyes to lend them a beam and glisten that would frighten the average seacoast lighthouse out of its wits. And milady's pan itself is shellacked, powdered, penciled and painted into a spectacle so different from what it originally was that aghast mama back home, fainting after a gander at the coiffure, upon beholding it falls into a dead coma.

The metamorphosed little one is now ready for the couturier, or dressmaker as he or she is known in more democratic society. And our little one presently emerges from the atelier looking like what the third assistant press agent who gets forty a week raptly calls a million dollars.

Our beauty is thereupon placed in the hands of a photographer. This genius, manipulating countless lights, draperies, screens, gauzes and what not and adjusting our beauty in a series of poses and postures calculated best to reveal the puissant splendors of her bosoms and limbs, confects views of the little one theoretically capable of sending normal men into spasms of aesthetic ecstasy. And then, at length, re-enters upon the scene the master press agent.

That worthy now gets busy with a vengeance. The pictures are dispatched far and wide to work their subtle will upon the movie public. Stories relating the heart-breaking powers of the beauty, the manifold heroes of the screen who have succumbed to her devastating lure, and the scions of wealth and high society who have cast themselves into the Gowanus Canal in despair of achieving her hand in marriage enrich the film magazines and Sunday newspaper supplements. Photographs of the paragon arriving orchid-laden at the La Guardia airport or Grand Central station, or both simultaneously, further embellish the prints. And other pictures showing our heroine in an invisible swim suit beside her visible private two-by-four-hundred pool, with her seven Russian wolf hounds, in her modest little twenty thousand dollar flower garden, and in her simple little bed that looks like a combination of the Ziegfeld Follies and Luna Park vie with the war news at breakfast, lunch and dinner tables throughout the countryside.

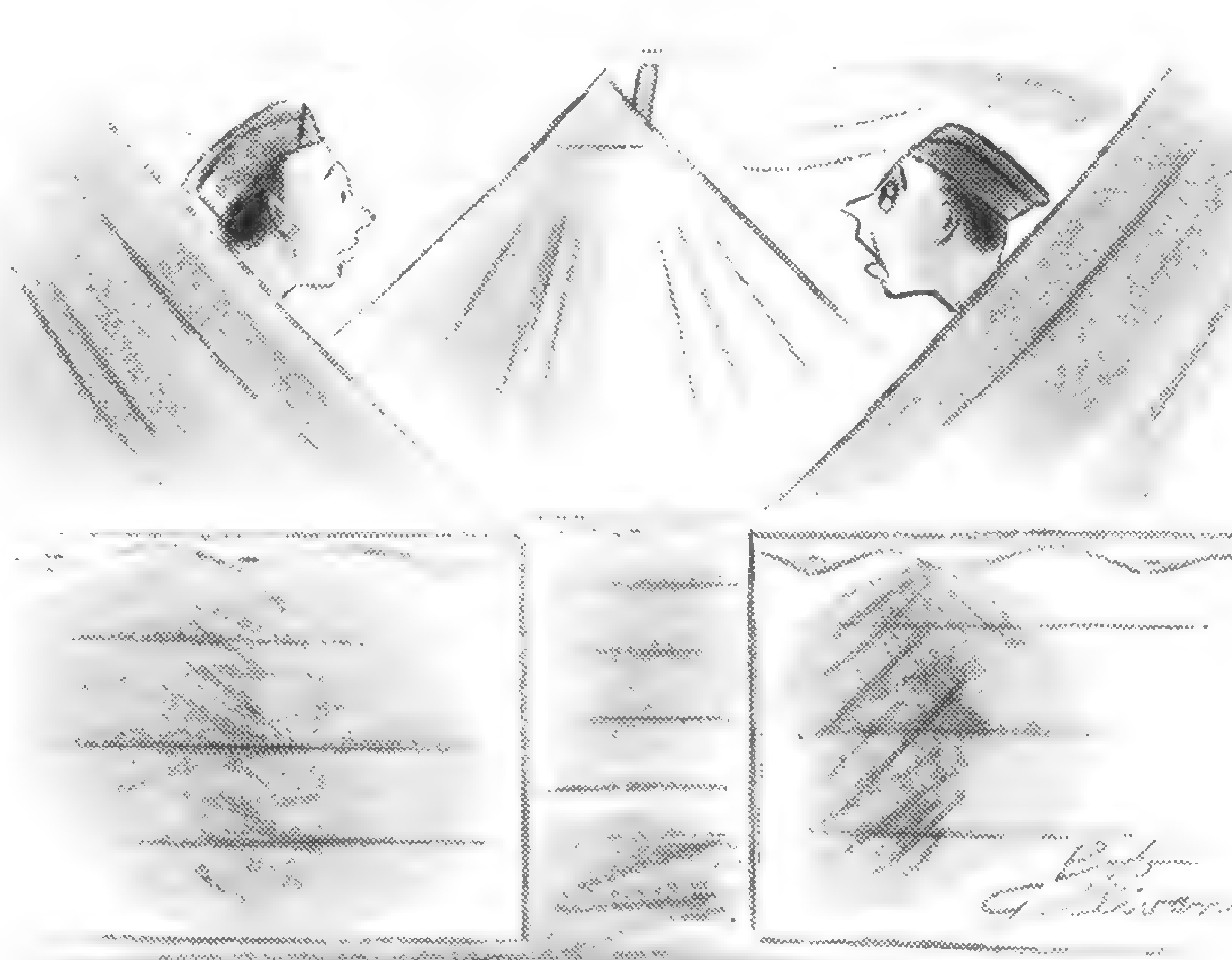
And before you can say Jack Robinson or maybe slightly more lengthy Edward G. Robinson, another Hollywood glamour girl has been born—and made.

There are, as you need not be reinformed, dozens of such synthetic wonderbabies in the film capital, and almost all of them are much of a youthful piece. How do they compare with the glamour girls of Broadway and the theatre?

These glamour girls of Broadway are, to put it mildly, a somewhat different sort. Far from being if not exactly wet, still slightly moist behind the ears, only one of the five authentic glamourosae of today's stage is still in her thirties and the others, three of them, are in their forties, and the fifth actually in her sixties. When it is recorded that these women achieve in the world of the theatre the romantic response achieved in the world of the movies by the cuties aforesaid, it is the established fact and not, as some may sardonically elect to believe, mere adult sentimental hooey or a commentator's strain to put an arbitrarily different slant on the story. For the impersonal truth is that at the present time there is not a single young actress in the theatre—and there are a number of the kids who are remarkably pretty, charming and animating—who is publicly accepted as being as romantically inveigling as any of the five women alluded to and who, with the one exception noted, are old enough to be the kids' mothers.

Who are these five?

Continued in center of page 111



"Could you tune down your radio? I've had a hard day"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Amateur rules should be lifted during the war, majority opinion; sports plan needed in elementary schools of nation

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON

• SPORTS •

ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

Do you believe that the rules that bar competition between amateur and professional athletes should be waived during the war? .... Yes ☑ 52.32% No ☐

II

Do you believe that "the training of the athletic field produces in a superlative degree the attributes of an efficient Soldier"? 93.78%

or

Do you believe that the periods devoted to such sports as football constitute "an outrageous waste of time"? 6.22%

III

Is it of paramount importance to the country that a strong, nation-wide physical culture program be instituted in all elementary schools? .... Yes ☑ 85.01% No ☐

IV

Are athletes like Joe Louis and Bob Feller of more value to the country helping raise relief funds than in serving on the firing line? .... Yes ☑ 78.92% No ☐

V

Aviation requiring special nervous and muscular sensitivities, what sport best contributes to proficiency in this vital new field? .... Sport Tennis 24.48%

VI

Since other sports are continuing their championships, do you think the U. S. Amateur and U. S. Open Golf championships should be reinstated next year? .... Yes ☑ 86.31% No ☐

VII

Does the annual big league All-Star game indicate league superiority as well as the World Series? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 68.41%

VIII

Is it better relaxation for men in the services to participate in sports than to be spectators at sporting events? .... Yes ☑ 72.58% No ☐

IX

Do you believe that correct form is as important a factor in fishing as in other sports? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 52.44%

X

With England curtailing sports additionally since the rise of Sir Stafford Cripps, do you think America should follow suit? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 88.29%

IN ITS nosiness for news, seeking the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but arguments, Esquire's Sports Poll this month, as usual, selected its questions from a basketful sent us by the public, men in the armed services, and newspaper and radio sports specialists. Questions most frequently submitted comprise each poll. Only two of the questions were without a war angle.

The other eight questions are tip-offs to the fact that in sports there is no endorsement of an isolationist attitude toward war, regardless of a tendency to play up the escapist lure of play. Ample justification of sports by sports' development of fitness to fight is registered by the consistent association of sports and war in Esquire's Sports Poll questions and answers.

Among our military guests in the poll this month were the men at the Army's huge Proving Ground at Aberdeen, Maryland, where Brigadier General Rolland W. Case is in command. Hundreds of tests are conducted daily, and the steady rattle of rifle fire, the boom of big guns, or the crashing syncopation of light and medium tanks, half track, self-propelled mounts, armored and combat vehicles blend with the many other noises developed in the course of testing. Due to the growing intricacy of combat weapons, highly accurate measuring devices are one of the most important Army problems. More than 2,500 separate items, having more than 250,000 separate parts, are tested.

Also men of Bradley Field, Windsor Locks, Connecticut; Davis-Monthan Field, Tucson, Arizona; Geiger Field, Spokane, Washington; Daniel Field, Augusta, Georgia; and Hunter Field, Savannah, Georgia, took part in the poll. Hunter Field was organized by an advance detachment from Barksdale Field, Shreveport, Louisiana, at the Savannah Municipal Airport late in September 1940, under the command of Major General Lewis H. Brereton, who is now commanding American air units in India. Daniel Field occupies the former municipal air port of Augusta. Geiger Field is named for Major Harold Geiger of East Orange, New Jersey, who was killed in a balloon accident in Middletown, Pennsylvania in 1927.

Davis-Monthan Field harbors bombers that have come to live in the southern Arizona valley since December 7. Here are cruising hourly the B-17's, the "Flying Fortresses."

QUESTION I

MELTING POT

Do you believe that the rules that bar competition between amateur and professional athletes should be waived during the war?

The public	**No 55.41%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 58.77%**
Sports editors	**Yes 62.83%**
Aberdeen Proving Ground	**No 50.79%**
Hunter Field	**No 54.55%**
Bradley Field	**No 55.19%**

With a top limit on salaries the government seems to be drawing the pro and amateur athlete closer together, although the supreme test of the salary roof idea still has to be supplied by the spring crop of baseball's hold-outs.

The public votes, by a narrow margin, against adding freedom of sports competition to the other freedoms. By larger margins the sports editors and sportscasters are for putting all athletes into one melting pot and letting the rating be worked out on a basis of unlimited demonstrations of competitive proficiency.

Conscientious custodians of amateur chastity have argued privately about the possibility of unrestricted competition during wartime doing as good a job of identifying the so-called gentlemen sportsmen and the mercenaries as can be done by the technical segregation. Enforcement of amateur status technicalities has not been altogether successful.

In the pro camp there are numerous practical authorities who are convinced that the sharp separation of amateurs and pros, with an intense commercial ballyhoo diverting public interest from the amateurs, has been reducing genuine public attachment for those sports that have glorified the cash register. These men maintain that the closer the amateur and pro fields are paired the better it'll be in the long run for pro income, and the higher will be the performing ability of a greater number of actual amateurs.

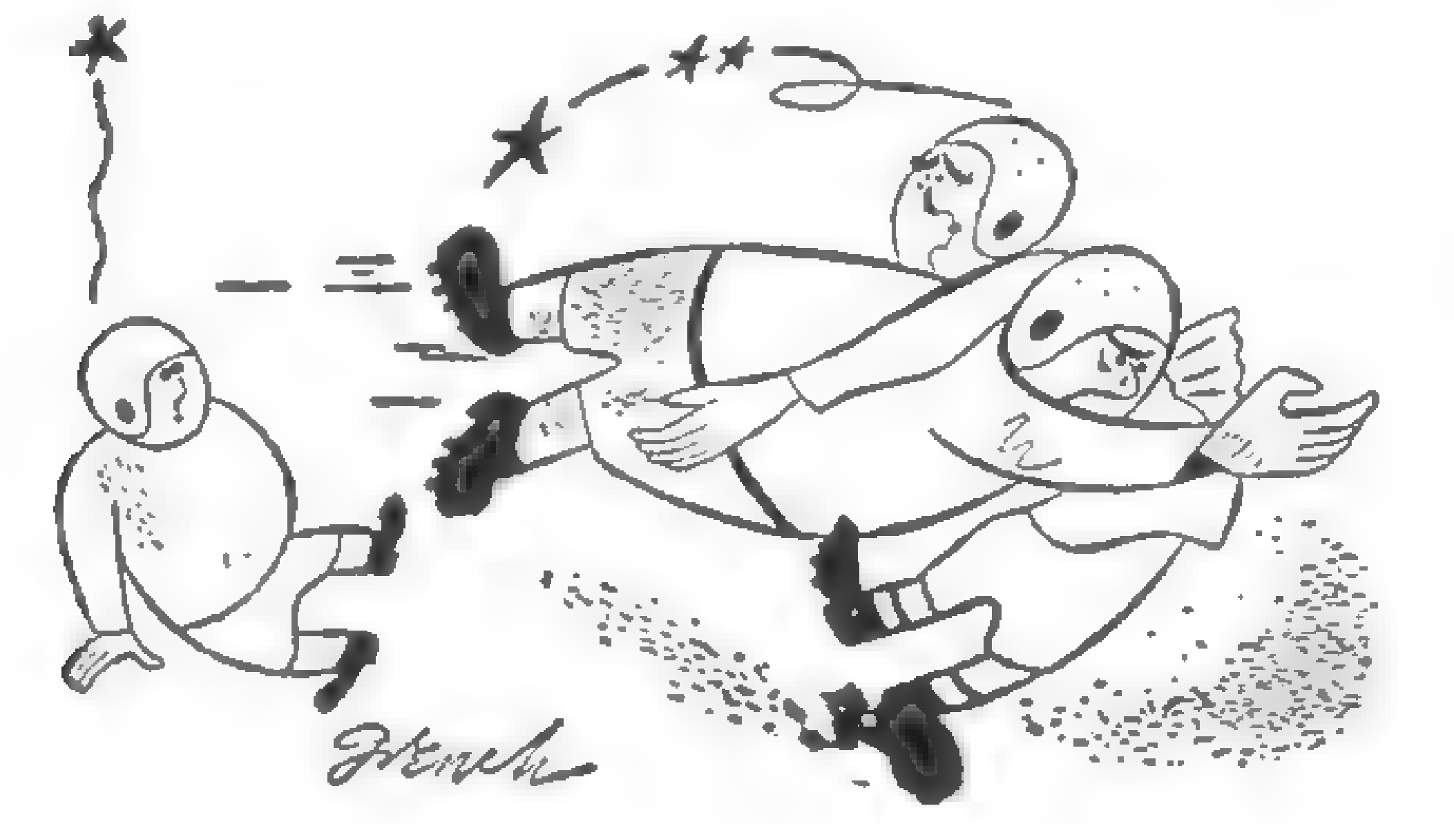
"In Canada," wrote **Vern DeGeer,** *Toronto Globe and Mail,* "the Ottawa Flyers won the senior amateur hockey championship with a team comprised of both pros and amateurs stationed with the R.C.A.F. at Ottawa. The lineup included three players of the Boston Bruins, 1940-41 Stanley Cup Champions—Milt Schmidt, Woody Dumart, and Bobby Bauer. When they enlisted they were immediately reinstated as amateurs. In the Dominion, all professional athletes are reinstated as amateurs as soon as they join the service."

Vincent Richards cast a vote for the affirmative, but **John Kieran** took the "no" side of the argument. **Jerry Hagan,** *Kalamazoo Gazette,* pointed out that: "The line between amateurism and professionalism at best is very thin. In bowling, for example, there is no such thing as a non-professional if professionalism is based on the money angle. In the Army camps there is no differentiation between pros and amateurs. American sports officials should fall in step."

W. Russ Thomas, *Trenton Times,* thought there should be differentiation to the extent that: "Where there is body contact, notably in boxing, wrestling and football, the pros should be kept away from the amateurs."

QUESTION II

Do you believe that "the training of the athletic field produces in a superlative degree the attributes of an efficient soldier," or do you believe that the periods devoted to such sports as football constitute "an outrageous waste of time"?



	"Superlative"	"Waste"
The public	94.44%	5.56%
Sportscasters	99.07%	0.03%
Sports editors	99.08%	0.02%
Aberdeen Proving Ground	93.97%	6.03%
Hunter Field	95.00%	5.00%
Bradley Field	77.59%	22.41%

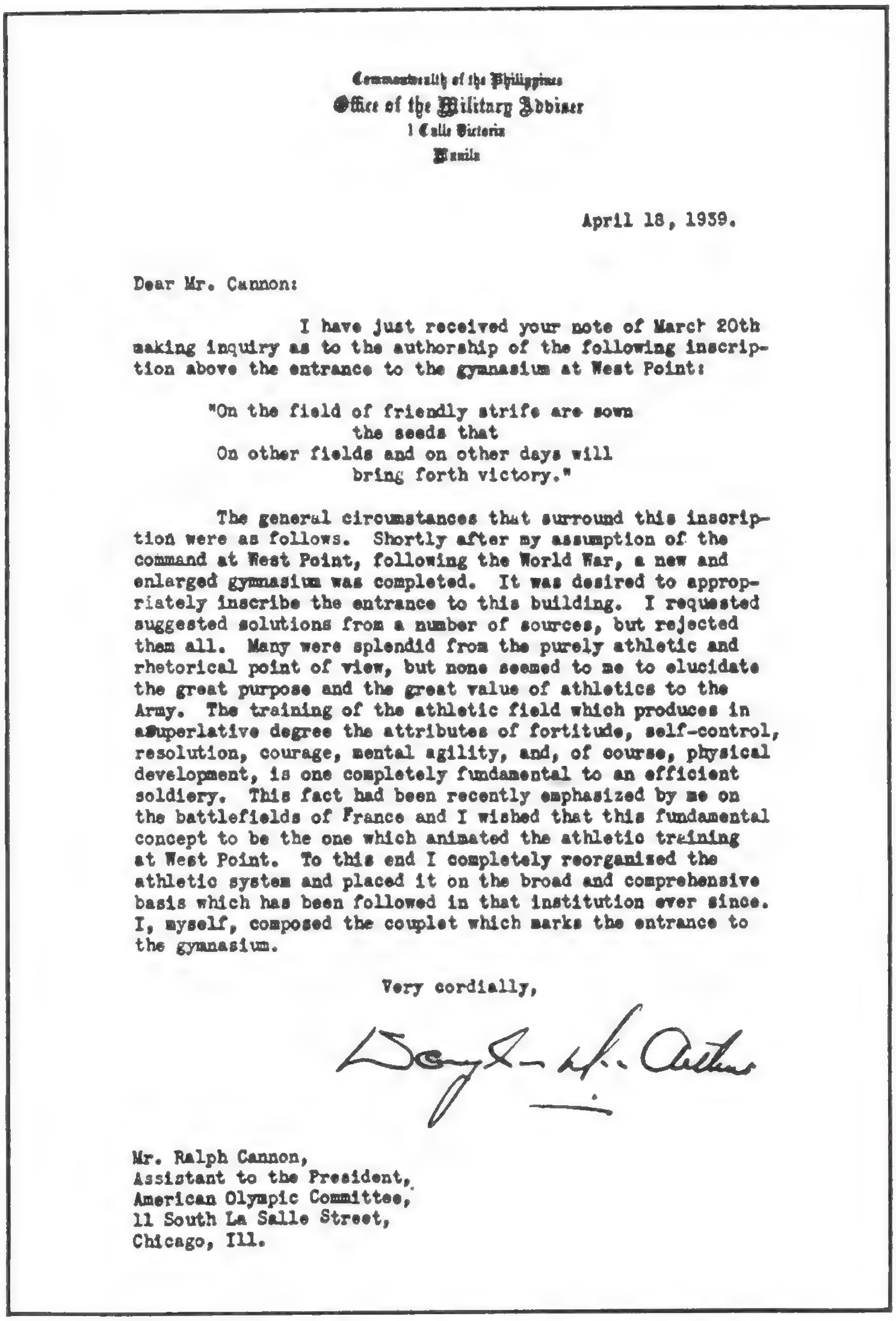
This vote answers the blast of fault-finders who've pronounced the American athletic scheme a flop in producing men highly competent to compete when the real chips are down.

Plainly the Russians, Germans and Japs have not subscribed to criticism that the American sports scheme is not primarily a health and energy building program but merely a reasonably innocent diversion for those who are too lazy to work and too nervous to steal. These nations geared the American-type sports power to war machines.

The rap native critics put in against the American sports plan unquestionably is based on the first draft's rejection of approximately 50% as physically or mentally unfit. Of these rejections less than 10% were ruled out for reasons even remotely attributable to flaws in the American sports plan.

"As General Hagood says, courage is cheap and is possessed by animals and insects," wrote **Dick Cullum**, *Minneapolis Times*, "but there are many kinds of courage, including submissive courage, the courage of the martyrs, which is a fine kind of courage but does not win wars. Contact sports teach boys to use their courage for the purpose of winning."

"When carefully made plans go suddenly awry on the battlefield," commented **Robert B. Bruell**, Peoria Heights, Illinois, "the conduct of the soldier reflects upon his early training. The American soldier is absolutely without a peer in such emergencies, due I think to our many varied sports and sport programs. The Australian and Canadian soldiers who copy our sports closely are also great fighting men."



Commonwealth of the Philippines
Office of the Military Adviser
1 Calle Victoria
Manila

April 18, 1939.

Dear Mr. Cannon:

I have just received your note of March 20th making inquiry as to the authorship of the following inscription above the entrance to the gymnasium at West Point:

"On the field of friendly strife are sown
the seeds that
On other fields and on other days will
bring forth victory."

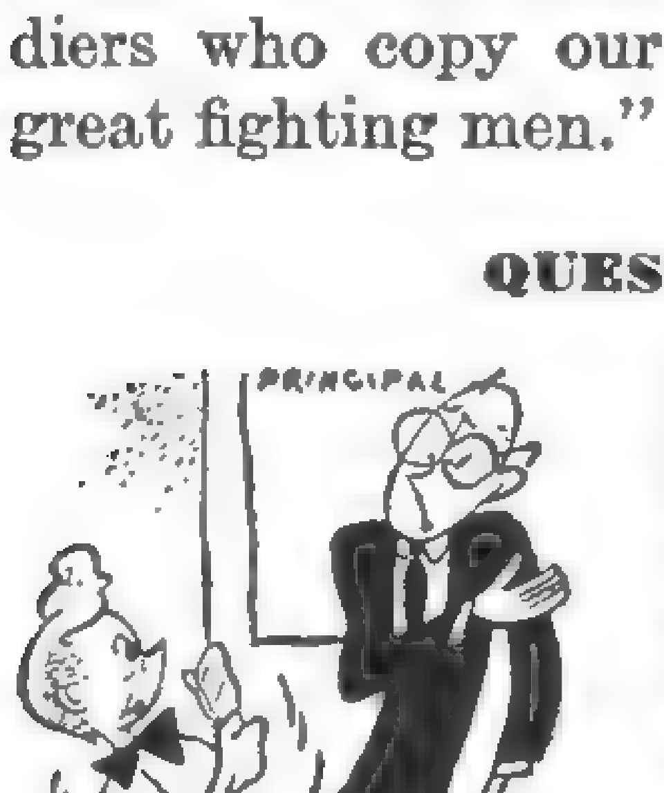
The general circumstances that surround this inscription were as follows. Shortly after my assumption of the command at West Point, following the World War, a new and enlarged gymnasium was completed. It was desired to appropriately inscribe the entrance to this building. I requested suggested solutions from a number of sources, but rejected them all. Many were splendid from the purely athletic and rhetorical point of view, but none seemed to me to elucidate the great purpose and the great value of athletics to the Army. The training of the athletic field which produces in a superlative degree the attributes of fortitude, self-control, resolution, courage, mental agility, and, of course, physical development, is one completely fundamental to an efficient soldiery. This fact had been recently emphasized by me on the battlefields of France and I wished that this fundamental concept to be the one which animated the athletic training at West Point. To this end I completely reorganized the athletic system and placed it on the broad and comprehensive basis which has been followed in that institution ever since. I, myself, composed the couplet which marks the entrance to the gymnasium.

Very cordially,

Douglas MacArthur

Mr. Ralph Cannon,
Assistant to the President,
American Olympic Committee,
11 South La Salle Street,
Chicago, Ill.

QUESTION III



Is it of paramount importance to the country that a strong, nation-wide physical culture program be instituted in all elementary schools?

The public	**Yes 81.93%**
Sportcasters	**Yes 92.75%**
Sports editors	**Yes 87.61%**
Aberdeen Proving Ground	**Yes 82.45%**
Hunter Field	**Yes 84.32%**
Bradley Field	**Yes 92.24%**

No doubt about where the majority stands on this one.

Where the school boards will get money for the necessary extension of the elementary school physical culture program, and enough physical educators to handle the responsibility is something else. There's a serious shortage of P. E. teachers.

Fred Digby, New Orleans *Item*, wrote:

I am particularly interested in a strong, comprehensive program in our elementary schools, and have been staging a one-man fight for it in this part of the country for years. At the national convention of health, physical education and recreation held here this spring there was considerable discussion of a plan to ask Congress to set up a budget and organization to put such a program in all schools in the nation. Two years ago only three children of five thousand in a New Orleans elementary school were able to make a clear score (pass all tests) in the simplest of physical exercises. We've got to start building physically from the kindergarten with corrective exercises and games.

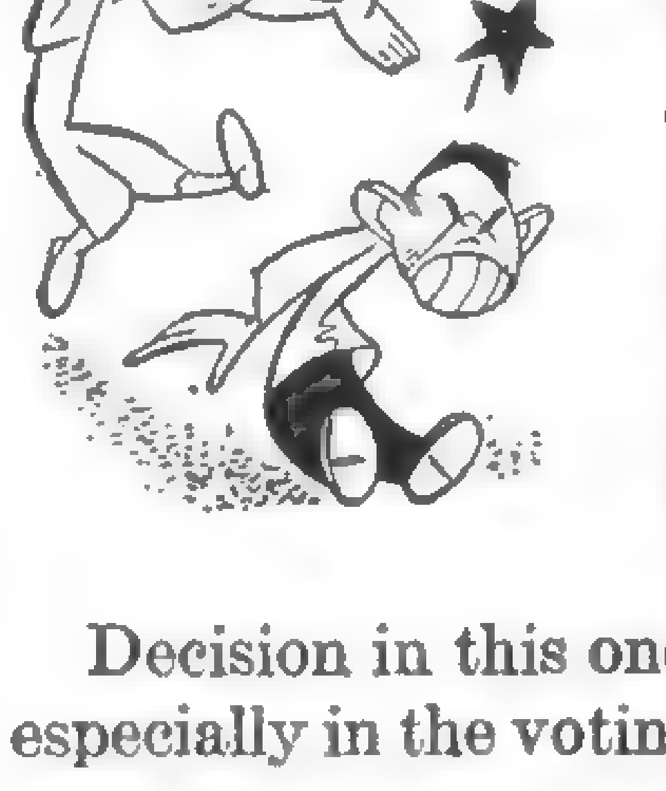
Equally emphatic was **Leo Kautz**, Davenport, Iowa, *Times*, who wrote:

The youth of the nation has grown soft during the past twenty years because too few boys are taking advantage of the physical education provided in the public schools. A program of compulsory physical education in the elementary schools would help condition the youngsters. Even in high school football and basketball the boys of today cannot stand a fast pace. They have not spent enough time in physical training in the grammar schools.

Carl Walters, Meridian, Mississippi, *Star*, said:

A nation-wide physical culture program in all elementary schools, with all students participating, is the major need of the moment from the standpoint of physical fitness. This nation's big shortcoming in physical culture is the fact that only a small percentage take part in organized sports, and very, very few lean toward the drills that bring stronger, healthier bodies. If compulsory physical education in all schools is regimentation, then I'm for it.

QUESTION IV



Are athletes like Joe Louis and Bob Feller of more value to the country helping raise relief funds than in serving on the firing line?

The public	**Yes 79.86%**
Sportcasters	**Yes 85.09%**
Sports editors	**Yes 83.86%**
Aberdeen Proving Ground	**Yes 70.59%**
Hunter Field	**Yes 90.91%**
Bradley Field	**Yes 74.67%**

Decision in this one goes to the fun-raisers; especially in the voting of non-combatants who

Continued on page 135

Your Chances at Craps

Play according to these tables and you won't lose provided you get an even break as you eventually must

by MICHAEL M. OSSER

•GAMES•

The game of "Craps" appeals to many people and has numberless devotees in all walks of life. It has player appeal for different reasons. There is no actual skill involved. The big-time gambler says, "Dice don't care who throws 'em." It is a simple game and the action is very fast. There is no elaborate or expensive equipment needed. Just a pair of dice, money, and two people, one who thinks he will and one who thinks he won't. Yet, this simple game of chance, it is estimated, decides the ownership of between four and five billion dollars annually, in the United States. This, my friends, is a very conservative estimate, because money changes hands very, very fast in a good hot game. It is probably the most democratic of games of chance, because it is enjoyed equally by bootblacks or millionaires.

Strangely enough, most of the people who play it, from occasional players to people who indulge often, haven't the faintest idea what determines their chances to win. The purpose of this article is to instruct even a novice in what the game is all about, and to enable the most inexperienced player to know when he is at a disadvantage; if possible, to "give the sucker an even break."

Most everyone knows the rudiments of Craps as a friendly game among the boys. One player takes the dice, puts up his stake, which is covered by one of the other players, or by a combination of the other players, and throws them, hoping for the best. When the dice stop rolling, the top faces are added, and if the sum is 7, or 11, (a natural), he picks up the money. If it is a 2, 3 or 12 (craps), the one or more persons who covered the stake, or, as it is commonly termed "faded the shooter," pick up the money. If any other number shows, the stakes remain in the center, and the shooter keeps on rolling the dice until he either repeats the first number (makes his point), in which case he wins, or rolls a seven, in which case he loses. If the shooter makes a seven after he has come out with any number but a 7 or 11, i.e., a natural, or a 2, 3, or 12, i.e., a crap, he loses the dice, and the next player in the circle takes possession of the dice.

Sounds very simple! But what governs those "galloping dominoes" that decide ownership of so much money? The dice are not crazy; they work according to *the laws of chance*, the same thing that governs your insurance policy, no matter what form of insurance you have. An insurance company can take a loss on your policy, but because it has the better of the odds on thousands of policies, at the end of the year it must show a profit. As the insurance men say, they do not know *who* will die, but they do know *how many!* For the same reason, if a person knows or can figure the odds on anything that is decided by chance, if he gets an *even* chance, he will come out *even* over a period of time, or if he has the *better* of the odds, he *must* show a profit over a period of time. If you gamble when you have the worst of it, you *must invariably lose!* If you insist on gambling, at least get an even break. In order to win, you must have at least a slight edge in the odds. Monte Carlo shows a handsome profit every year on a 2¾ per cent advantage after deducting operating expenses and taxes.

By dividing the chances *for* any given thing happening into the chances *against* the given thing happening, the true odds are derived. For example, if we have one white marble and five black marbles in a box, and a blind man is asked to pick out one marble, the chances, or odds, are 5 to 1 that he will not pick out the white marble. If anyone wagers on this procedure and receives less than the true odds, he must lose in the course of time. Conversely, if one gets more odds than he should, he *must win* over a period of time.

The first thing one should know in order to gamble with intelligence, and a good chance to win, is the percentages or odds in the particular game that he desires to play. The game of Craps is comparatively simple to figure. If one knows the odds and uses them to the best advantage, *he must win*, because the law of averages holds constant. Nine out of ten people who play craps know very little about the true odds involved. The person who does must eventually win.

By use of the following tables, the "mystery" of odds in a crap game is unfolded. First we must determine how many different combinations can be made with a pair of dice, thrown simultaneously. There are 36 of these combinations, i.e., 6 x 6 equals 36. Next, we must find out how many combinations of each point or number there are. *See Table No. 1.*

From table No. 1, all true odds can easily be derived. After the shooter makes the first throw, and does not roll a crap (2, 3 or 12), or a natural (7 or 11), the number he makes is his *point*. He then shoots until he makes his point or "sevens out." Since there are 6 ways to make a seven, and the other numbers vary, we can get the true odds from these facts. By *dividing the number of times the point can be made into the number of times seven can be made*, the odds can be determined. (*See Table No. 2*)

TABLE NO. 1

"Two" can be made in only one way: 1 and 1
"Three" can be made in two ways: 2 and 1, 1 and 2
"Four" can be made in three ways: 2 and 2, 3 and 1, 1 and 3
"Five" can be made in four ways: 2 and 3, 3 and 2, 4 and 1, 1 and 4
"Six" can be made in five ways: 5-1, 1-5, 4-2, 2-4, 3-3
"Seven" can be made in six ways: 3-4, 4-3, 5-2, 2-5, 6-1, 1-6
"Eight" can be made in five ways: 5-3, 3-5, 6-2, 2-6, 4-4
"Nine" can be made in four ways: 6-3, 3-6, 5-4, 4-5
"Ten" can be made in three ways: 6-4, 4-6, 5-5
"Eleven" can be made in two ways: 6-5, 5-6
"Twelve" can be made in one way: 6-6
Total: 36 Combinations

TABLE NO. 2

4 can be made in 3 ways, 7 in 6 ways—odds are 2 to 1 against the shooter
5 can be made in 4 ways, 7 in 6 ways—odds are 3 to 2 against the shooter
6 can be made in 5 ways, 7 in 6 ways—odds are 6 to 5 against the shooter
8 can be made in 5 ways, 7 in 6 ways—odds are 6 to 5 against the shooter
9 can be made in 4 ways, 7 in 6 ways—odds are 3 to 2 against the shooter
10 can be made in 3 ways, 7 in 6 ways—odds are 2 to 1 against the shooter

Thus, if a player who knows the true odds gets into a game and can give the opposing players *less* odds than they should get, he must eventually wind up with all the money. It is really surprising how many players are ignorant of the true odds! The player who knows what it is all about has a distinct advantage or at least an even break, which he recognizes for himself.

There is an old saying that all "right" players die broke. To most people this is only an expression, but it is really founded on fact. Since the game of Craps is scientifically made up, players who *know* the true odds play on equal terms. Everything about the game is even, except for one fallacy. This fallacy is that the shooter has slightly the worst of it if he is faded at *even money*. Since all games are played with even money as the odds for the shooter being "right" or "wrong," we can easily see that this fact is very important.

From table No. 1 we can ascertain exactly how much the shooter has the worst of the game. There are 36 possible combinations that can be made by the shooter on the "come out" (the first roll). If he makes a crap (2, 3 or 12), he loses. Adding the ways that this can happen, we get 1-2-1 respectively (refer to table No. 1), or 4 chances out of a possible 36, which is equivalent to 1/9.

If he makes a 4 or a 10, which, by the same process, is equal to 6 out of 36 times, or 1/6 of the time, he must repeat the number (make his point) before he makes a 7. Since the chances of making his number is 2 to 1, we can see that he will make it only 1/3 of the time and miss it 2/3 of the time. Therefore, his chances of being wrong will be 1/6 multiplied by 2/3, or 1/9.

If he makes a 5 or a 9, which, by the same method, happens 8 out of 36 times, or 2/9 of the time, his chances of repeating his number (winning, making your point), before he makes a 7 are 2 out of 5. His chances of missing are 3 out of 5. Multiplying 2/9 by 3/5, we get 6/45 or 2/15.

If he makes an 8 or a 6, which is possible 10 times out of 36, or 5/18 of the time, his chances of not making his point are 6 out of 11, or 6/11 of the time. Multiplying 5/18 by 6/11, we get 30/198 or 5/33.

Adding all these fractions, using 990 as a common denominator, we get the following:—

TABLE NO. 3

1/9	110
1/9	110
2/15	132
5/33	150
	502
	990

So you can see that the shooter will be wrong 502 times out of 990 times. Dividing, to find the percentage, we see that the "right" player has exactly 1.415% the *worst* of it.

You can well forget these complex mathematics. *All the novice has to remember is that if he bets "right" on a pass, he takes the worst of it! A word to the wise is sufficient.*

The author has observed Crap games that are run legally in Reno and Las Vegas, Nevada, and Agua Caliente, Mexico. The house is able to pay license fees, wages, buy equipment and show a profit on its operations only because of the fact that they have a slight advantage on every bet made. *If the bettor can get the same advantages in a friendly game, he also will show a profit!* We will show the odds the house offer on the different wagers, and, by using our table, exactly how much advantage they have on each bet:—

*1. **The shooter is right.*** The house lays even money. The true odds are, according to table No. 3, 502 to 488. Therefore, the house has 1.415% *the best* of it.

*2. **The shooter is wrong.*** The house lays even money, but when the 12 shows on the first roll, the bettor gets only his own money back, because the house bars the double six. According to table No. 1, this will happen one time out of 36. Since the bettor gets only half of what he should, we can double this and say that in 72 times the house picks up one more chance than it should have, or 37 out of 72. Dividing, we find that it gives the house 2.776 per cent. However, even money on the bettor being wrong is an "overlay" by 1.415 per cent. By subtracting we find that the house still has 1.361 per cent *the best* of it.

*3. **A 6 comes out before a 7.*** The house lays even money. According to our table, it should be 6 to 5. Therefore, the house has 4.55 per cent *the best* of it.

*4. **An 8 comes out before a 7.*** As above, the house lays even money. According to our table, it should be 6 to 5. Therefore, the house has 4.55 per cent *the best* of it.

*5. **The Field.*** The house lays even money that the shooter will not make one of certain numbers on one roll. Usually, the field comprises the following numbers: 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, 11, 12. By using our table, we find that by adding the ways these numbers can come out, the total is 17, i.e., 1, 2, 3, 4, 4, 2, 1. Since there are 36 possible combinations, the house has 19 chances against the bettor's 17, or an advantage of 5.54 per cent. The numbers in the field may vary in different establishments, but always the house has 19 chances to the player's 17 chances.

*6. **The "gag" or hard way.*** The house lays 7 to 1. This occurs when the shooter has, as his point, a 4, 6, 8 or 10. In order to win, the point must be made with a double, i.e., a 2 and 2, 3 and 3, 4 and 4, 5 and 5. If the point is made any other way, or a 7 is made, the bettor loses.

According to table No. 2, there are 3 ways to make a 4, 6 ways to make a 7. Since the better wins only if a 2 and 2 shows, he has only 1 chance of winning out of 9. Therefore, the true odds are 8 to 1. The house gives 7 to 1, giving them a 1.39 per cent advantage. The same advantage holds true for the number 10.

A 6 can be made 5 ways, a 7 six ways. Since the bettor wins only if a 3 and 3 shows, he can win only 1 time out of 11. The true odds are therefore 10 to 1. The house lays 7 to 1, giving them a 3.41 per cent advantage. The same figures hold for an 8.

*7. **A 7 comes out in one roll.*** The house lays 4 to 1. Referring to our table, 7 can be made in 6 ways. Since there are 36 combinations, it can be seen that a 7 will come out one time out of 6, making the true odds 5 to 1. Therefore, the house has an advantage of 3.33 per cent.

*8. **An 11 comes out in one roll.*** The house lays 15 to 1. This gives the house 34 chances to the bettor's 2, or true odds of 17 to 1. The house, therefore, has .7 per cent the best of it.

*9. **A 12 comes out in one roll.*** The house lays 30 to 1. This gives the house 35 chances to the bettor's 1, making the true odds 35 to 1. The house, therefore, gets .45 per cent the best of it. This does not seem like much, but it makes plenty of money for the house.

The layout may vary in different places—sometimes the house is greedy and takes a bigger percentage, sometimes smaller. But one thing you may be certain of, and that is, come rain, snow or high water, the house has some advantage on every bet made. It is old man *Percentage* that makes the wheels go round, and keeps the smart guys in the money.

You or anybody else cannot win when you buck a game where the percentage is against you. On the other hand, if you master the tables and information in this article, and play accordingly, you will not lose if you can get an even break, which you must, over a period of time!

Just a word of warning, which may sound a bit "corny." Do not play with strangers. You may lose, *even with the best of it, in percentages.* The dice may be crooked, and there are more ways of making dice crooked than the proverbial ways of skinning the cat. #

Fun with a Checker Board

Here are six tough problems which may be considered "solitaire" and a fast game for two called Persian checkers

by ALFRED I. TOOKE

• GAMES •

You can get plenty of entertainment out of a checker board apart from playing checkers or chess. For a starter, try:

Problem 1: The Isolationists

Place two checkers on the board as shown in Figure 1. Now find the maximum number of additional pieces you can place on the board without having any one of them on the same line, horizontal, perpendicular or diagonal, with any other one. When you have solved that problem, tackle:

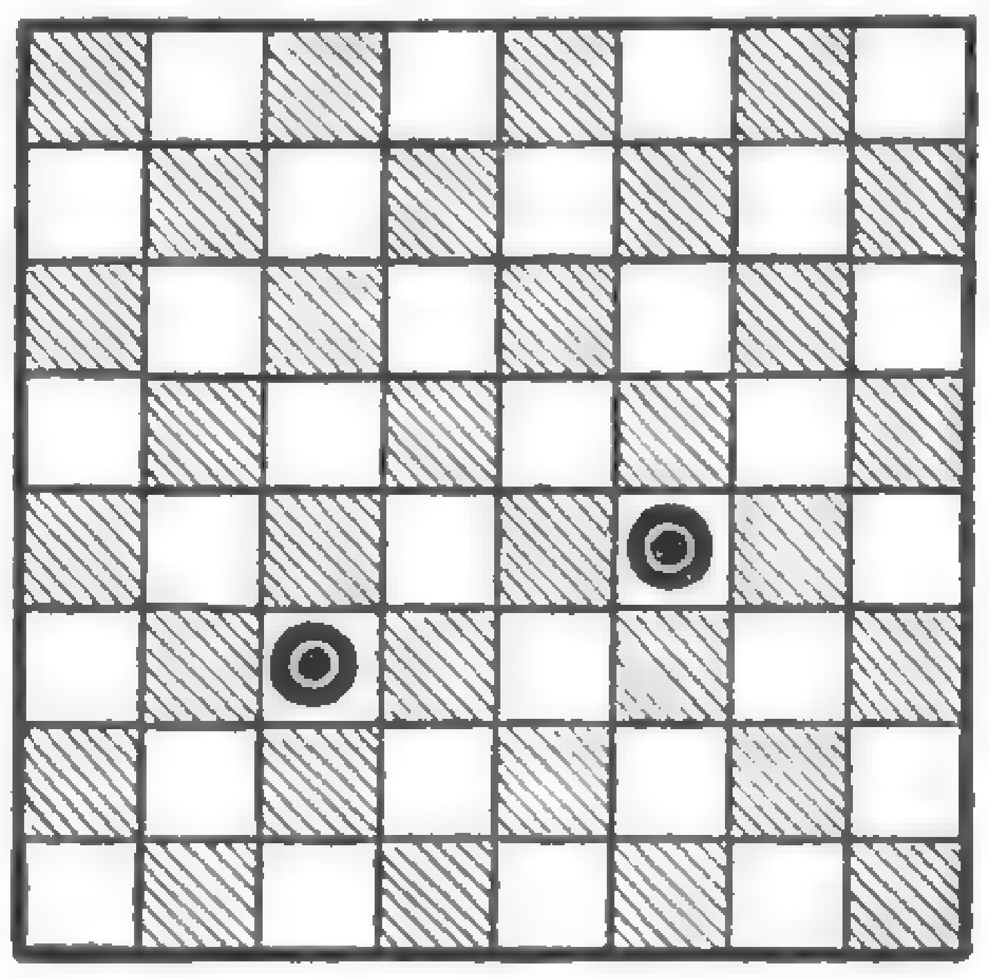


Figure 1.

Problem 2: Queen's Move

The Queen's move in chess is any number of squares in any direction. The Queen, therefore, if alone on the board, commands all the squares on the horizontal, the perpendicular and the diagonal lines on which she stands. For this problem assume both your pieces are queens, then find the *minimum* number of additional queens required to command every square on the board, and yet not have any one of them on the same line, horizontal, perpendicular or diagonal, with any other one.

Problem 3: Puss in the Corner

Place a single Queen on the board on any one of the four corner squares. Now find the minimum number of queens necessary to command every square on the board, place the additional queens wherever you please, regardless of whether one is on the same line as another. When you have conquered that problem you should be ready for:

Problem 4: Knight's Move

This will really give you something to sink your teeth in. The Knight, in chess, is mounted, and, therefore, can jump. His move is one square diagonally and one ahead or sideways, or one straight and one diagonal which gets him to the same square anyway. Figure 2 shows a few knight's moves. Place a single knight anywhere on the board you please and try to keep him jumping around until he has landed on every square on the board once and once only. To make sure you don't land on the same square twice, place a bean or other small object on each square on the board before you start. As you make each move, clear the square on which you land. If you succeed in removing 56 or more of the beans you are doing very well indeed. It is possible to remove every one of the beans, but you will have a high old time doing it. After the Knight's Move problem you will want to relax a little, so try:

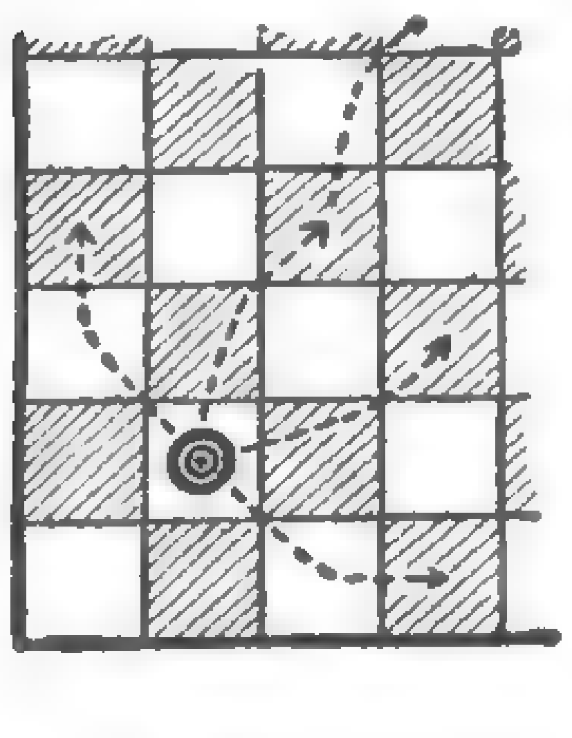


Figure 2.

Problem 5: Eight in a Row

On a checker board there are, as you know, eight rows of squares with eight squares in each row, so what is the smallest number of checkers you can place on the board to make eight rows of checkers with eight checkers in each row? And if you already have jumped to a conclusion and grunted "Why, sixty-four, of course!" just try again, because it isn't as simple as that and sixty-four is not the answer.

Problem 6: The Four Sons

A rich man had four sons. They were quadruplets and all of them, all their lives, had been treated exactly alike. Whatever one got, the other three got the same, even to the measles. When they started their schooling their father fenced off a square of land and on it built four identical study cabins and four identical garages, one for each son. There already were four shade trees down the middle of the square, and when the sons complained that the water they took with them to drink became warm, tests were made and four wells drilled, one for each son where water was eventually found.

Figure 3 tells all—the garages in the corners, the shade trees down the middle, the wells across the other way, and the four study cabins halfway between each garage and the center of the square. You may represent them on your checkerboard with any handy small objects.

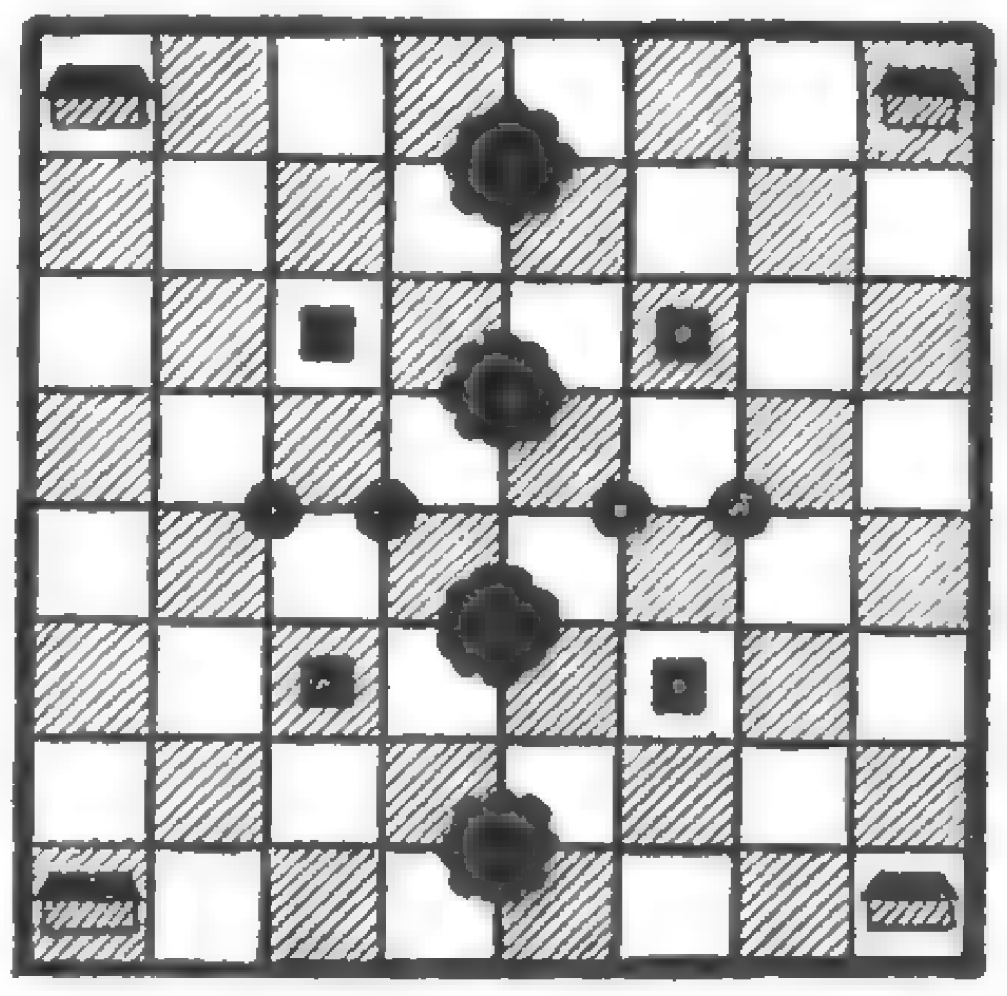


Figure 3.

Now two of the sons were industrious and the other two were lazy. The latter pair alibied their poor report cards by saying their attention was distracted by the other two as they went whistling or singing to their wells to drink, or to sit under their respective shade trees.

"Very well," said their esteemed parent, "I shall have the overseer divide the square of ground into four parts of equal size and shape with high fences so you will not distract each other.

"Impossible, sire!" protested the overseer. "One can divide it into four parts so each with a garage, cabin, well and shade tree, yes; but into four parts of equal size and shape, no, because of the locations of the shade trees and the wells."

"Yes or no, you'd better do it," snapped the esteemed old gentleman, "or you will find there'll be a new overseer around here pronto!"

So the overseer had a pretty problem on his hands. Can you solve it for him? Use matches for your fences, which have no curves in them.

And so much for problems. Now here is a game to play:

Persian Checkers

Two, three or four people can play Persian Checkers. When two play, each has ten men in opposite corners of the board, as in Figure 4. When three or four play, they have six men each instead of ten. The object of the game is to get all your men into your opponent's corner before he gets all his men into yours. Each player moves alternately. You move any man into any vacant square adjoining the square on which it stands, or you may leap over any man on an adjoining square onto the square beyond if it is vacant, and continue to leap as long as there are men to leap over and squares to leap onto, just as in ordinary checkers, except that you may leap in any direction at all, even backwards if you wish.

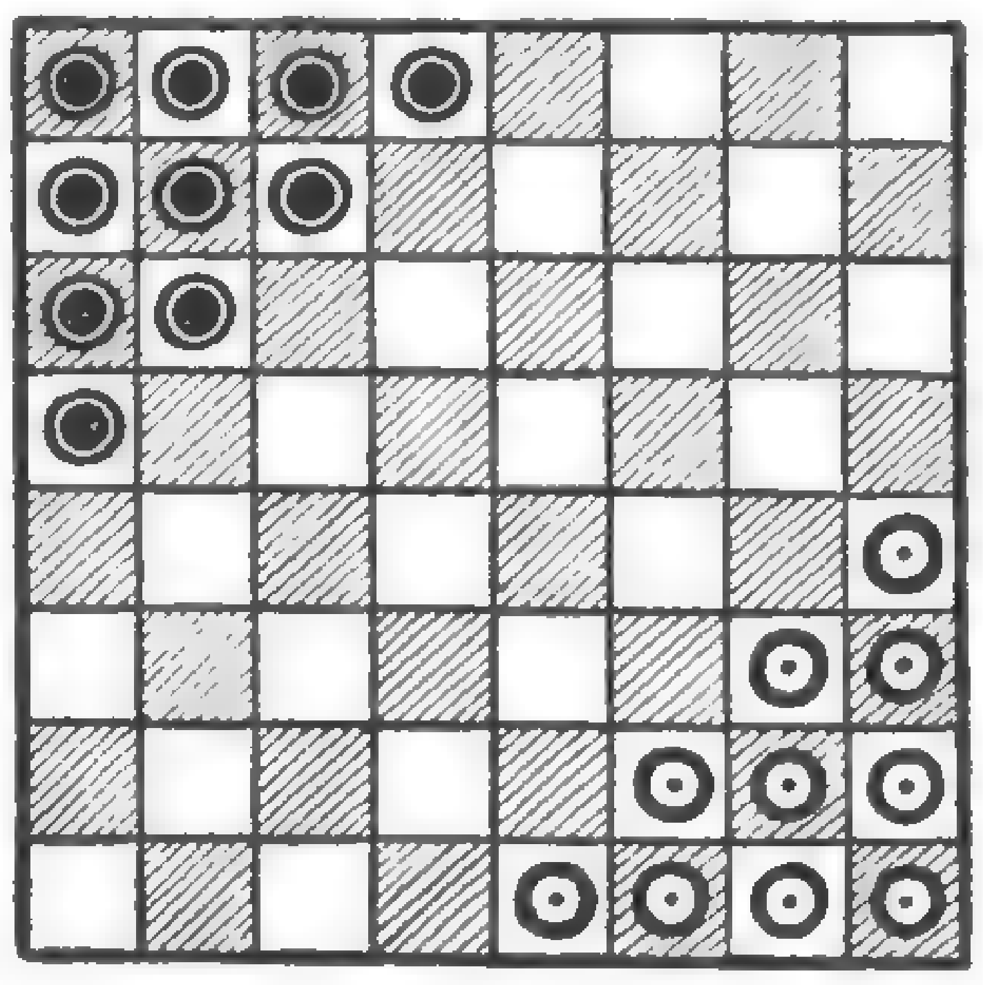
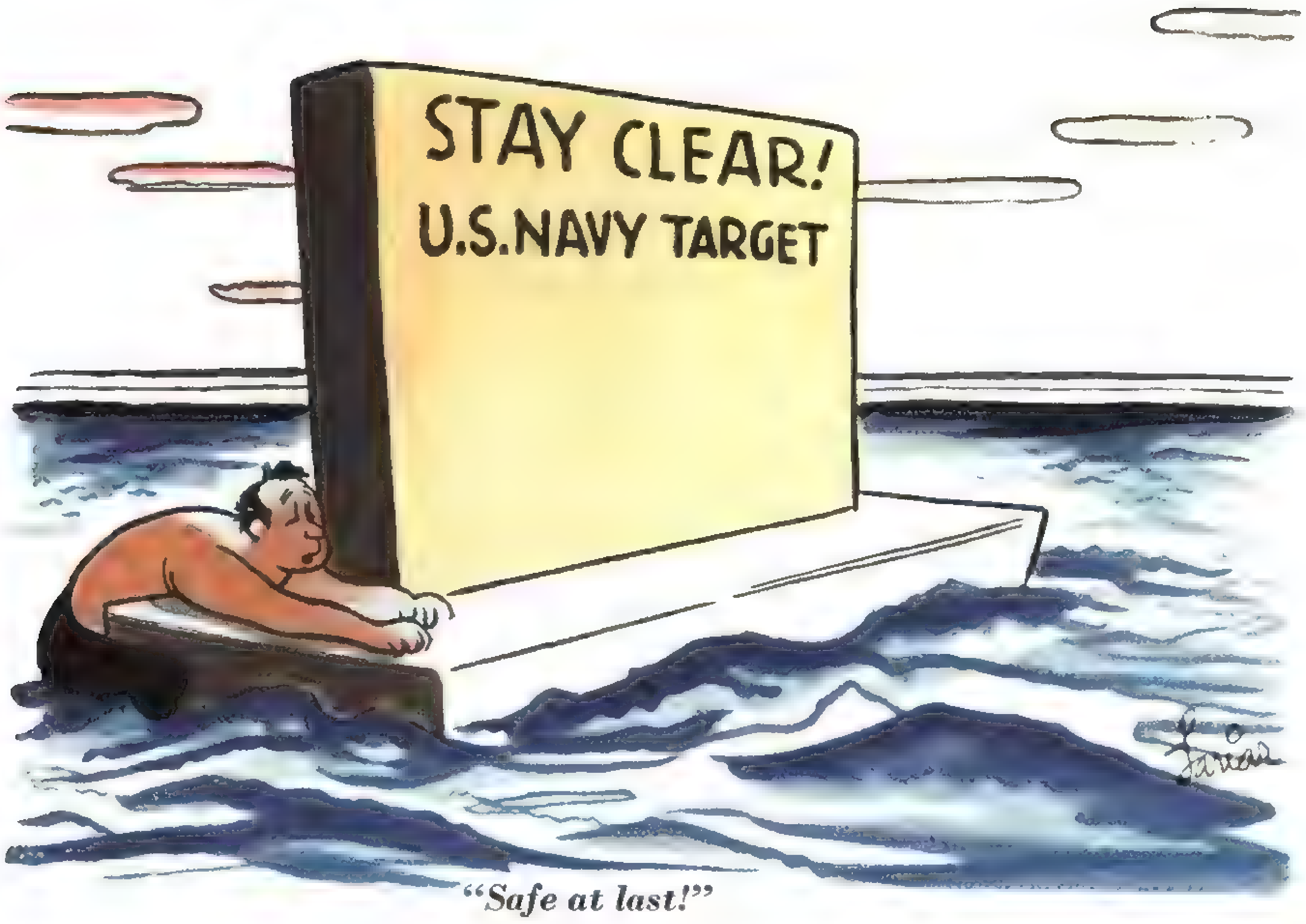


Figure 4.

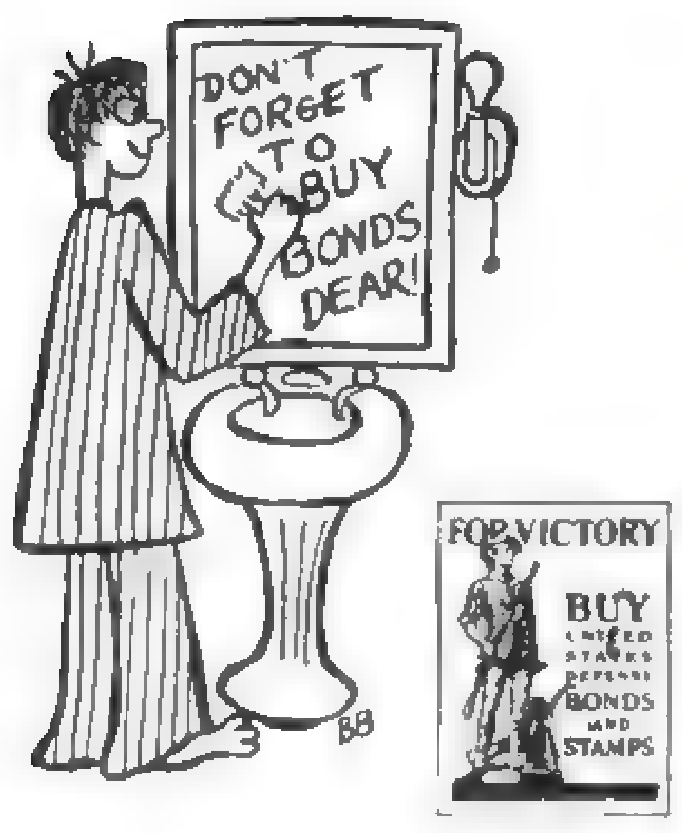
There is one important rule to be observed: If a player succeeds in bottling up an opponent's man in its own corner so that it cannot move out, and he, consequently, cannot move in to win the game, he may, when he has no other move left, remove such opponent's man to any other square anywhere on the board and then make his own move. This rule prevents a losing player from forcing a draw by preventing the other from winning.

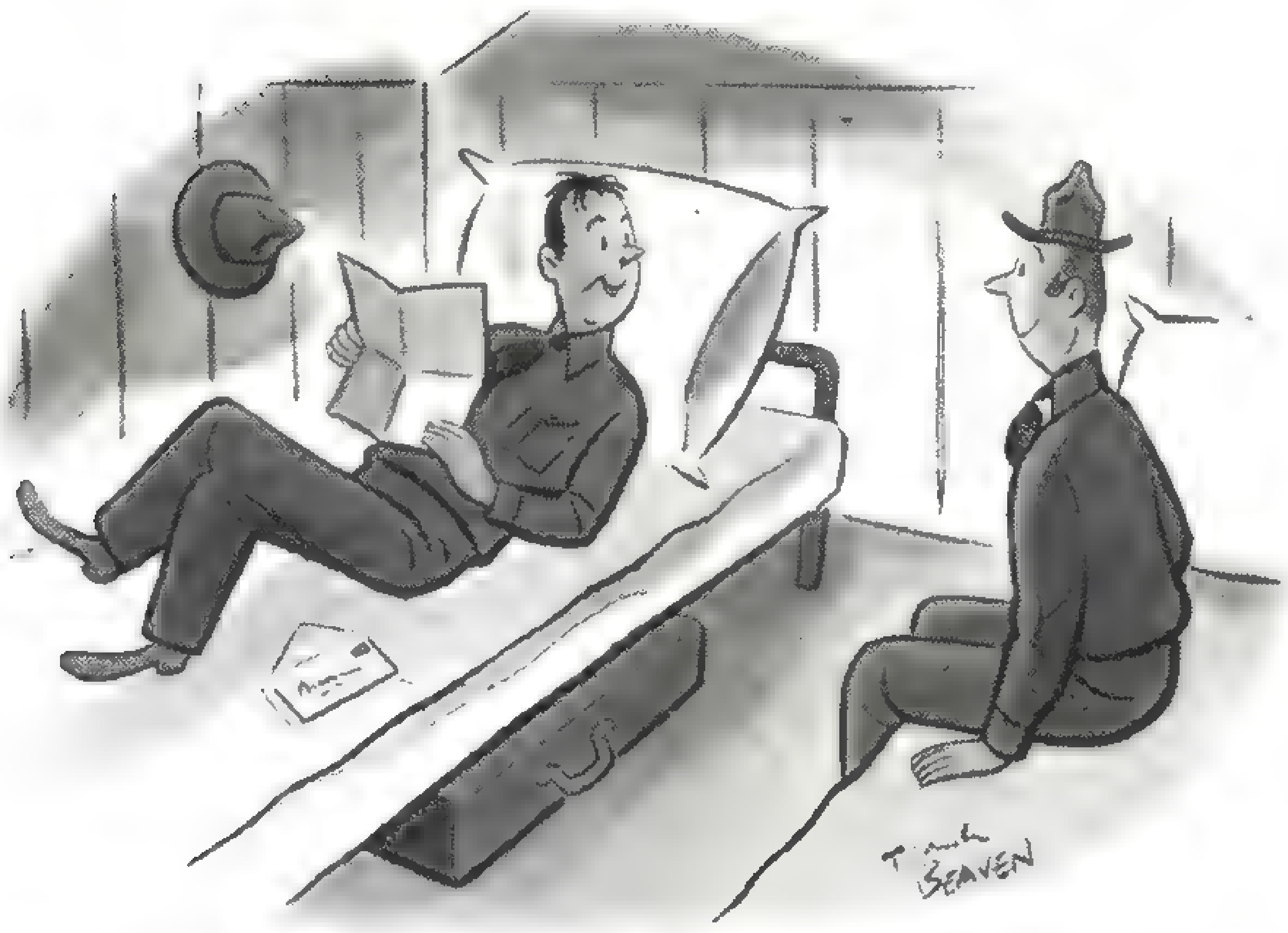
After a game or two you will find Persian Checkers has really fascinating possibilities.

Answers to the Problems will be found in center of page 150

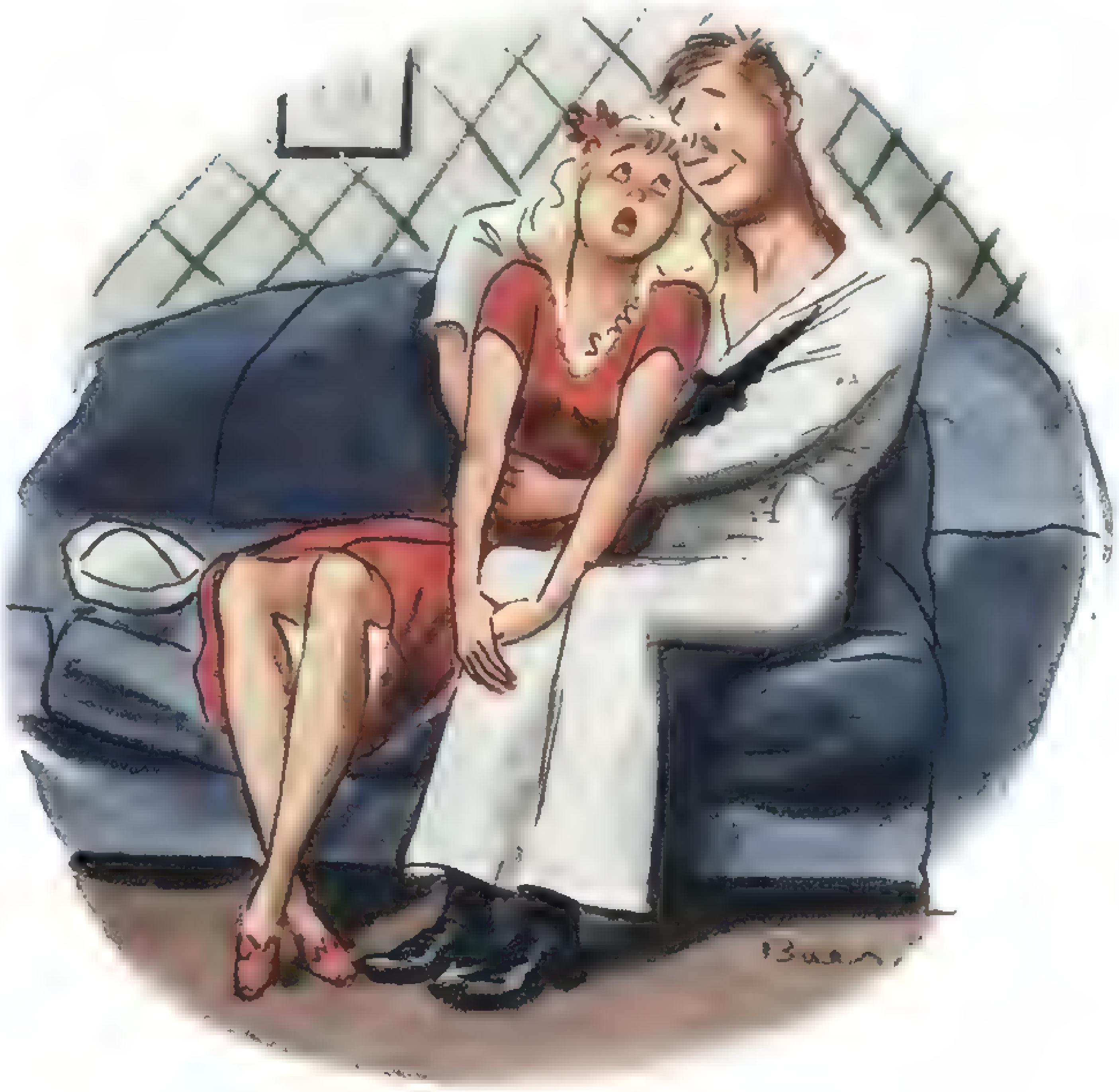

STAY CLEAR!
U.S. NAVY TARGET

"Safe at last!"

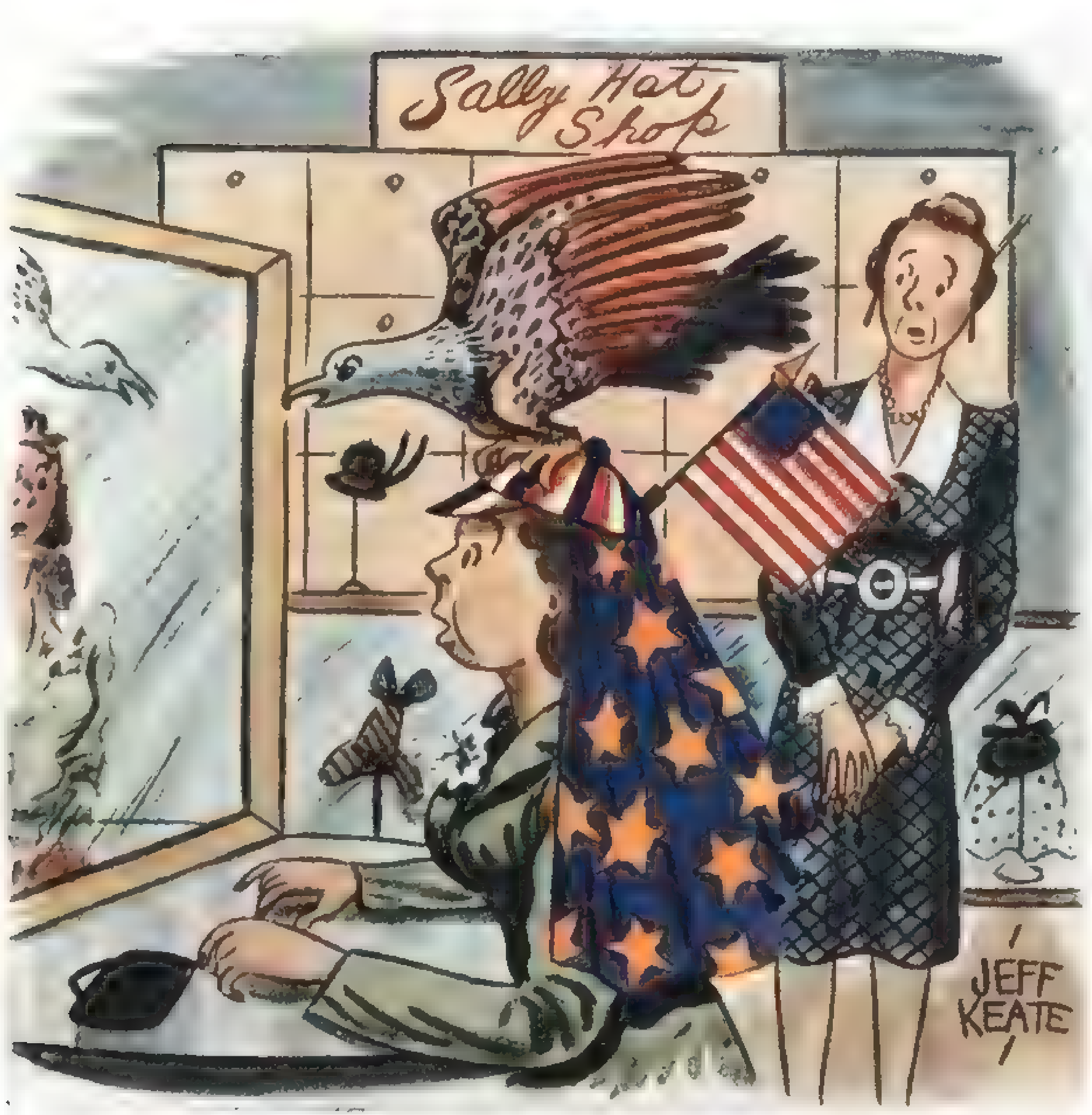

DON'T FORGET TO BUY BONDS DEAR!
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS



"My girl's glad I'm drafted—says she's lost four pounds worrying about me!"

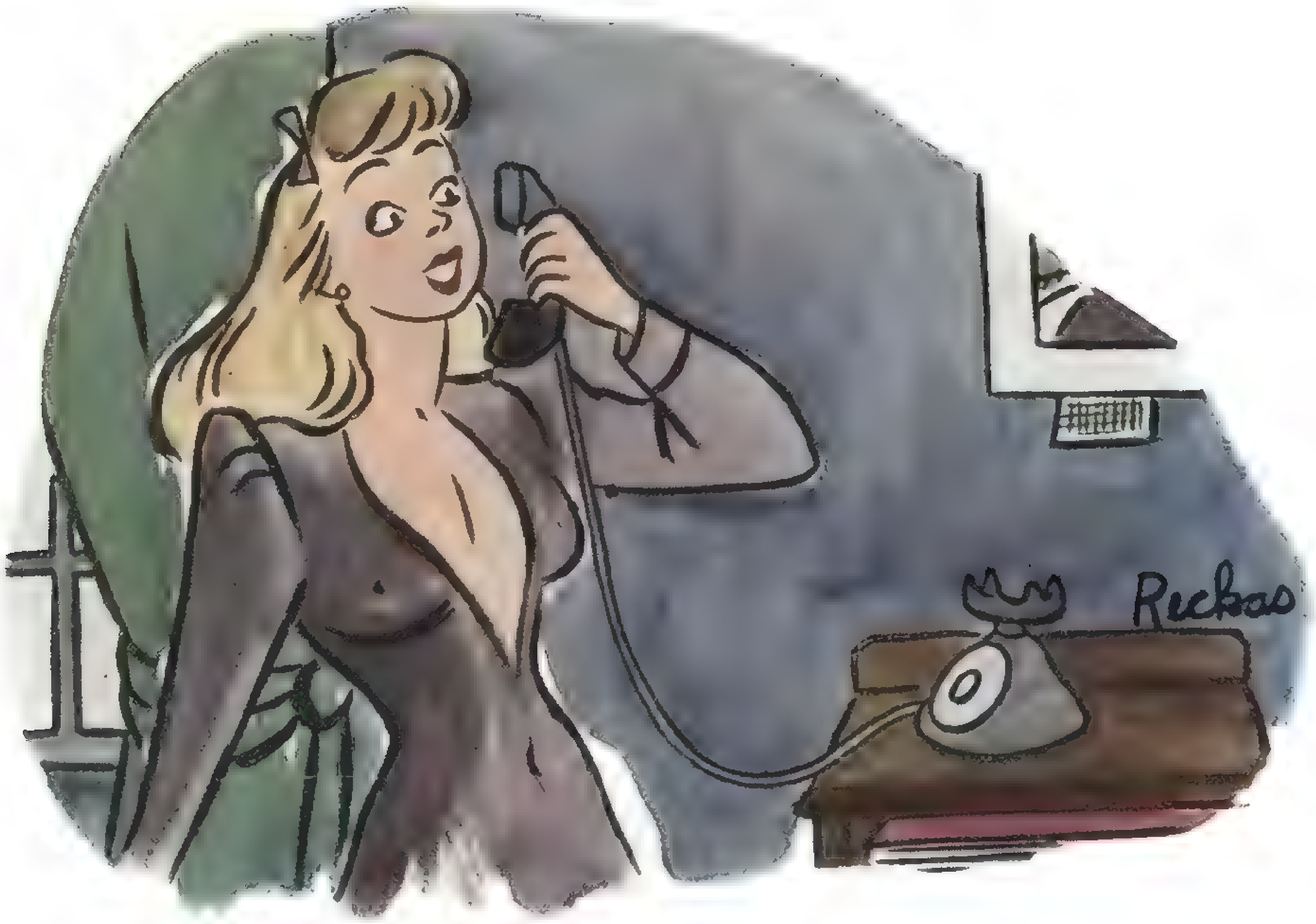


"I feel my part is so insignificant in all that's going on"

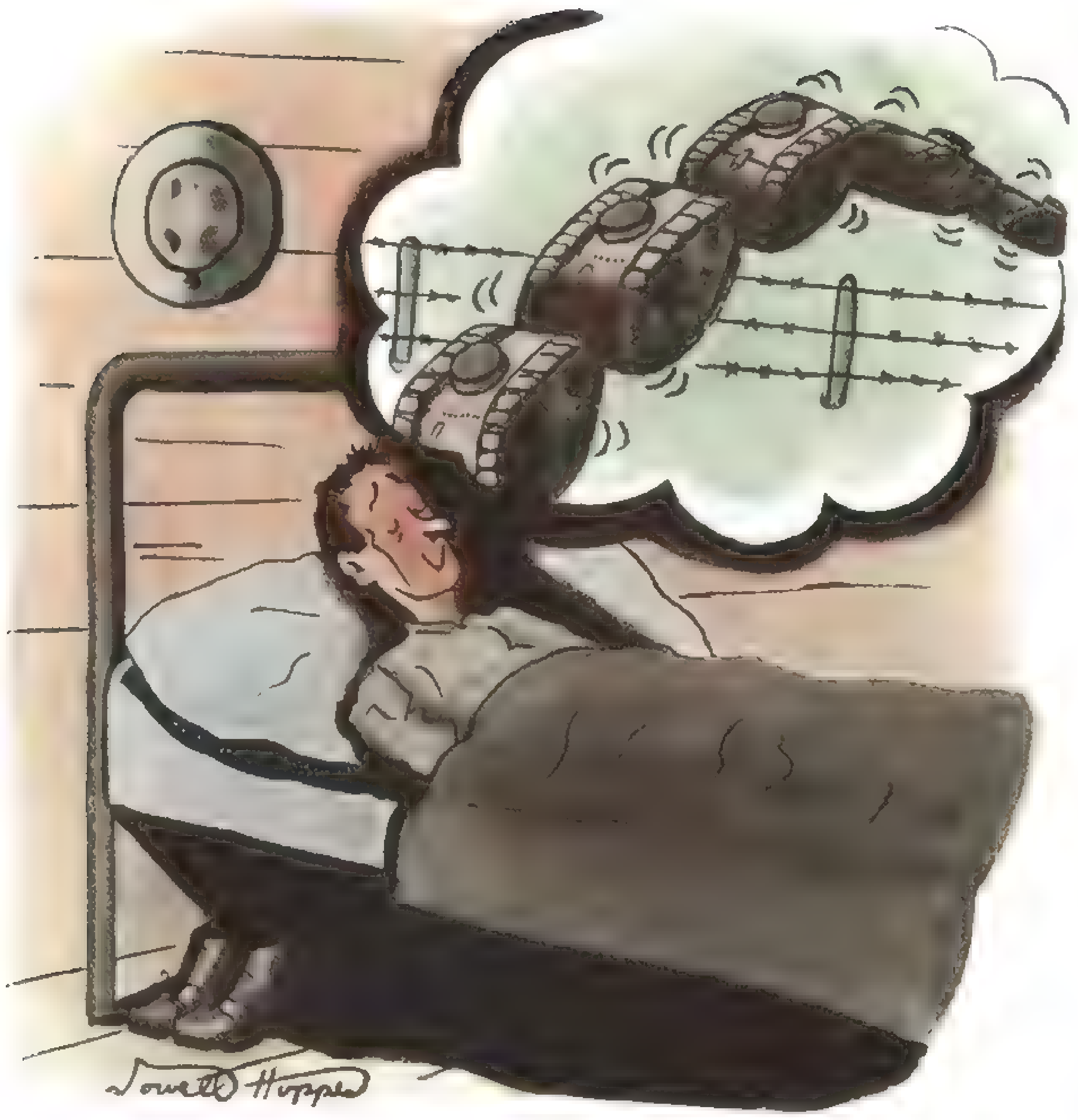

Sally Hat Shop

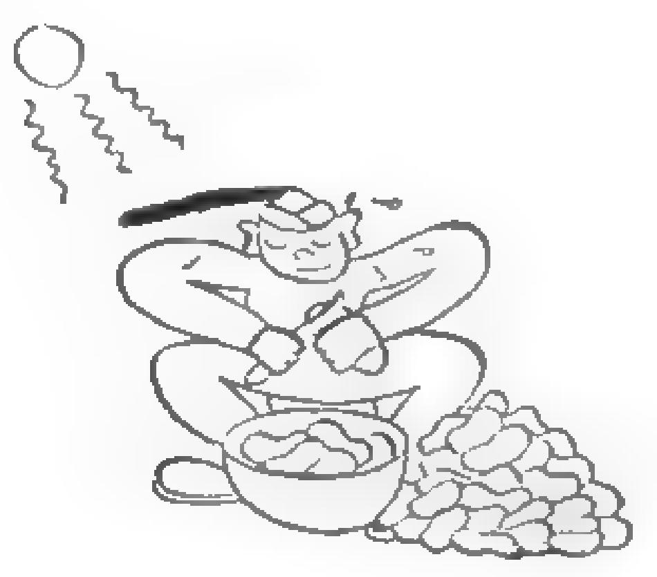
"Note the patriotic motif!"

In some districts party telephone lines may be revived—thereby affording the average woman a chance to keep tabs not only on our Axis enemies but that terrible blonde who moved in across the way.



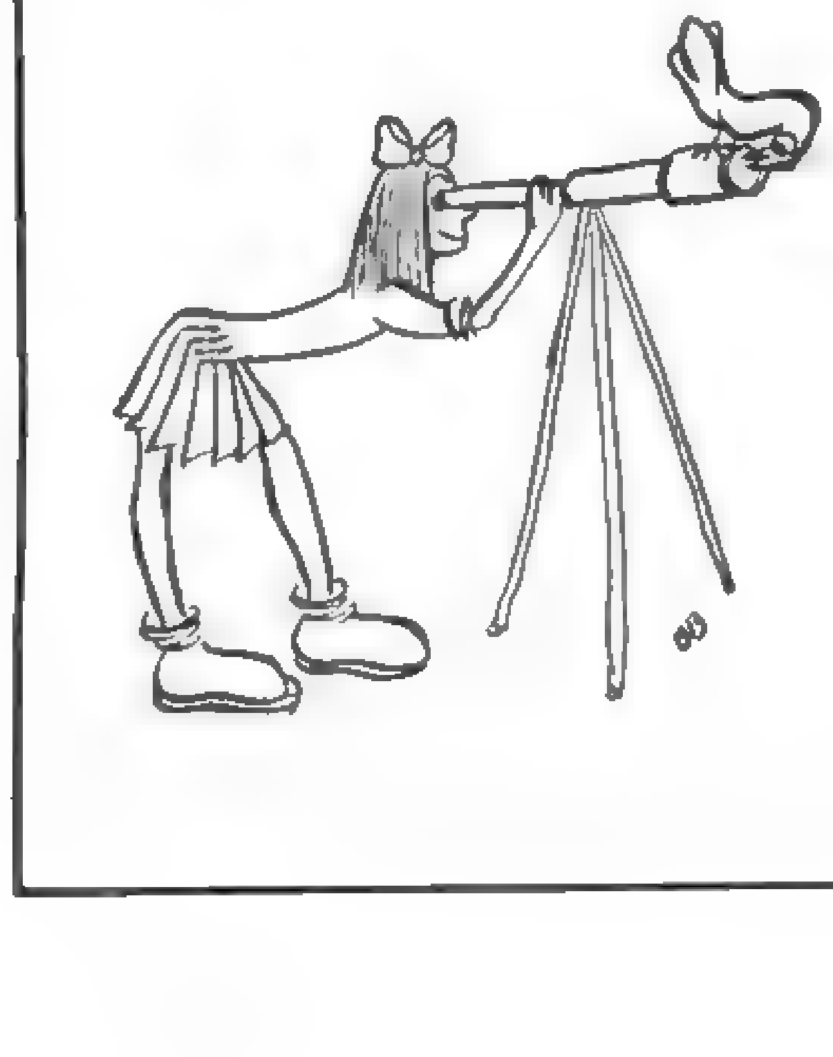
"Henry, dear, we've had the most wonderful luck! The bank just phoned that somebody gave us a rubber check!"





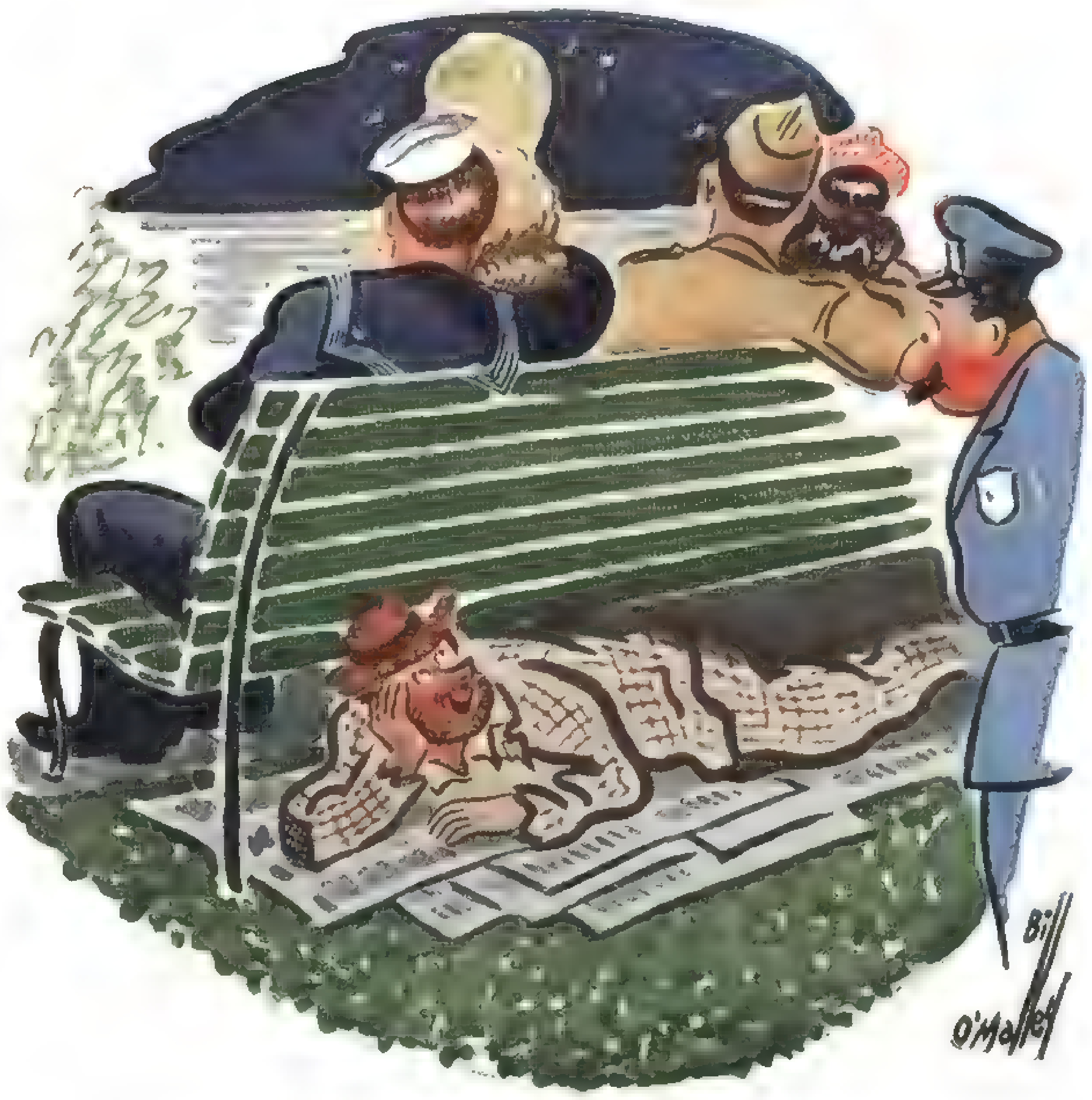
'Twas Always Thus!

A lot of frisky Soldier Boys
Already are revealing
That though they haven't sunburned
They've done a lot of "peeling!"



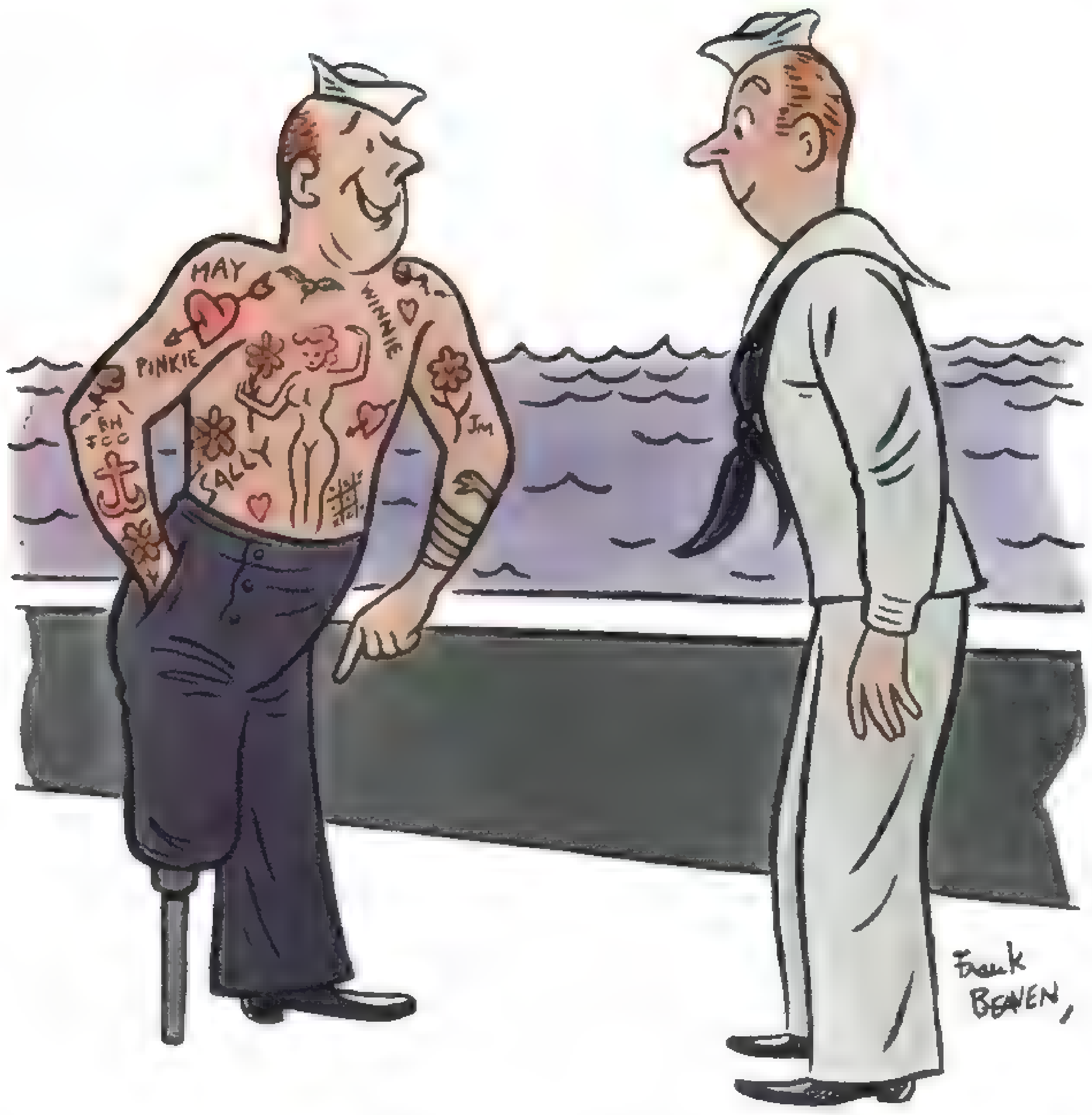
Statistics

From a first-rate mountain resort vantage-point on a clear day, you can see three states, seventy-two counties and eight hundred and twenty-six real estate agents.

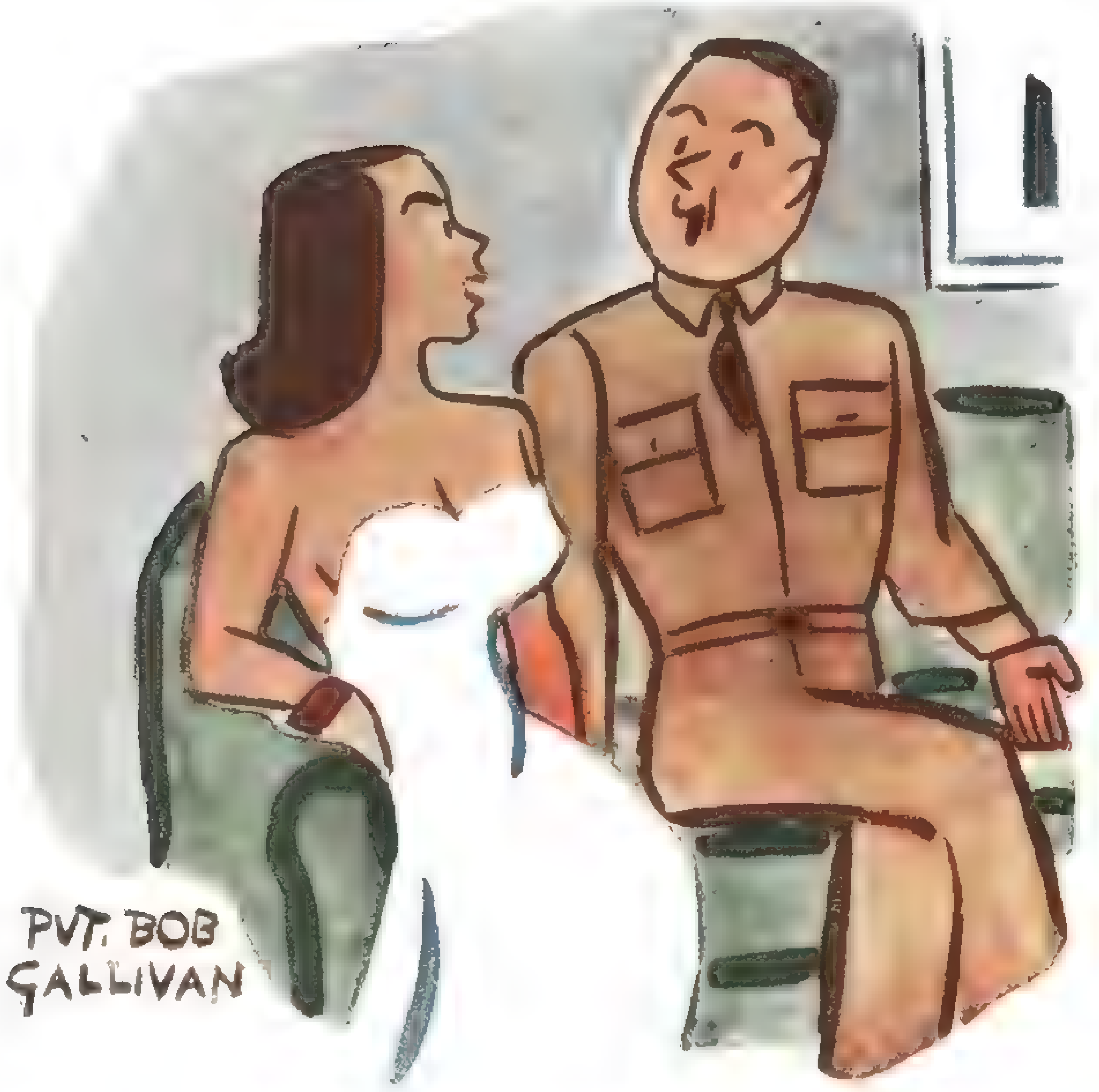


"I guess I'm gonna have to use the lower for the duration"

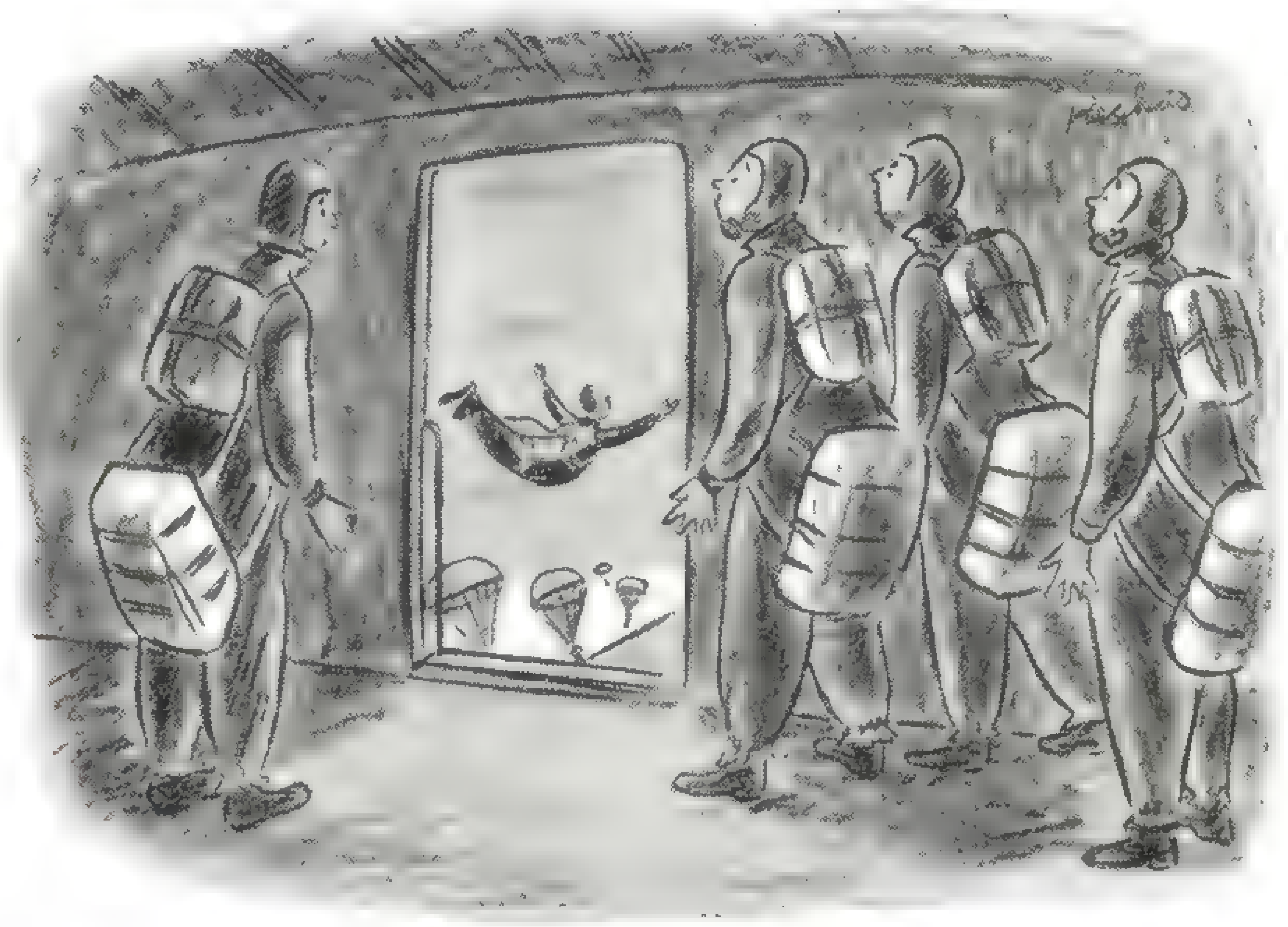
America is getting better prepared every day and is learning to keep its trap shut where giving out valuable information is concerned. We are becoming concerned. We are becoming convinced that it is the strong silent man who wins wars.


MAY
WINNIE
PINKIE
CALLY
JIM
Frank Beaven

"You should have seen the one I had on this leg!"

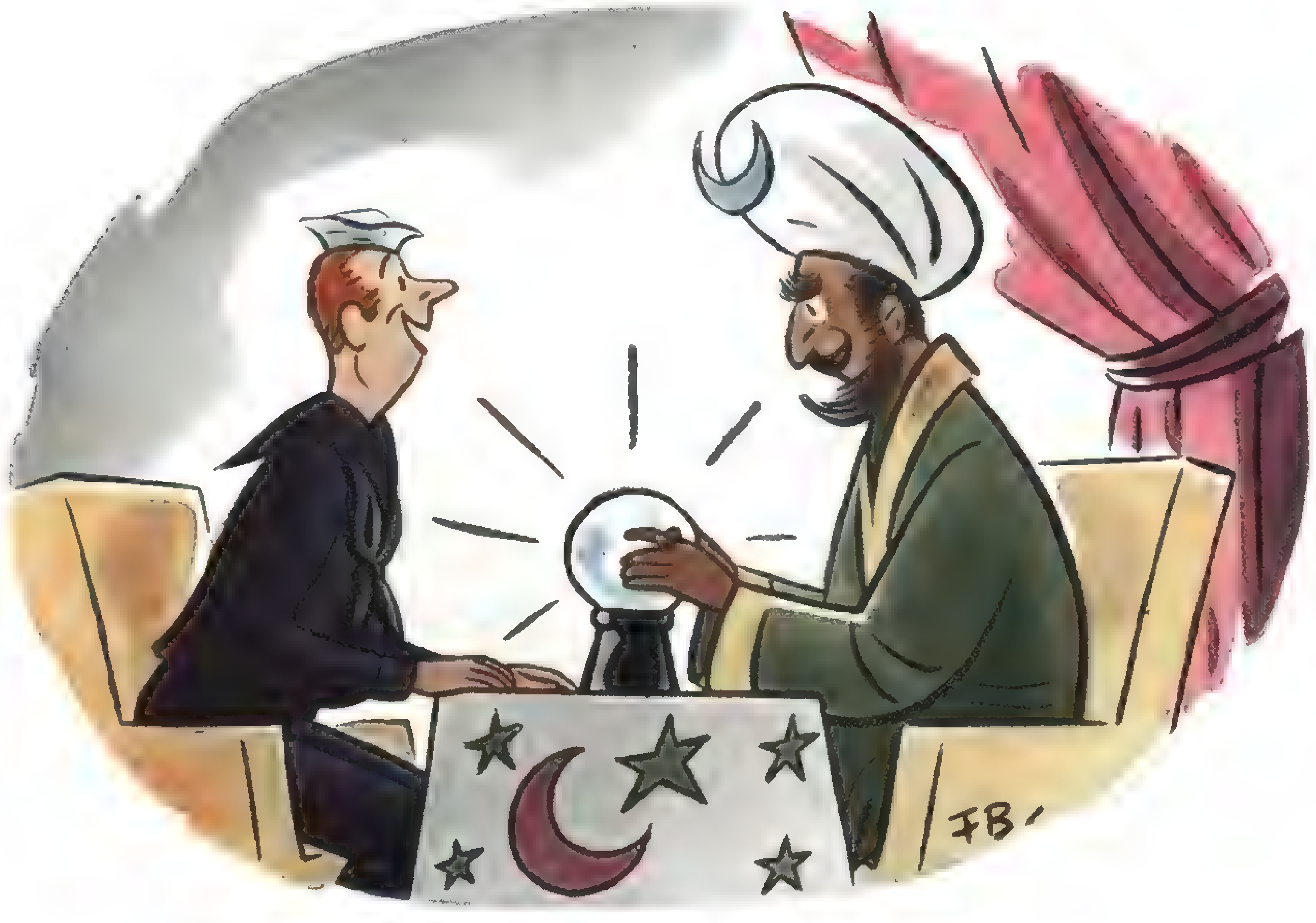

PVT. BOB GALLIVAN

"Why, they work us so hard at camp I forget all about you three and four minutes at a time"

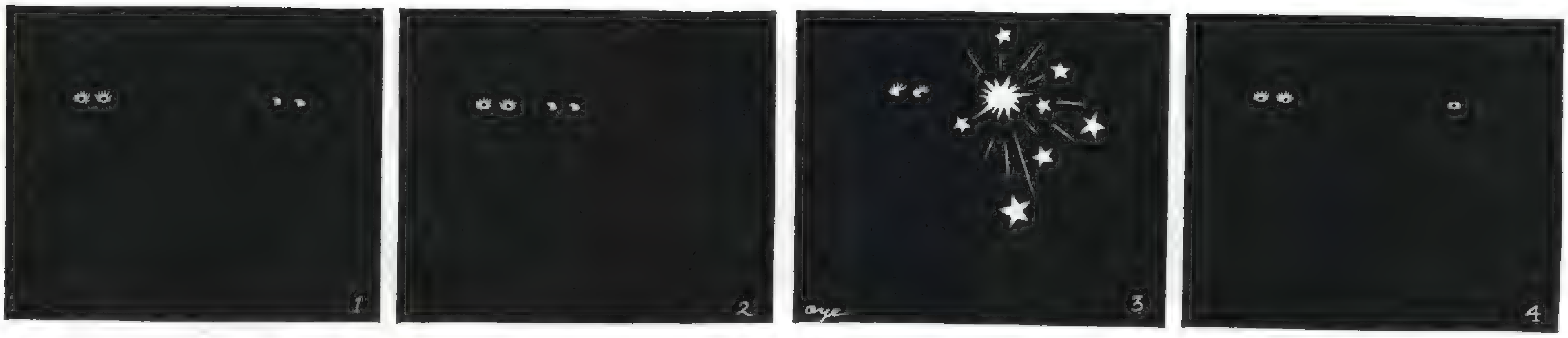


"The big show-off!!"

VICTORY
BUY
BONDS
STAMPS

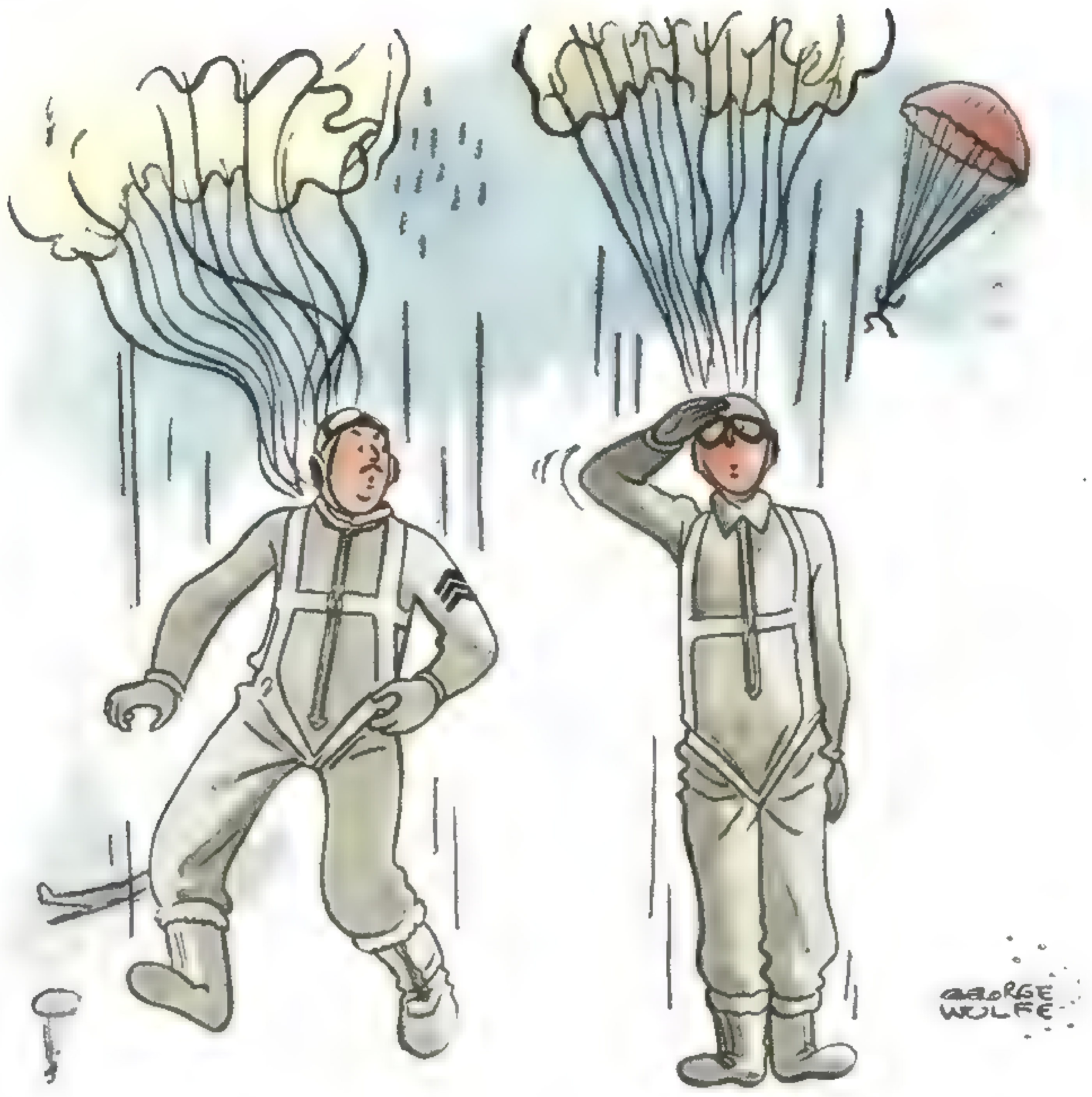


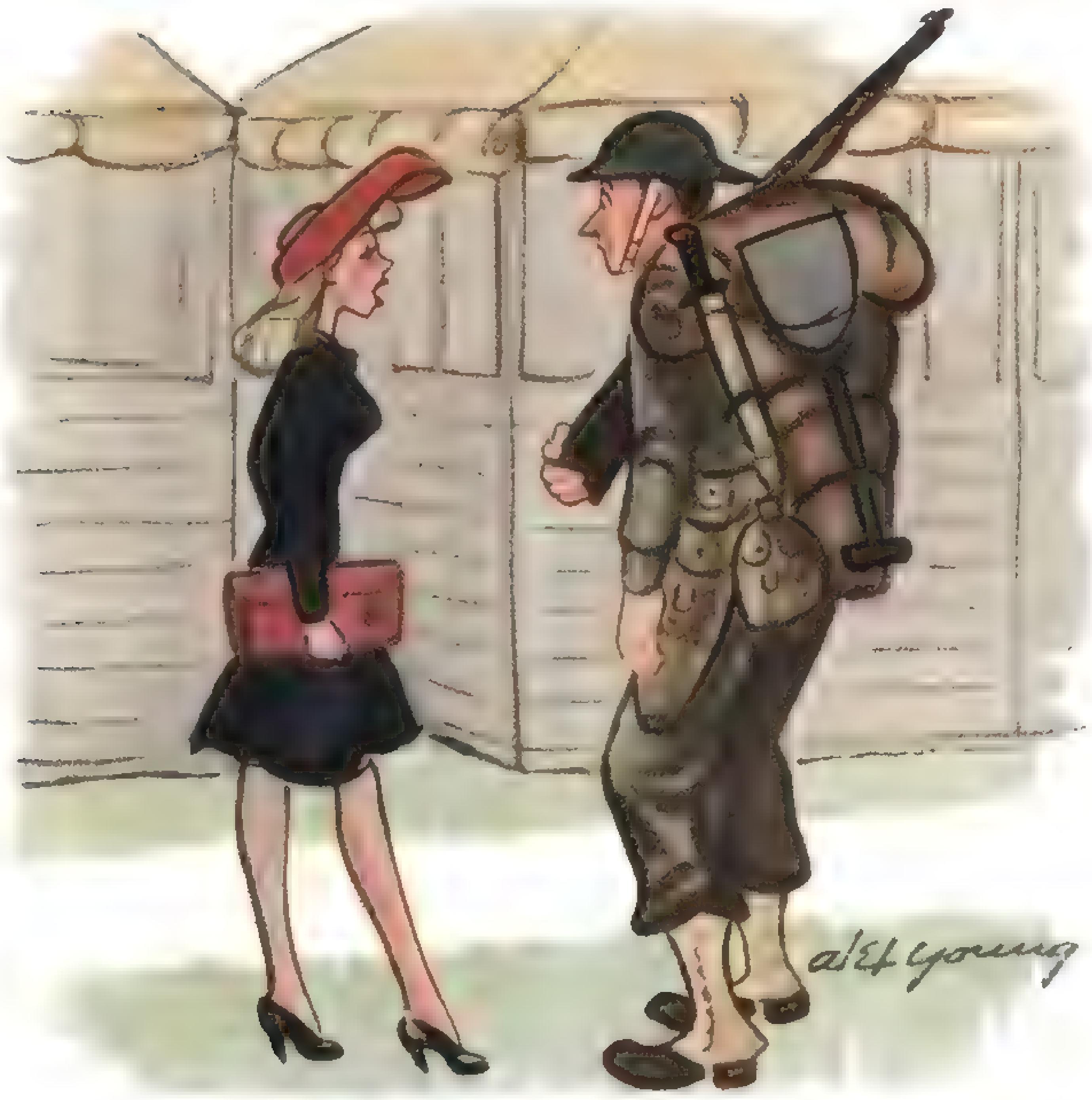
"Do you know the phone number of this blonde I'm going to meet? The suspense is killing me!"



Fairy Story

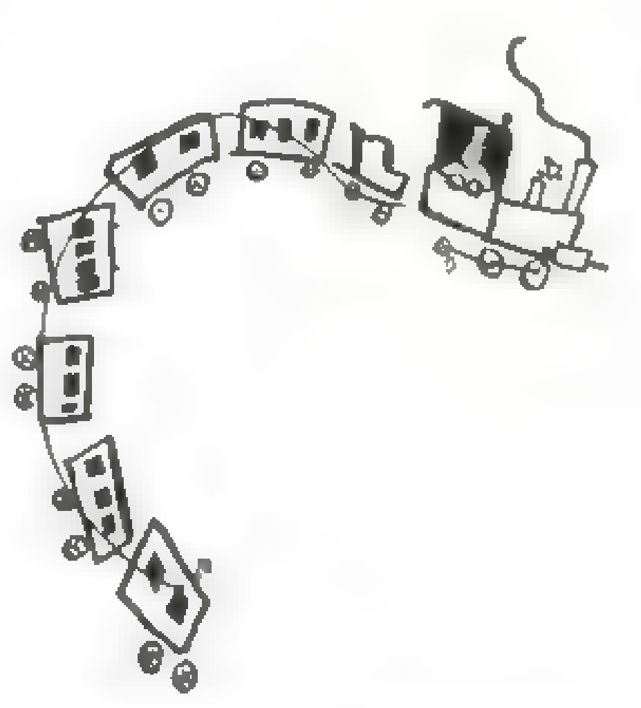
Once upon a time there was a radio commentator who billed his daily stint: "The outside slant on stuff that everybody knows."





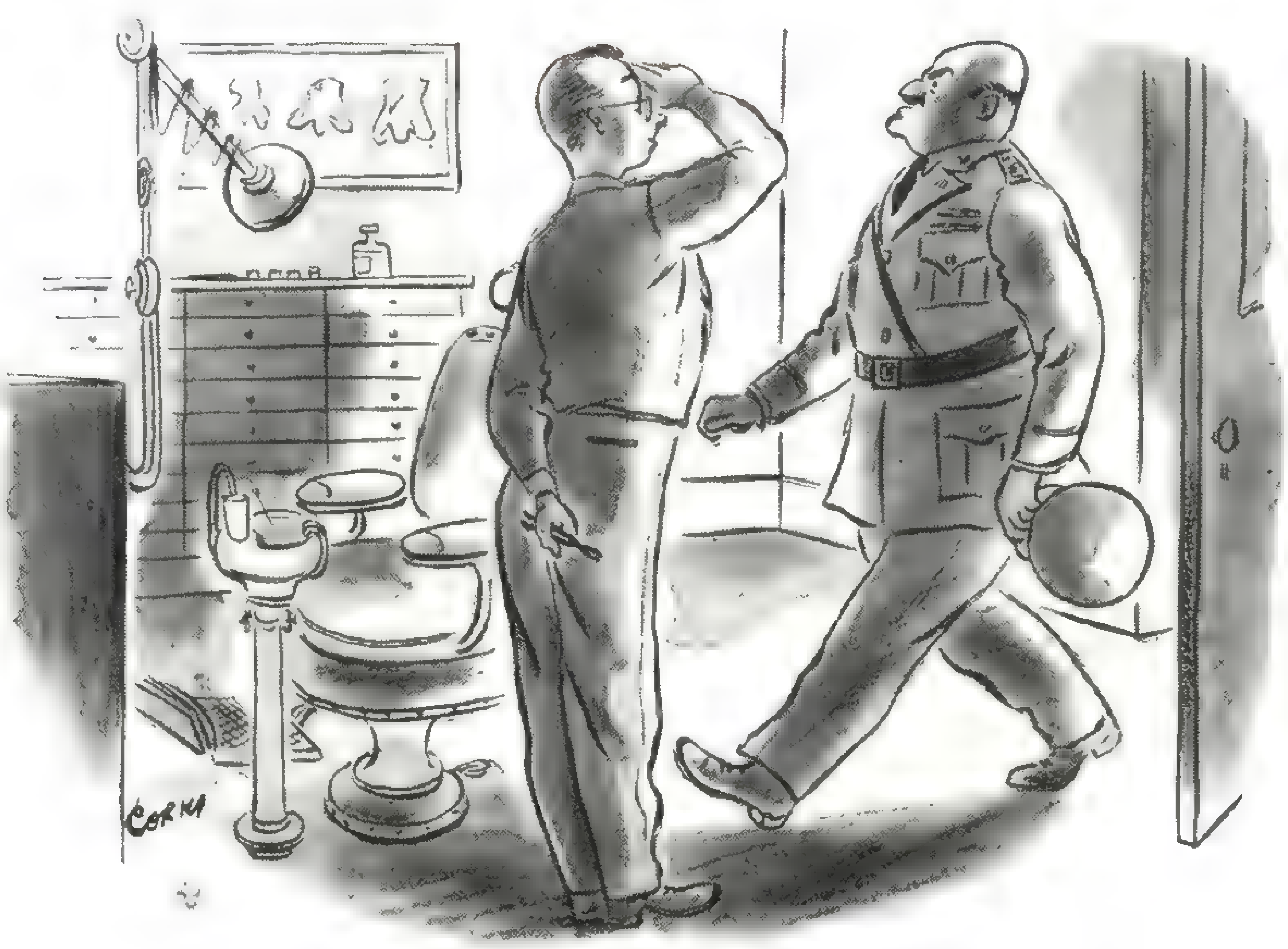
"—and to think you once laughed at all the things I carry in my purse!"

Esky, out to conserve shaving material, says he didn't like his moustache at first, but it grew on him.



Economy Note

The average person didn't go so far away for vacation this summer—thereby making it cheaper to telephone back to the milk company and tell them to stop the supply.



Man the Kitchenette

Your reporter wangles lunch at an army school for bakers and cooks and sings praises for army baked beans and coffee

by ILES BRODY

EDIBLES

For a long time I toyed with the idea of calling on one of the Army's schools for bakers and cooks; and the only reason I dreaded and postponed the visit was because I imagined the schools to be hundreds of railroad miles from New York. When I finally tackled the thing, I found out in less than a minute that there was such a school right in Manhattan's front yard, at Fort Jay, on Governor's Island—and the ferry ride was free. One more proof that there is every advantage in the world in facing problems instead of trying to evade them.

But before I could start on the five-minute salt-water voyage, I had to apply for permission to interview the School from the Army's Information Service at Headquarters. Colonel Rohan, one of the officers in charge—whose ancestor's, the Duc de Rohan's steel engraved portrait oddly enough hangs in my living room instead of his—eyed me a little suspiciously from behind his glasses:

"Now, don't you go swiping our recipes!" he said.

Of course, this was merely pleasantry, and I didn't really have to live in fear of a bastinado—Army recipes are meant almost invariably for at least a hundred customers, while I am supposed to be dealing with one man in a kitchenette.

Over on the Island, Major Quittner, Public Relations Officer, took me in hand, and after some telephoning passed me over to Colonel Talmage Phillips, who is the commanding officer of the School for Bakers and Cooks, not only at Fort Jay but also at the two others in the Second Corps Area at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and Pine Camp, New York.

Altogether there are sixty-five schools in the United States, each handling one hundred and fifty students, and graduating seventy-five every month. It takes two months to become a perfect Army cook, or to acquire the art of baking; the best students then are picked for the Mess Management School, which means an additional month, but also a sergeant's rating. There are nearly ten thousand men who are undergoing training as cooks, bakers or mess sergeants at present, and nearly five thousand graduate each month. Ninety per cent of these are cooks, eight per cent bakers, and two per cent mess sergeants. Sixty officers and 1,500 enlisted men are the teachers and the instructors, not counting the dishwashers (called mess attendants in the Army), who are civilians in most cases, hired for 90 dollars a month plus meals. Sometimes prisoners (military of course) with light sentences or parolees get a break as mess attendants.

When I started to snoop about in the School, Colonel Phillips was busy, and so was his right hand man, Master Sergeant Del Vecchio; but I was put in the care of First Sergeant Lewis, third in command, who had been in the Army and in this same job for quite a few years, with some interruptions. In these intervals he had owned restaurants, but it seems that while small eating places get blown away by a gentle breeze nothing possibly can hurt the Great U. S. Restaurant.

These culinary jobs are pleasant, but by no means lacking in danger. Even in the front lines soldiers have to eat, and consequently all their dangers are shared by the cooks. Yet there are plenty of candidates for the School, and they are selected by their company commander for this service. He sends them to the School, where no questions are asked; not even whether they can peel potatoes or boil an egg; they're put to work at once, after donning a white jacket and a chef's white cap.

Since everything has to be according to regulation in the Army, Sergeant Lewis first took me to see the inauguration meal of the inductees. The midday repast consisted of cold cuts, baked beans, baked and boiled potatoes, creamed spinach with egg on top, cold slaw, stewed prunes, bread and butter, coffee and cream, and an unlimited amount of unrationed sugar that must be welcome to men who had to produce ration cards only a few hours before. The inductees' meal is not thought by Army men to be elaborate, in fact they belittle it; but since it is never sure how many new recruits there will be, the meal has to be "simple" and easy to prepare. At Fort Jay they feed about 1,400 inductees daily, but as I said, the number varies. The cooks in this kitchen are of course all students; there are fourteen of them, working in two shifts, under the sharp eyes of two instructors. The instructors reminisce about famous inductees, and recall with affection in their voices that Joe Louis ate every bit of the food on his first day and actually asked for more spinach, although he is one lad who certainly doesn't need it. It was also told that the new men arrive with wonderful appetites, and the Army food appeals to them by its very novelty.

In another huge mess hall all the officers, doctors and girls, who are doing work at the inducting station, are fed. While the inductees get their meals "on the house," the officers and doctors pay forty cents per meal, and the girls twenty-five. Here, too, all the chefs are student cooks, since the best way to learn is by actual practice and experience, and this goes for cooking as much as for anything else. While I don't particularly enjoy being shaved by an apprentice barber, I am willing to eat the food prepared by an apprentice cook. They are enthusiastic, and if they work under the eyes of experts, they may very well turn out masterpieces, even if by mistake.

I would have liked to eat my lunch at the inductee stations as a regular soldier, for I am eager to join the colors (they won't accept me up to the present because I happen to be born

Continued on page 129

"Now be sure Private Graham gets these au gratins—he doesn't like mashed potatoes"

1
ICHI
NINGEN
Mankind

HITO—*person*

ICHI
1

2
NI
NINGEN
Mankind

ONNA—*woman*

OTOKO—*man*

NI
2

3
SAN
NINGEN
Mankind

OTOKO-NO-KO—*boy*

ONNA-NO-KO—*girl*

KODOMO—*child*

SAN
3

4
SHI
NINGEN
Mankind

CHICHI—*father*

HA-HA—*mother*

MUSUME—*daughter*

MUSUKO—*son*

SHI
4

5
GO
NINGEN
Mankind

OYA—*parents*

OBA—*aunt*

OJI—*uncle*

ME—*niece*

OI—*nephew*

GO
5

6
ROKU
NINGEN
Mankind

TSUMA—*wife*

OTTO—*husband*

SHUTO—*father-in-law*

SHUTO-ME—*mother-in-law*

MUKO—*son-in-law*

UCHI NO YOME—*daughter-in-law*

ROKU
6

7
SHICHI
NINGEN
Mankind

OJII-SAN—*grandfather*

OBAA-SAN—*grandmother*

MAGO—*grandchild*

ANI—*brother—elder*

OTOTO—*brother—younger*

ANE—*sister-elder*

IMOTO—*sister-younger*

SHICHI
7

8
HACHI
NINGEN
Mankind

KENCHIKU-SHI—*architect*

EGAKA—*artist*

PAN-YA—*baker*

GINKO CHO—*banker*

KAMI-YUI—*barber*

HON-YA—*bookseller*

NIKU-YA—*butcher*

DAI KU—*carpenter*

HACHI
8

9
KU
NINGEN
Mankind

KUSURI-YA—*druggist*

KOKKU—*cook*

HA-ISHA—*dentist*

ISHA—*doctor*

HYAKUSHO—*farmer*

RYO-SHI—*fisherman*

HANA-YA—*florist*

JOKYO-SHI—*governess*

YAOYA—*grocer*

KU
9

10
JU
NINGEN
Mankind

DAIGEN-NIN—*lawyer*

KANGOJO—*nurse*

MEGANE-SHI—*optician*

SHA-SHIN-YA—*photographer*

JUNSA—*policeman*

KARUKO—*porter*

KUTSU-YA—*shoemaker*

SHOSEI—*student*

SHITATE-YA—*tailor*

KYOSHI—*teacher*

JU
10

1
ICHI
KARADA
The Body

ATAMA—*head*

ICHI
1

2
NI
KARADA
The Body

NO—*brain*

KOKORO—*heart*

NI
2

3
SAN
KARADA
The Body

ASHI—*leg*

UDE—*arm*

KATA—*shoulders*

SAN
3

4
SHI
KARADA
The Body

ME—*eye*

MIMI—*ear*

HANA—*nose*

NODO—*throat*

SHI
4

5
GO
KARADA
The Body

YUBI—*fingers*

TE—*hand*

ASHI-NO-YUBI—*toe*

ASHI-KUBI—*ankle*

HIZA—*knee*

GO
5

6
ROKU
KARADA
The Body

KAWA—*skin*

KE—*hair*

HA—*teeth*

KAO—*face*

SHITA—*tongue*

KUCHI—*mouth*

ROKU
6

7
SHICHI
KARADA
The Body

HONE—*bones*

WAKI—*side*

SENAKA—*back*

CHI—*blood*

MUNE—*chest*

I—*stomach*

ABARA—*rib*

SHICHI
7

8
HACHI
KARADA
The Body

ZUBON—*trousers*

SUSO—*skirt*

YOFUKU—*dress*

BOSHI—*hat*

GWAITO—*overcoat*

KUTSU—*shoe*

KUTSUSHITA—*stocking*

TE-BUKURO—*glove*

HACHI
8

9
KU
KARADA
The Body

SAIFU—*purse*

KAKUSHI—*pocket*

NEXITAI—*necktie*

TABI-DOME—*garters*

KUSHI—*comb*

BURASHI—*brush*

BOTAN—*button*

NEMAKI—*pyjamas*

SHATSU—*shirt*

KU
9

10
JU
KARADA
The Body

KUSURI—*medicine*

ITAMI—*pain*

KUJIKI—*sprain*

SHOKU-ATARI—*indigestion*

NETSU—*fever*

SEKI—*cough*

YAKEDO—*burn*

KAMI-KIZU—*bite*

GWANYAKU—*pill*

UCHI-MI—*bruise*

JU
10

1
ICHI
CHIKYU
The World

TSUCHI—*earth*

ICHI
1

2
NI
CHIKYU
The World

SORA—*sky*

MIZU—*water*

NI
2

3
SAN
CHIKYU
The World

KAZE—*wind*

SUNA—*sand*

HOSHI—*stars*

SAN
3

4
SHI
CHIKYU
The World

KITA—*north*

MINAMI—*south*

HIGASHI—*east*

NISHI—*west*

SHI
4

5
GO
CHIKYU
The World

AME—*rain*

YUKI—*snow*

KIRI—*fog*

SHIMO—*frost*

KORI—*ice*

GO
5

6
ROKU
CHIKYU
The World

KAWA—*river*

KOSUI—*lake*

SHIO—*tide*

UMIBE—*beach*

SHIMA—*island*

TOCHI—*land*

ROKU
6

7
SHICHI
CHIKYU
The World

ATUSA—*heat*

SAMUSA—*cold*

HI—*fire*

HI—*sun*

TSUKI—*moon*

KURAI—*darkness*

AKARI—*light*

SHICHI
7

8
HACHI
CHIKYU
The World

KIN—*gold*

TETSU—*iron*

GIN—*silver*

AKAGANE—*copper*

KI—*wood*

ISHI—*stone*

HAGANE—*steel*

SUZU—*tin*

HACHI
8

9
KU
CHIKYU
The World

KUROI—*black*

SHIROI—*white*

KIIROI—*yellow*

AKAI—*red*

TOBI-IRO—*brown*

AOI—*blue*

MIDORI-IRO—*green*

MURASAKI-IRO—*purple*

NEDZUMI-IRO—*gray*

KU
9

10
JU
CHIKYU
The World

INAKI—*country*

MACHI—*town*

HATA—*farm*

MORI—*forest*

KOYA—*cabin*

MICHI—*road*

MORI—*woods*

HASHI—*bridge*

YAMA—*mountain*

TANI—*valley*

JU
10

Turning the Tables...On Tokio

Painless way to master Pidgin-Japanese for soldiers, sailors, intelligence men or future travellers in occupied Nippon

by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪ GAMES ▪

JAPANESE is a simple language; and every hard-hitting, pugnacious American should learn it. We need it to gauge the fine points of our offensive strategy; and we will need it even more when we start spending pleasant summers in the Socialist-Soviet Republic of Japan . . . or in American Dai Nippon, our newest territory.

For some curious reason, few Americans in times past have bothered to learn Japanese. But the Japanese, being less unbending, have taken ample trouble to learn every detail of our tongue—with the possible exception of the niceties of the letter "R." The result was perfect yellow-cover team work at Pearl Harbor—"so solly."

It should be pointed out at the beginning of this suggestion for intra-continental and polyglot sleuthing, that Japanese is a quaint and musical argot—much easier to learn than English. And a few merry hours spent with the bonanza contrived in these columns, should make you a master of Pidgin-Japanese . . . a Lothario with the *Fujiwara* . . . and should guarantee your ability to ask for what you want, and be certain of wanting what you ask for.

Suppose we assume that the time has come for you to swagger flamboyantly down the Ginza. You see a pretty girl, slim, lotus-like, almond-eyed. A usable, succinct, and effective vocabulary is now in order. You need it; and need it quickly. There will be no trouble, if you look far enough ahead to such a moment . . . and have these columns neatly in your pocket.

Your first word of greeting, as this clipping will remind you, is *O hayo*, "Good Morning." If it happens to be dark, substitute *Komban wa*, "Good Evening."

In the back part of your head, you might park the polite phrase, reserved for the final retiring, to wit, *O yasumi nasai*, "Good Night."

One of the most convenient ways of beginning a beautiful friendship in the conquered country, is to say to your would-be conqueree, little Cio-Cio-San, *Kono mono wa, Nihon-go de nan to moshimasu?* "What is the Japanese name for this?" At this point, you hold up a diamond necklace, a wristwatch, or some bauble of the type Columbus brought to the Indians.

As soon as Madame Butterfly opens her daintily-tattooed lips to reply, you say, *Do itashimashite*, "Oh, don't mention it."

You then say, *Goran nasai*, "Look." She smiles. You continue, *Watakushi wa Smith to moshimosu*, "My name is Smith."

The following dialogue then ensues:

She: *Hajimete o me ni kakarimasu*, "I see you for the first time."

You: *Sore ni soi nai n'desu*, "There's no mistake about it." *Rippa na mono ja nai ka?*, "Is it not beautiful?"

She: *Dochira ye o ide de gozaimasu?*, "Where are you going?"

You: *Jigoku*, "To Hell."

She: *Kiite itadakito gozaimasu*, "Please inquire for me."

* * *

In acquiring the elements of Japanese, it is necessary to distinguish between the written word and the spoken word. You will have no difficulty whatever on this score, because you won't be able to make head or tail of the written word.

Yet, with the aid of a good dictionary, it's as easy to translate a Japanese idiograph as it is to understand a Kandinsky nude.

Japanese characters—which are also the Chinese characters—are divided into two parts. The first part, which may rest on the top, on the bottom, to the left, to the right, or may completely envelop the remainder of the symbol, is the mark for general classification.

To look up a word in the Japanese dictionary, you first count the number of strokes in the radical. You then look in that section of the dictionary where the radicals of that size are tabulated. After that, you rest, refresh yourself, and examine page mark after page mark, until you find the radical you're looking for. After finding the radical, you start counting the strokes in the remainder. And so on, far into the night.

It so happens that English-Japanese dictionaries are not easy to get these days. You can wait until you start week-ending on Fujiyama, before adding this encumbrance to your knapsack.

Meanwhile, it's a practicable matter to build up a large enough vocabulary to negotiate the most tenuous social pitfalls with the grace of a gentleman—if not the accents of a scholar.

* * *

It is suggested that you buy yourself a few stacks of small index cards. On these cards, write the words you're most likely to use, culled from these columns.

Arrange these cards by groups—making suits, corresponding to the suits you would have in a standard deck of playing cards.

When you have prepared these cards, use them for gin rummy—and play for a penny a point.

The value of each card can be gauged by the number of words listed on them. For example, let "food" (*shokumotsu*) be one suit. The first card in this suit, which would correspond to an ace, would be the word "dinner"

Continued on next page

"The American newspapers write much about this gun—it is invented by a Buck Rogers"

(*ya-shoku*). The second card, having a value of two, would have two words on it: "breakfast" (*asa-han*); and "lunch" (*ranchi*). The top of the suit, having a value of ten, naturally would contain ten names.

If you prepare a deck of cards along these lines, and use them for poker—as well as gin rummy—and if you make your stakes sufficiently high, it's a foregone conclusion that you will learn simple Japanese in less time than it would take for the Pacific Clipper to fly from San Francisco to Yokohama.

* * *

There's an interesting psychological fact to be observed about this process. Advertising, which sells millions of dollars of more or less useful products to the American public, can also be made to work for you. And the technique of billboard advertising is harnessed with this card system.

For each card is a miniature billboard which flashes its message each time you take it up. The result is unconscious learning. With no effort on your part, the materials on the cards worm their way into the fibers of the unconscious strata of your mind. Before you know it, you find that you are remembering words which you have made no decisive effort to capture.

If you're a skillful poker player, or an imaginative devotee of gin rummy, this excellent game—otherwise known as *Oni ni ono*, or "Axe the Axis"—will earn you money for war savings stamps . . . while cramming you with gallant niceties to use for your weekend in Yokohama.

To give your play more of a flavor, you might just as well conduct your pow-wow in Japanese—across the table. For example, in poker, instead of saying "one pair," say *ittsui;* for "three of a kind," *sambon;* "two pair," *nitsui;* "full house," *ippai;* "straight," *tsuzuki;* "flush," *doshoku;* "royal flush," *chokudo.*

"To call" is *yobu;* "to win" is *katsu.*

* * *

And now a few practical words. If you use the nouns which you will remember in short order from the cards . . . and use them in connection with only two verbs—the verb "to be," and the verb "to have"—you'll be able to get along pretty well in Japan. What you will be speaking, of course, is a kind of Esquire Pidgin-Japanese . . . scarcely the language of the Imperial Court. But since there may not be any more Court when you trip gaily down the Ginza, that fact is no more than an academic detail.

VERBS

To Be
(Present Indicative)

AM, IS, ARE—*desu*

(Past)

WAS—*deshita*

VERBS

To Want
(Present Indicative)

WANT, WANTS—*irimasu*

VERBS

To Have
(Present Indicative)

HAVE—*motte imasu*
(having) (am)

To form the verb structure of "to have," simply take the present indicative, which is *motte imasu*, and add to it the necessary "I," "You," "He," "She," and so on.

The personal pronouns are as follows:

"I"—*watakushi*
"You"—*anata*
"He" and "She"—*ano kata*
"We"—*watakushitachi*
"You"—(plural)—*anatagata*
"They"—*ano katagata*

All nouns are normally followed by post-positions, which correspond roughly to our pre-positions. *Wa* is the post-position indicating who is doing the talking. *O* is the post-position that marks the direct object. *Ga* denotes the grammatical subject. Verbs always come at the end of the sentence—as in the language of Japan's chief Axis partner. "I have" is *watakushi wa motte imasu;* "You have" is *anata wa motte imasu;* etc.

The present indicative of the verb "to be" is *desu.* The various forms are combined as illustrated with the verb "to have," except for the fact that *desu* is easier to handle—not requiring any post-position. Thus, "I am" is *watakushi desu;* "He is" is *ano kata desu*—and so on, until the long, slender fingers drown all such talk amid the soft strumming of the *koto.*

* * *

One more verb form might be added to the verbal knapsack of the complete Pidgin-Japaneser: *irimasu*, the present indicative of "to want."

This will give us such delightful and interesting combinations as *Watakushi wa* (I) *sannin* (three) *no joyu* (singing girls) *ga* *irimasu* (want).

* * *

You may well ask yourself, "Why bother to learn Japanese? It's a dead language." But this, it should be noted, is only the reaction of a conservative.

When this war has been won, it will be an essential thing to understand and talk the language of our new wards. And our public opinion may alter, in this connection, as drastically as opinion altered after the last war.

We will begin to observe that we have had no quarrel with the down-trodden Japanese peasant, or with the delicate geisha. Our quarrel, we will say, was with the extinct classes—the overlords, the samurai, the Japanese Fascists.

Our slogan, then, will be not "Remember Pearl Harbor," but "Remember Hokusai and Hiroshige." And sentimentalists of the day will say that we were too hard on the Nipponese . . . in the Singapore Treaty. *Domo,* they will say, speaking of the treaty, "What a pity."

Meanwhile, in the best interests of our war effort, it is suggested that every American Army Intelligence officer, and everyone who expects to make the best use of the Japanese territory we capture, start learning Japanese. It's only half as hard as it looks; and the added power and understanding it will give us, will be worth many times the trouble it takes.

In order to destroy something, a French cynic once said, it is necessary to understand it. The Japanese Fifth Columnists understand us only too well. It's high time we learned to explain to them, in their own *patois,* the fine points of *hara kiri.*

It is suggested that every progressive Army and Navy man set himself up with a deck of these cards . . . and amuse himself with the various ways of saying, politely, to the *Nippon-jin;* "The Yanks are here . . . the Mikado is dead . . . the samurai are gone . . . the world is free—and please, where is the hon. bathroom?" ⧺

U.S. ARMY
U.S. ARMY
U.S.
GEORGE WOLFE

1 **DOGU**
ICHI *Furnishings*

HEYA—*room*

ICHI
1

2 **DOGU**
NI *Furnishings*

NI-DAI—*bed*

ISU—*chair*

NI
2

3 **DOGU**
SAN *Furnishings*

TEBURU—*table*

RAMPU—*lamp*

TOKEI—*clock*

SAN
3

4 **DOGU**
SHI *Furnishings*

TO—*door*

YUKA—*floor*

TENJO—*ceiling*

KABE—*wall*

SHI
4

5 **DOGU**
GO *Furnishings*

NE-MA—*bedroom*

SHOKUJII
NO MA—*dining room*

DAIDOKORO—*kitchen*

NIWA—*garden*

ENGAWA—*porch*

GO
5

6 **DOGU**
ROKU *Furnishings*

MAKURA—*pillow*
SHIITSU—*sheets*
MAKU—*curtains*
TENUGUI—*towel*
TEBURU KAKE—*table cloth*
NAFUKIN—*napkin*

ROKU
6

7 **DOGU**
SHICHI *Furnishings*

E—*picture*
PIYANO—*piano*
KAGI—*key*
JOMAE—*lock*
JU-TAN—*carpet*
KAGAMI—*mirror*
DENTO—*electric light*

SHICHI
7

8 **DOGU**
HACHI *Furnishings*

HAKO—*box*
RIN—*bell*
TANSU—*bureau*
MACHI—*matches*
HASHIGO—*stairs*
HON—*book*
KAGO—*basket*
SARA—*plate*

HACHI
8

9 **DOGU**
KU *Furnishings*

NAIFU—*knife*
HAKO—*fork*
SAGI—*spoon*
HASHI—*chopsticks*
BON—*tray*
WAN—*cup*
KOPPU—*glass*
DOBIN—*teapot*
NABE—*pot*

KU
9

10 **DOGU**
JU *Furnishings*

HASHIGODAN—*stairs*
BENJO—*toilet*
HONBAKO—*bookcase*
SHOSAI—*library*
HON—*book*
YANE—*roof*
ANA-GURA—*cellar*
BURANKETTO—*blankets*
SUTOBU—*stove*
KOBOSHI—*basin*

JU
10

1 **SHOKUMOTSU**
ICHI *Food*

YA SHOKU—*dinner*

ICHI
1

2 **SHOKUMOTSU**
NI *Food*

ASA-HAN—*breakfast*

RANCHI—*lunch*

NI
2

3 **SHOKUMOTSU**
SAN *Food*

TAMAGO—*eggs*

PAN—*bread*

BATA—*butter*

SAN
3

4 **SHOKUMOTSU**
SHI *Food*

TABAKO—*tobacco*

SHIGARO—*cigars*

MAKI TABAKO—*cigarettes*

KYANDE—*candy*

SHI
4

5 **SHOKUMOTSU**
GO *Food*

KURIIMU—*cream*

KWASHI—*cake*

UDONKO—*flour*

KOME—*rice*

CHIISU—*cheese*

GO
5

6 **SHOKUMOTSU**
ROKU *Food*

SATO—*sugar*
SHIO—*salt*
KOSHO—*pepper*
SU—*vinegar*
KARASHI—*mustard*
ABURA—*oil*

ROKU
6

7 **SHOKUMOTSU**
SHICHI *Food*

BEIKON—*bacon*
BEIFU-TEKI—*steak*
HAMU—*ham*
KO-HITSUJI—*lamb*
BUTA NO NIKU—*pork*
USNI—*beef*
MATEN—*mutton*

SHICHI
7

8 **SHOKUMOTSU**
HACHI *Food*

BIDOSHU—*wine*
NOMI-MIDZU—*water*
BIIRU—*beer*
SODA-MIDZU—*soda*
USHI NOCHICHI—*milk*
CHA—*tea*
KOHII—*coffee*
UISUKII—*whiskey*

HACHI
8

9 **SHOKUMOTSU**
KU *Food*

NEGI—*onion*
SARADO—*salad*
NINJIN—*carrot*
ENDOMAME—*pea*
HORENSO—*spinach*
POTETO—*potato*
KYABETSU—*cabbage*
BITSU—*beets*
MAME—*beans*

KU
9

10 **SHOKUMOTSU**
JU *Food*

SAKANA—*fish*
KURUMA-EBI—*lobster*
EBI—*shrimp*
KAKI—*oyster*
KANI—*crab*
SHAKE—*salmon*
NISHIN—*herring*
YAMAME—*trout*
TARA—*cod*
UNAGI—*eel*

JU
10

1 **JIKOKU**
ICHI *Times & Seasons*

KYO—*today*

ICHI
1

2 **JIKOKU**
NI *Times & Seasons*

KINO—*yesterday*

ASU—*tomorrow*

NI
2

3 **JIKOKU**
SAN *Times & Seasons*

ASA—*morning*

OHIRO—*noon*

YORU—*night*

SAN
3

4 **JIKOKU**
SHI *Times & Seasons*

HARU—*spring*

NATSU—*summer*

AKI—*autumn*

FUYU—*winter*

SHI
4

5 **JIKOKU**
GO *Times & Seasons*

HI-NO-DE—*sunrise*

HI-NO-IRI—*sunset*

KURE-GATA—*twilight*

AKE-GATA—*dawn*

YONAKA—*midnight*

GO
5

6 **JIKOKU**
ROKU *Times & Seasons*

SUGU—*soon*
OSOI—*late*
HAYAI—*early*
ITSUDEMO—*at anytime*
ITSUMO—*always*
ITSU—*when*

ROKU
6

7 **JIKOKU**
SHICHI *Times & Seasons*

NICHIYOBI—*Sunday*
GETSUYOBI—*Monday*
KAYOBI—*Tuesday*
SUIYOBI—*Wednesday*
MOKUYOBI—*Thursday*
KINYOBI—*Friday*
DOYOBI—*Saturday*

SHICHI
7

8 **JIKOKU**
HACHI *Times & Seasons*

BYO—*second*
FUN—*minute*
JI—*hour*
HI—*day*
SHU—*week*
TSUKI—*month*
TOSHI—*year*
KI—*season*

HACHI
8

9 **JIKOKU**
KU *Times & Seasons*

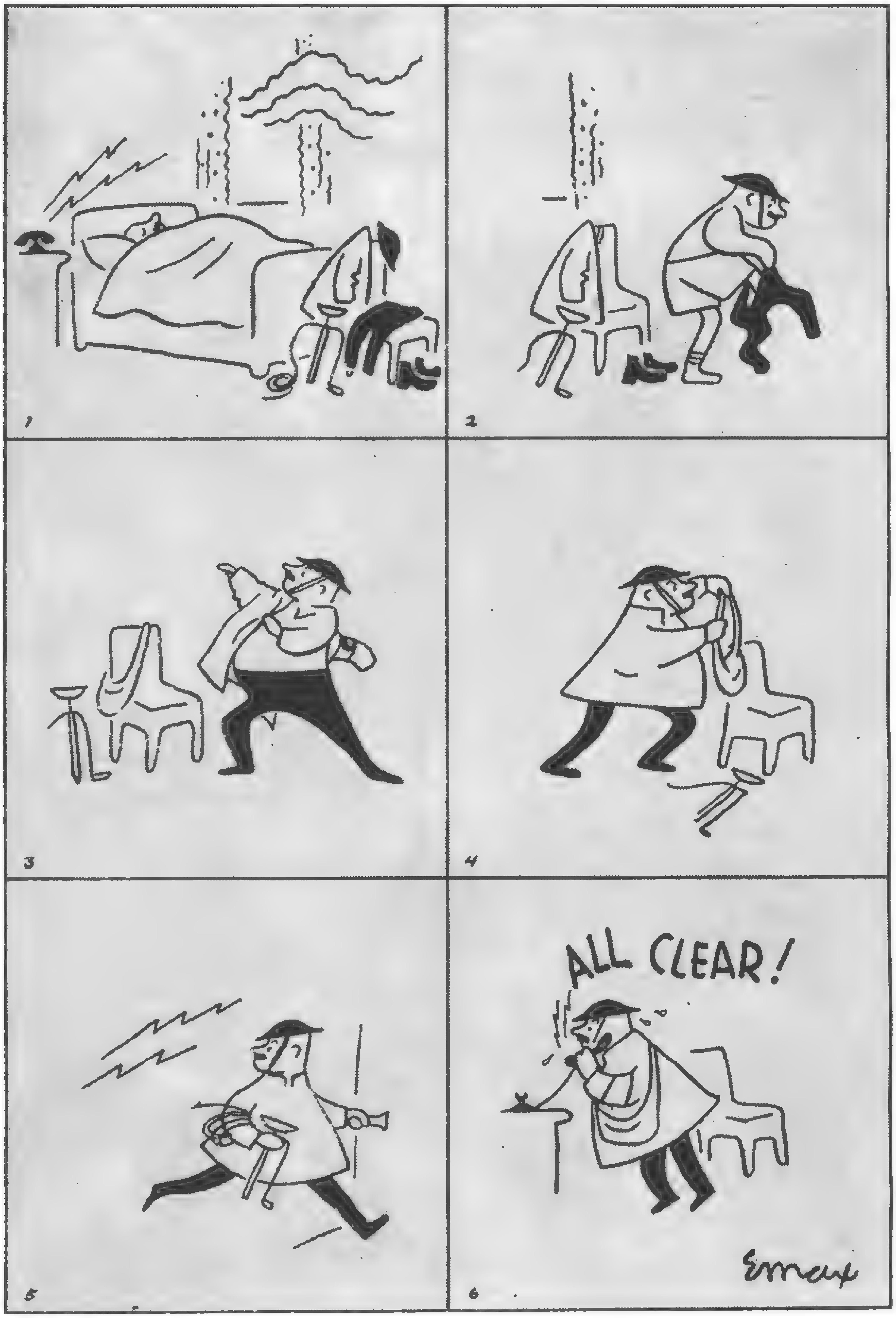
SHO-GWATSU—*January*
NI-GWATSU—*February*
SAN-GWATSU—*March*
SHI-GWATSU—*April*
GO-GWATSU—*May*
ROKU-GWATSU—*June*
SHICHI-GWATSU—*July*
HACHI-GWATSU—*August*
KU-GWATSU—*September*

KU
9

10 **JIKOKU**
JU *Times & Seasons*

JU-GWATSU—*October*
JU-ICHI-GWATSU—*Nov.*
JU-NI GWATSU—*December*
TOKI—*time*
MAINEN—*yearly*
MAIGETSU—*monthly*
KONDO—*this time*
TSUGI—*next time*
IKUDOMO—*many times*
MIDO—*twice*

JU
10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ALL CLEAR!
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New Pennsychusetts Has Everything

Forty-five states urge vacationers to come and see their mountains, seashores, tombs, dams, woods and bathing beauties

by DAVID H. BEETLE

• ARTICLE •

IF YOUR travel bureau hasn't told you, we'll let you in on a secret: there's a war on and any vacationing to be done this summer will be on the home preserves.

But this still leaves you 48 states to roam around in (if you have the tires) and don't think for a minute that the states are shy about welcoming you.

We know. For two or three years now a perverse interest in such things has led us to dash off 48 post cards as follows:

> "*Gentlemen;*
> *I am thinking of spending*
> *my vacation in your state. Please*
> *send me tourist information.*
> *Cordially*"

We simply signed our name and address and mailed the cards to the "State Publicity Department or Tourist Information Service" at the respective 48 state capitals. (You can get the list of capitals from any ten-year-old boy.) The cards sent we braced ourselves and waited. After the first year we also braced our Sears-Roebuck mailbox; we knew what was coming.

Our last annual haul, to get statistical, yielded a panoply of 284 pieces of assorted literature, all sent by states who were confident we had something else to spend besides our vacation; a misplaced confidence by the way. There were 37 road maps, 1,792 pages worth of booklets, brochures, and folders; two or three personal letters; and three windshield stickers (illegal in New York).

Every state responded except Maryland and Arkansas, although Iowa wrote she was fresh out of road maps—sorry.

At the other end of the scale, Louisiana (A Good Place to Visit; A Better Place to Live) deluged us with a 90-page rotogravure section and more than 450 pictures of everything from L.S.U. to shrimp. And New Jersey (No Personal Income Tax in N.J.) snowed under our rural carrier with 19 pieces of literature, the net of which was that we were silly to come to New Jersey for a "visit." The thing to do was to bring along the furniture.

Arizona (The Land of Sunshine and Scenic Splendor) and Maine (The Land of Remembered Vacations), however, blew themselves to the most postage on our behalf, 15 and 14 cents respectively. Virginia (The Mother State) meanwhile sent us almost as much for three cents by the simple dodge of putting everything in one binding and labeling it "book." In all, the 47 states spent $1.99 against our own 48c.

Among other things, it was fascinating to discover just which bureau, department, commission, office, or what-not our penny post card sprang into action. In six states it was the Highway Department, in three each the Publicity Bureau, the Tourist Bureau, the Conservation Department, and the office of the Secretary of State. In Florida (The Sunshine State), it was the Commissioner of Agriculture; in Montana (The Land of Shining Mountains), it was a cryptic organization called Montanans, Inc.; in Utah (Nature's Greatest Scenic Center), it was the secretary of the Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce; and in North Dakota (Travel the Cool Northern Routes) it was flatteringly the Governor's Office, no less. Elsewhere it was a welter of boards of commerce and industry, planning commissions, progress committees, and development councils.

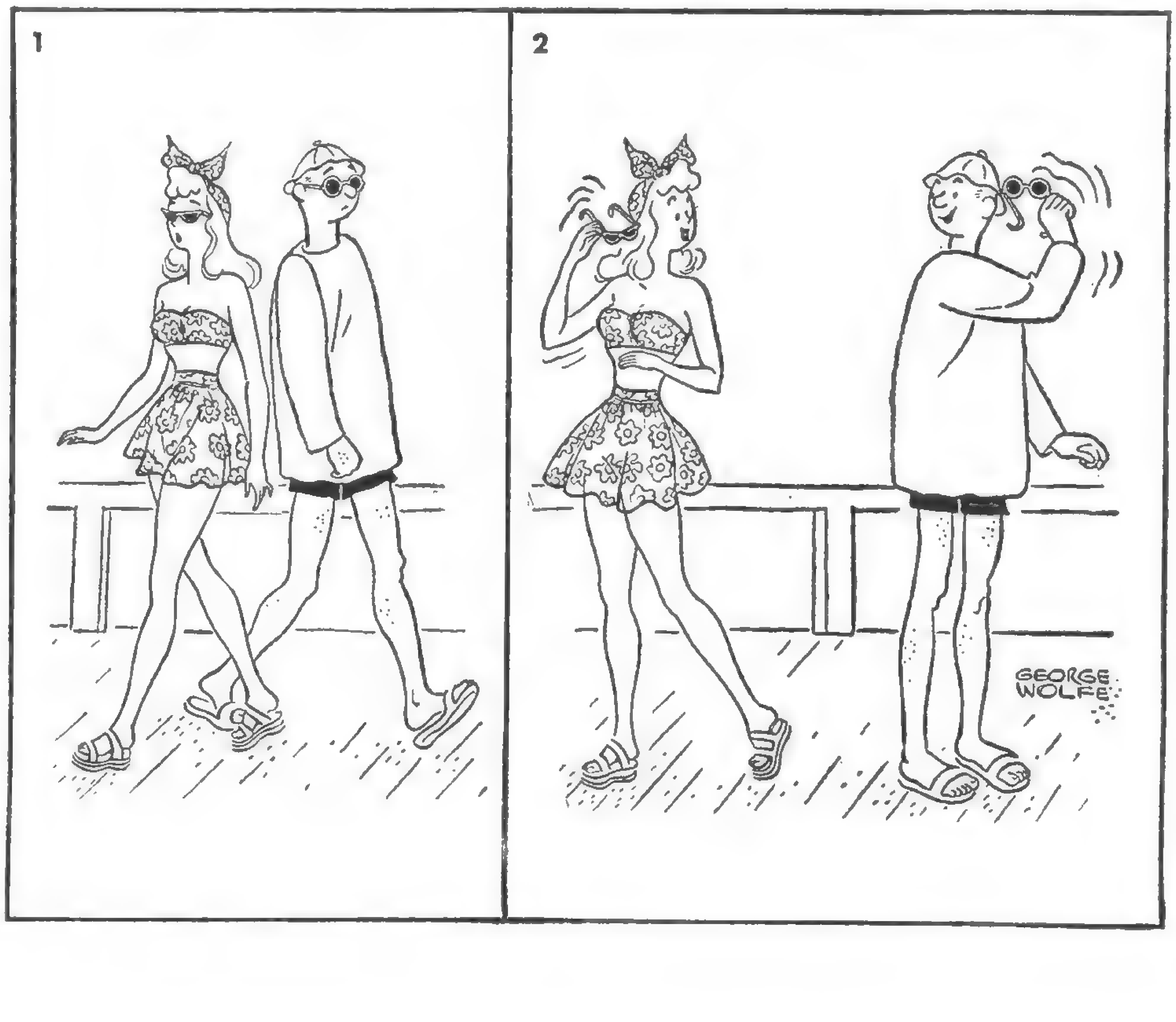
It's not very difficult to generalize about what the states are selling: mountains, seashore, fishing, sunshine, hospitality, caves, dams, historical markers, highways, state parks, and gals-in-shorts-or-bathing suits. If you think we're exaggerating on that last item, we'll have you know that our measly 48 cents brought us in 315 pictures of such. Only eight states (many of them with chill climates) held out on us. On the other hand, Rhode Island, North Carolina, Louisiana, and Florida with from 32 to 36 each did nobly. (In passing, we might point out that it was a lot of work to compile these statistics; though pleasant withal.)

Only two states (and these presumably after a long wrestle with their consciences) failed to say anything about the fishing: West Virginia (Where North and South Meet) and Kansas (Where East Meets West). Others told glibly of millions of fish poured into state waterways each year and New Jersey (No Personal Income Tax in N.J.) put credibility to a pretty stiff test with a picture of a deep sea fisherman throwing back a 15-pounder. "Too small" read the caption.

Personal messages, more or less, came from 22 of the 48 governors, the most versatile in this class being the governors of New Mexico (Land of Enchantment) and Connecticut (The Land of Steady Habits), who sent two different messages. Going one better, New Jersey (No Personal Income Tax, etc.) sent two different messages from two different governors. In contrast, it was something of a comedown to be welcomed to Washington by the Seattle Superintendent of Lighting, an enterprising gentleman who, now that he's got the Skagit hydro-electric project finished, uses the bunkhouses (that once housed workmen) to put up at so much per, tourists who come to gaze at the dam.

As you have doubtless gathered by this time, each state tosses off a few slogans, but as you may not have gathered these sometimes bump into each other head-on. Massachusetts invites you to "Play Where America Was Born" and Virginia welcomes you to Jamestown "The Birthplace of the Nation." Three or four states describe themselves directly or by inference as "The Playground of the Middle West," while New York acclaims

Continued on page 141



Only One Guy

Continued from page 34

as though you're standing somewheres behind me and watching."

"Everybody's watching you," she said softly. "The whole country."

"Don't say that, Josie. I'm only one guy—It's a big job and I'm only one guy. I see you sitting on the porch alone and going for a walk alone and maybe sitting in a movie alone and I feel like I'm right there holding your hand."

She swallowed hard. "Me, too, Jim."

"That's the way it is." He gave her a shy smile. "I don't want no Second Looie in a tailor-made getup coming along and grabbing off my girl. See?"

"No Second Looie or First Looie or anybody's going to grab off your girl." Her voice was husky. "You don't have to worry about that, Jim. Why, there's ten girls for every fellow, and all just dying to be asked. You know how it is when the boys are away—all over the world. It's the truth."

"Sure, there's lots of girls!" he retorted. "I been in the Army long enough. Don't I know? But why am I holding on to you, Josie? 'Cause Corporal Jim Simon is no goof. I don't want any Tom, Dick and Harry—"

"I know, honey."

"Then why not? We can get the license easy and—you don't need no fancy stuff. It's our lives, ain't it? I'm doing the right thing with mine and you're doing the right thing with yours. We got a little bit coming for ourselves. Everybody'll understand. 'Do you take this woman . . . Do you take this man?' And there you're Mrs. Jim, and you don't have to worry and I don't have to worry—"

"Don't you, Jim?"

"You know what I mean."

"Sure I know. But if you're worrying this much when we're only—pals, sweethearts." She cleared her throat. "How much are you going to worry when—do *you* know what I mean?" Her eyes pleaded: "I'm thinking of you, Jim, I'm thinking of you!"

But his arm slumped about her waist. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah."

"You're carefree now, Jim."

"Carefree!"

"Not like it would be if you had a wife to think about and maybe, you know—We've got to keep our eyes open, Jim. Do you think," she asked wretchedly, "that it's me, that I don't want it?"

He was silent, his cheeks pale and his chin stuck out.

"It would be easier for me," she went on, a ring of pain contracting and relaxing about her heart. "Easier. Sometimes when my fingers get tired during the day I know it would be easier. Mrs. Jim, Mrs. Jim Simon, and a ring to show. You don't know what just the ring would mean, Jim? Last week Myrt Warren came down with her ring and everybody flocked around her and joked but I saw three out of the four at my bench standing there with their eyes looking down and their shoulders sagging a little. You don't know what a ring means to a girl, Jim, with the fellows being sent away and chances for marriage becoming slimmer every day."

"Then why in the name of—" Flailing with his left arm, he struck the horn button, which growled and silenced him.

"Would it be better the other way?" she pleaded. "Jim Simon's got a wife. Every time he's walking or drilling or studying he's thinking, 'I got a wife.' It ain't only Jim Simon going in there, he's got to carry an extra load. Is it fair to you, Jim? Then soon maybe it's not only a wife he's got to worry about."

"But why should you care if I don't?"

She knew what he wanted to say. He would protect her, his money would be sent straight to her, he wouldn't even go out of bounds, he'd be so faithful. She felt sick that she could not explain it more clearly and get him to see.

Suddenly she was watching him with a terrible sharpness, the flesh under her blouse quivering with each breath she took. He must understand, he must. Fran Bradley had asked her, "Is Jim coming in?" and she had said "I think so." Then she had not liked the gleam in Fran's eyes, Fran who was twenty-four and stood a full two inches taller talking to any man than she ever did when alone or with her girl friends. "He's mine, Fran," she said quietly, hating herself for stooping to utter the warning, yet knowing that it was necessary against Fran, who owned French perfumes and had a way of laughing low to attract attention and of fixing a man with her eyes and letting her whole body rise from the waist. "Oh, God!" she prayed, "make him understand."

"If you're sore, Jim," she said desperately, "if you think I don't love you, there's a hundred girls in this town that would jump at the chance."

"You're cuckoo. Nuts."

"I mean it."

His lips twisted bitterly. "Whoever sold you a bill of goods like that?"

"Nobody, but it's true. Still, we're young, Jim. You're twenty-two and I'm not twenty. You can always get a girl to marry you."

"But why—" he groaned. "Sure, you can always get a guy to marry you."

She smiled. "It's not so easy."

"You think I won't come back?"

She clapped her fingers to his mouth. "Don't say that!"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Don't say that!" She pulled herself away from his arms and turned to face him, her cheeks flushed and her dark eyes shining. "Jim Simon, do you think I'd ever let you get out of my sight like this if I wasn't *sure* you were coming back!" She put her hands on his shoulders. "You—you—you wonderful goof!" Her upper lip quivered and she let herself laugh to check the torrent of tears that was welling behind her eyes. "If you don't come back for me, Jim, I'll never forgive you."

"Yeah, sure," he said limply. He knew she wanted to kiss him again but now he felt savage. Why should he do what she wanted—He turned on the ignition. She sank back as he started the motor.

The new homes, Colonial, Californian, Georgian, began to slip away. She sat in her corner and watched him with fear crouching to spring in her heart like a snarling cat. "Am I doing right? Oh, God, am I doing right? Please help me to do it right."

He was sullen and he was angry, but as the car jarred into a hole in the pavement one hand darted out almost instinctively to save her the jolt.

After a while when he stopped at her house she shuddered and found her voice. "Did you ask your mother?" she said quietly, picking lint from her skirt. She was sure Jim's mother would have said the same things. "What did *she* say?" Swiftly she prayed again. She could see herself drifting back into the class of jilted ones, becoming pinched about the eyes and mouth, listening eagerly when other girls told of beaux, smiling bitterly. She could see Fran Bradley grooming herself for the attack, and she became cold all over.

She watched him anxiously but he still would not speak. "Will I see you later?" she asked timidly.

The door was open. She was stepping out.

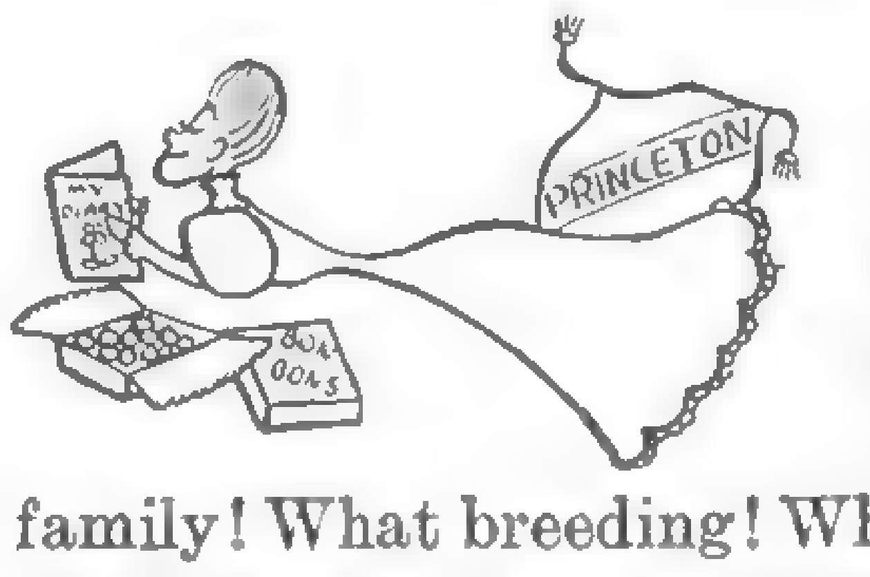
He shrugged. "The Army ain't made me soft in the head, Josie," he said out of the corner of his mouth. He gave her a grim smile that melted suddenly as he thrust his head forward and his lips fastened at her lips. "Sure, I'll see you at eight, kid! What did you think?"

The gears clashed and the old Reo jerked away.

She stood there a moment and gasped, her fingers to her lips, fear and joy caroming in her breast. Then she turned and ran swiftly into the house.

"Out of my way!" she was saying, but that was meant only for her brother and her sister and whoever else was inside. To herself she was crying, "Ask me again, Jim! Ask me again." Now to get to her room and to have her good cry, and then to get her eyes clear again—before eight o'clock tonight. ꟸ

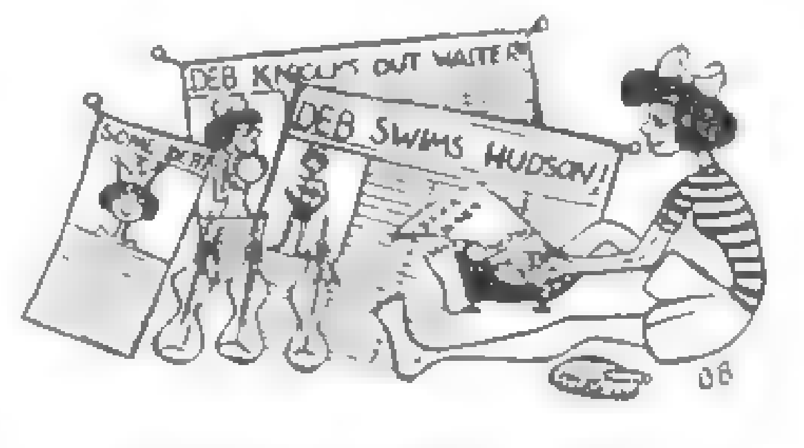
Debutante's Diary



1902

Ah, what a lucky girl am I to meet so handsome, so dashing, so gentlemanly a man as George Algernon Blakelee III! What family! What breeding! What charming manners! The pride of the senior class at Princeton! The man who made the winning touchdown against Yale! The man who stroked the victorious crew against Harvard! What compelling blue eyes! What handsome wavy hair! What a chin! A faultless dancer! A conversationalist to delight young and old alike! The future president—I doubt not—of the Consolidated and Incorporated National Bank. Truly a paragon of men! What a lucky girl am I to have as my suitor George Algernon Blakelee III!

1942



Hot dog! Am I in luck to meet up with that mugg! Is Mike Cassidy on the beam every minute or is he on the beam! Does that guy know his stuff! You're telling me, sister! Right off the reel he lands me a contract to pose for Mayfair Cigarettes. Two G's they're giving me! Then he tells me to change my hair-do and the next thing I know I'm auditioning for the Club Congarhumba! Right after that he pulls some wires, and then I'm christening a new light cruiser over at the Navy Yard, and there's pictures of my pan in every rotogravure section in the city. Is that swell publicity or isn't it!—And two weeks later I'm signed up with Hooperdooper Pictures! And endorsing a nail polish, a corset and a whole line of beauty creams on the side. Am I a lucky little punk to run into that tobacco-chewing ape! He never saw the inside of a drawing room and he quit school in the sixth grade, but boy oh boy oh boy is he the smartest business manager a girl ever had!—Parke Cummings

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America,

When in the Courſe of human events it becomes neceſsary for one people to diſsolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to aſsume among the powers of the earth, the ſeparate and equal ſtation to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent reſpect to the opinions of mankind requires that they ſhould declare the cauſes which impel them to the ſeparation. —— We hold theſe truths to be ſelf-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among theſe are Life, Liberty and the purſuit of Happineſs. — That to ſecure theſe rights, Governments are inſtituted among Men, deriving their juſt powers from the conſent of the governed, — That whenever any Form of Government becomes deſtructive of theſe ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to aboliſh it, and to inſtitute new Government, laying its foundation on ſuch principles and organizing its powers in ſuch form, as to them ſhall ſeem moſt likely to effect their Safety and Happineſs. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long eſtabliſhed ſhould not be changed for light and tranſient cauſes; and accordingly all experience hath ſhewn, that mankind are more diſpoſed to ſuffer, while evils are ſufferable, than to right themſelves by aboliſhing the forms to which they are accuſtomed. But when a long train of abuſes and uſurpations, purſuing invariably the ſame Object evinces a deſign to reduce them under abſolute Deſpotiſm, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off ſuch Government, and to provide new Guards for their future ſecurity. — Such has been the patient ſufferance of theſe Colonies; and ſuch is now the neceſsity which conſtrains them to alter their former Syſtems of Government. The hiſtory of the preſent King of Great Britain is a hiſtory of repeated injuries and uſurpations, all having in direct object the eſtabliſhment of an abſolute Tyranny over theſe States. To prove this, let Facts be ſubmitted to a candid world. —— He has refuſed his Aſsent to Laws, the moſt wholeſome and neceſsary for the public good. —— He has forbidden his Governors to paſs Laws of immediate and preſsing importance, unleſs ſuſpended in their operation till his Aſsent ſhould be obtained; and when ſo ſuſpended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. —— He has refuſed to paſs other Laws for the accommodation of large diſtricts of people, unleſs thoſe people would relinquiſh the right of Repreſentation in the Legiſlature, a right ineſtimable to them and formidable to tyrants only. —— He has called together legiſlative bodies at places unuſual, uncomfortable, and diſtant from the depoſitory of their public Records, for the ſole purpoſe of fatiguing them into compliance with his meaſures. —— He has diſsolved Repreſentative Houſes repeatedly, for oppoſing with manly firmneſs his invaſions on the rights of the people. —— He has refuſed for a long time, after ſuch diſsolutions, to cauſe others to be elected; whereby the Legiſlative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exerciſe; the State remaining in the mean time expoſed to all the dangers of invaſion from without, and convulſions within. —— He has endeavoured to prevent the population of theſe States; for that purpoſe obſtructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refuſing to paſs others to encourage their migrations hither, and raiſing the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands. —— He has obſtructed the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, by refuſing his Aſsent to Laws for eſtabliſhing Judiciary powers. —— He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their ſalaries. —— He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and ſent hither ſwarms of Officers to harraſs our people, and eat out their ſubſtance. —— He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Conſent of our legiſlatures. —— He has affected to render the Military independent of and ſuperior to the Civil power. —— He has combined with others to ſubject us to a juriſdiction foreign to our conſtitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Aſsent to their Acts of pretended Legiſlation: — For Quartering large bodies of armed troops among us: — For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from puniſhment for any Murders which they ſhould commit on the Inhabitants of theſe States: — For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world: — For impoſing Taxes on us without our Conſent: — For depriving us in many caſes, of the benefits of Trial by Jury: — For tranſporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences: — For aboliſhing the free Syſtem of Engliſh Laws in a neighbouring Province, eſtabliſhing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries ſo as to render it at once an example and fit inſtrument for introducing the ſame abſolute rule into theſe Colonies: — For taking away our Charters, aboliſhing our moſt valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments: — For ſuſpending our own Legiſlatures, and declaring themſelves inveſted with power to legiſlate for us in all caſes whatſoever. —— He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War againſt us. —— He has plundered our ſeas, ravaged our Coaſts, burnt our towns, and deſtroyed the lives of our people. —— He is at this time tranſporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, deſolation and tyranny, already begun with circumſtances of Cruelty & perfidy ſcarcely paralleled in the moſt barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation. —— He has conſtrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms againſt their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themſelves by their Hands. —— He has excited domeſtic inſurrections amongſt us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whoſe known rule of warfare, is an undiſtinguiſhed deſtruction of all ages, ſexes and conditions. In every ſtage of theſe Oppreſsions We have Petitioned for Redreſs in the moſt humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been anſwered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whoſe character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people. Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our Brittiſh brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legiſlature to extend an unwarrantable juriſdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumſtances of our emigration and ſettlement here. We have appealed to their native juſtice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to diſavow theſe uſurpations, which, would inevitably interrupt our connections and correſpondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of juſtice and of conſanguinity. We muſt, therefore, acquieſce in the neceſsity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the reſt of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends. ——

We, therefore, the Repreſentatives of the united States of America, in General Congreſs, Aſsembled, appealing to the ſupreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of theſe Colonies, ſolemnly publiſh and declare, That theſe United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Abſolved from all Allegiance to the Britiſh Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally diſsolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, eſtabliſh Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. —— And for the ſupport of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our ſacred Honor.

Button Gwinnett
Lyman Hall
Geo Walton.

Wm Hooper
Joseph Hewes,
John Penn

Edward Rutledge

Thos Heyward Junr.
Thomas Lynch Junr.
Arthur Middleton

John Hancock

Samuel Chase
Wm Paca
Thos Stone
Charles Carroll of Carrollton

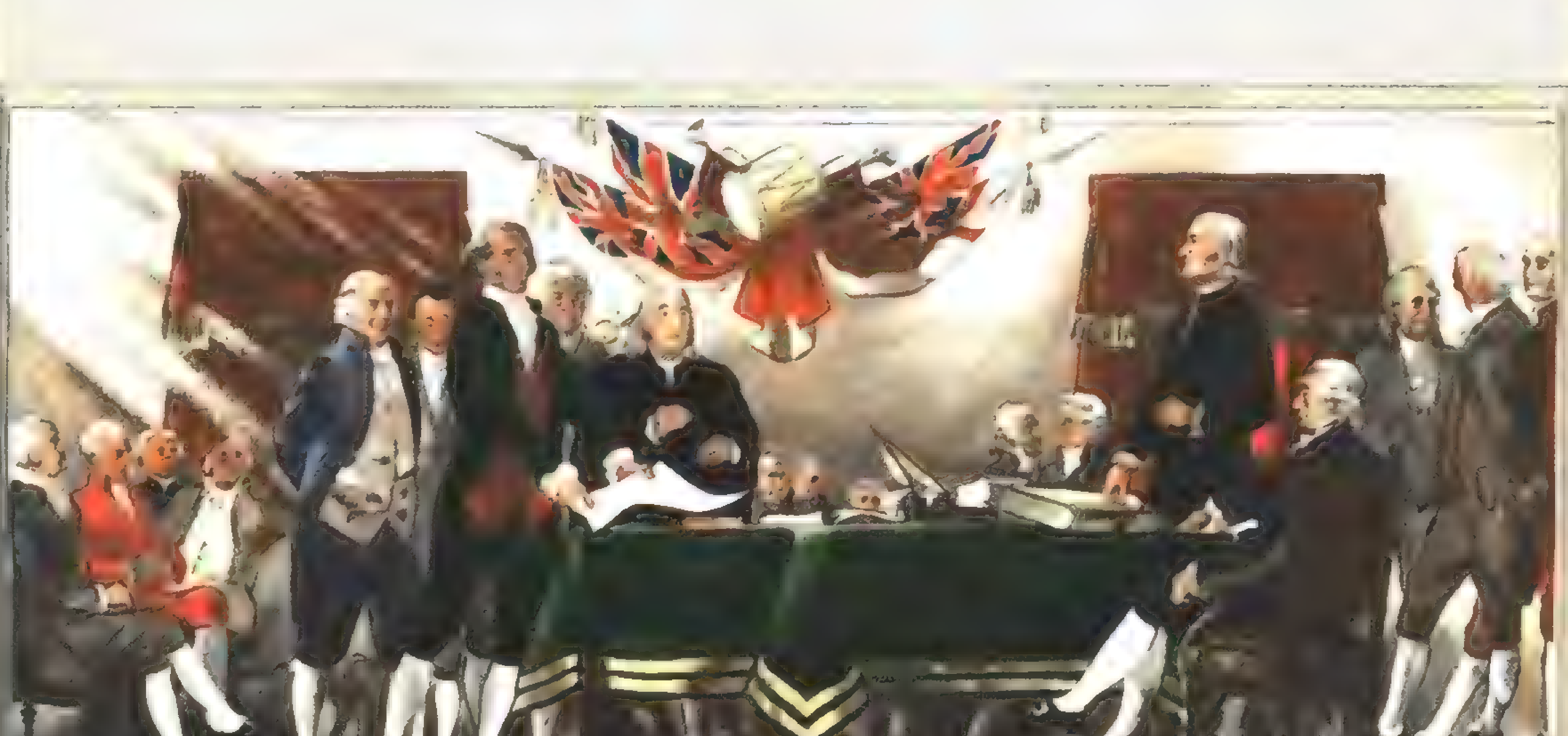
George Wythe
Richard Henry Lee
Th Jefferson
Benja Harrison
Thos Nelson jr.
Francis Lightfoot Lee
Carter Braxton

Robt Morris
Benjamin Rush
Benja Franklin
John Morton
Geo Clymer
Jas Smith
Geo Taylor
James Wilson
Geo Ross
Caesar Rodney
Geo Read
Tho M:Kean

Wm Floyd
Phil Livingston
Frans Lewis
Lewis Morris

Richd Stockton
Jno Witherspoon
Fras Hopkinson
John Hart
Abra Clark

Josiah Bartlett
Wm Whipple
Saml Adams
John Adams
Robt Treat Paine
Elbridge Gerry
Step Hopkins
William Ellery
Roger Sherman
Samel Huntington
Wm Williams
Oliver Wolcott
Matthew Thornton



BETTY GRABLE

Hurrell Photograph

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 53

no unmarried man under the age of twenty-seven who can pass the physical examination for aviation cadet is taken on as an instructor in these schools.

Although the pre-flight training plan is studiously steering away from the frothy circus ballyhoo that has sprayed Navy athletics with salty criticism, its staff could be excused if it were to name names and records in telling of its pilots.

Among those on the pre-flight schools' physical training roster are Sam Barry of Southern California, Laurence (Moon) Mullins of Florida, Bill Neufeld of Harvard, Jimmy Crowley of Fordham and Spike Nelson of Yale. Sam has a son, Victor, who is an engineer officer on a subchaser. Mullins has a wife and six youngsters. Neufeld is a widower with four children and a dependent sister. Jimmy and Spike left behind them Mrs. Crowley and the two Crowley children, and Mrs. Nelson and the two little Nelsons.

The majority of the pilots of this program left jobs that paid them considerably more than they'll be getting in the Navy, and jobs they'd won by being sifted out from a multitude of other aspirants.

All these men knew what a problem there'd be in training American youth for fierce fighting. They'd been around high school and college boys for years. They'd seen in their own professional field the weakening result of social and economic factors that had thrown the youth physical training program out of balance.

Almost all of them had been made nationally or regionally prominent by spectacular athletic shows at which a few kids got the exercise and the majority sat in the stands.

Many of them, despite the fact that their pay and job security was dependent on the frequency with which a few of the kids in their schools registered in the win column, were seriously concerned about the low percentage of intramural participation.

And being honest, smart, Americans they saw in this naval aviation pre-flight training an opportunity to correct a mistake in which they had figured. Through no fault of their own the athletic programs at their schools had been inadequate in conditioning young men to defend their own futures. The coaches did the jobs assigned to them, but without exception have deplored the fact that not a high proportion of any school's young males turn out to try for places on varsity squads. Even then, many of the kids have to be cut from squads because of budgets insufficient to carry those who have only outside chances of making teams.

These men have seen, close-up, the flaws in the practical side of school sports as a factor in the development of the good citizen. The faults are not of a character to be rectified by a stampeding curtailment of varsity sports, such as seems to be widely contemplated. The trouble is deeper than that.

These coaches responsible for the naval aviation pre-flight sports training probably are, by far, the most important professional or amateur sports aggregation in the country today. If their plan works its proposed miracle the naval aviation athletic coaches are almost certain to be forerunners of a revolution in the entire American sports plan.

They intend to continue inducting 2,500—or more—new students each month at the four schools, and in three months have these young men further advanced than the Nazi flight cadet is after six to eight months of preliminary conditioning.

Sign in a 52nd St. Hot Spot . . .

Please do not leave during a Blackout . . .
You may be lit and not know it!

SPECIAL!
T.N.T. COCKTAIL

A month's training and coordinating at the Naval Academy got the coaches geared to drive the pre-flight physical program at the four stations. They have been attending special night classes at their stations to complete their indoctrination as naval officers. After the plan has shaken down to smooth operation the younger coaches will be detached from shore stations and sent to sea for further check-up on the plan in its relation to actual results of the fighting.

Physical training at the reserve bases, advanced training bases, and operation bases will be adapted to the pre-flight training pattern. Even after the pilot graduates from training and is in active service his physical condition will be kept at the peak under the over-all naval aviation plan to be developed out of this work now being done at the first four pre-flight schools.

* * *

Sales of archery equipment have been lively in most sections of the country. Nobody's quite sure why. The toxophilites have been way down among the sports minorities, happy but few, for a good many long years.

Maybe it's because we're beginning to figure that we'll fight Injun fashion if priorities keep us from getting a family machine gun.

Several years ago an archery expert who's done some amazing sharpshooting for the movies, tried to sell the U. S. Army on putting a grenade on an arrow and zinging it with a bow string. He made some interesting demonstrations but didn't score with the Army officers.

* * *

Coast Guard identification cards to be carried by fishermen in waters under the Guard's supervision require, among other data, the fisherman's weight. By whose scales?

* * *

One lesson sports has learned from the war is that it doesn't know its way around in the political league.

John B. Kelly, formerly Director of the Physical Fitness Division of the OCD asked for a $300,000 appropriation, after whittling down from the $6,000,000 budget the plan involved when it was awaiting the starting gun. He got $9,000.

The Physical Fitness Division's remnants were absorbed by Federal Security Administrator Paul V. McNutt's Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services.

That's one for the sports record books. Looking for $6,000,000 and getting $9,000 is batting an even .0015, and a new low.

* * *

Comparative tests of new golf balls and reconditioned balls of similar construction have revealed that there's no difference in length so far as the average golfer is concerned, and only a few yards' difference as the balls are hit by the expert golfers.

That's bad news for the average golfer. It means he'll be able to hit the retread ball just far enough to have it roll into the water.

* * *

The first Western Conference (Big Ten) survey of its athletes in service in this war showed 1,500 former members of Big Ten teams in uniform. It is expected that a complete survey will almost double the figure.

Preliminary figures indicate that the World War record of 47.2 per cent of Big Ten athletes being commissioned officers will be considerably increased this time. R.O.T.C. training has given many college athletes an advantage in earning commissions.

* * *

Sports departments already are wondering how far it'll be discreet to go this fall in referring to football clubs as the Fighting Thises or the Fighting Thats.

* * *

Confirmation of the hunch of progressive physical educators that high school and college athletic programs should have more emphasis on sports that can be played after school days comes from Selective Service authorities.

Draft officials estimate that not more than 5 per cent of men in the 40-45 class are physically fit for active outdoor duty, and about 10 per cent of the 35-40 age brackets are in condition for fighting.

* * *

Frederick Cowles Jenison men's gymnasium and field house of Michigan State College at Lansing has 3,794 lockers ventilated by a circulating air plan adapted from an installation in an English coal mine.

The installation has been so successful in eliminating the usual sinus-boring atmosphere of locker rooms that it'll be the pattern for extensive locker-room revisions after the war.

This Michigan State gym and field house also has 30,000 steel springs under its wood floors. It has no skylights. Seventeen thousand glass bricks were used in construction of the million dollar plant which is claimed to be the world's most modern athletic establishment.

A spy-proof football practice field adjoins the Jenison building.

* * *

College boxing's patrons have an educational advantage generally denied students at a pro-cauliflower campus. The college programs print general boxing information enabling the spectator to judge the contest on its technical merits rather than by a loud mouth.

Publication of this simple data adds to spectator interest in the bouts.

It is believed that many of professional boxing's trade can read, hence there is no strong reason for promoters not adopting the collegiate information service.

* * *

Silage made from golf course mowings is being used extensively in feeding live stock in England and Scotland.

* * *

Better take no chances shooting pigeons. The pigeon you shoot might be any Army Signal Corps bird. Carrier pigeons seldom can be distinguished from domestic pigeons.

* * *

This is by far the biggest year sports ever has had as a phase of industrial recreation, notwithstanding shortages in many lines of sports equipment.

Balanced programs of work and play for renewing pep have proved highly valuable in war plants where workers are on high-pressure schedules of production of a routine character.

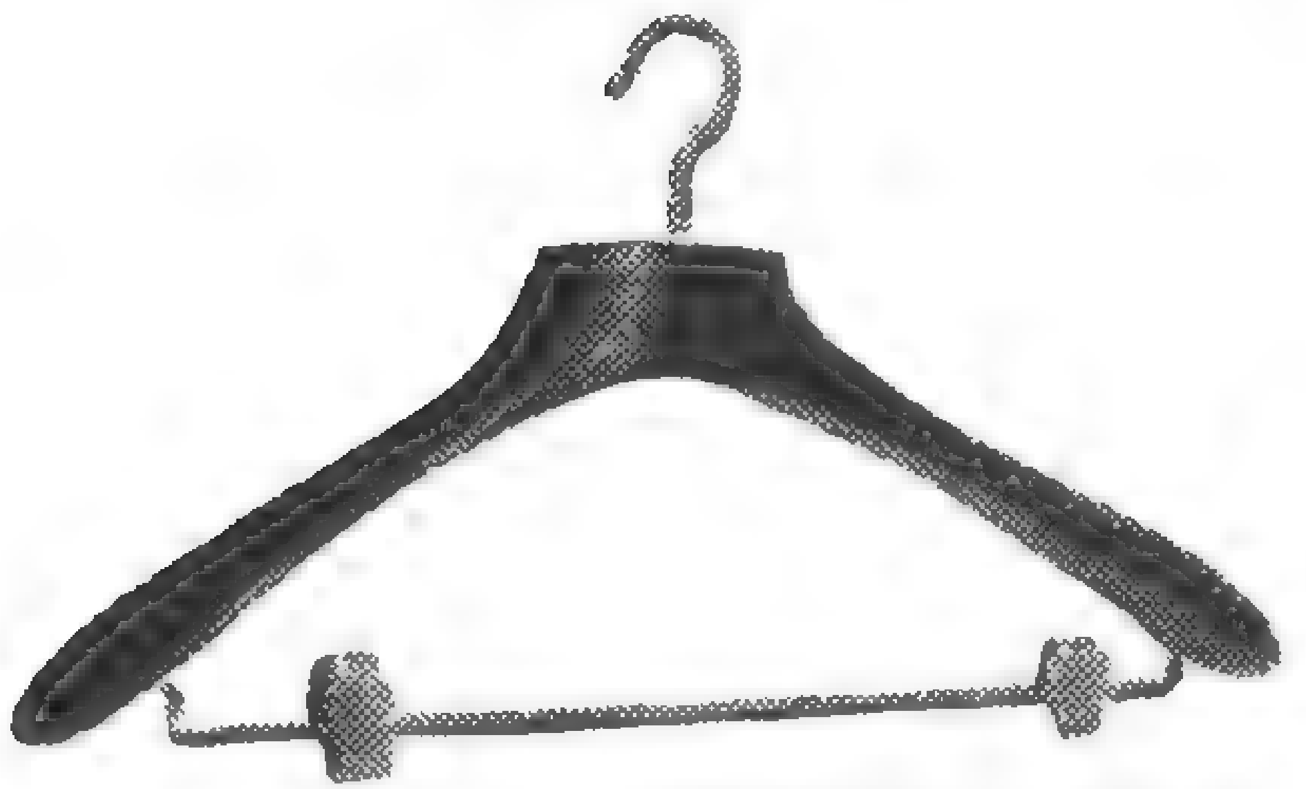
The sports director at one of the largest airplane plants has made investigations bringing to light a close correlation between factory and sports performances of the champions in various fields of sport provided by the company's extensive program. ###

Conserve Your Clothes

Hints on how to make your clothes give more mileage

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

•WEARABLES•



Put jacket on a hanger shaped like shoulders.

Proper care of apparel is now not only a matter of personal economy and appearance, but may be regarded as a small part of the national effort for Victory. Each of us must make things last as long as possible. The cessation of rubber tires, refrigerators, radios and a long list of articles emphasizes the need for conservation of all materials. Fortunately, a farsighted government policy is making the most of existing and potential supplies of woolen fabrics, fibers and other materials required for wearables. As a result, stocks will be adequate so that everyone will be satisfactorily clothed. This provision, however, does not minimize the necessity of proper care of clothes. Accordingly, here are some hints that under normal conditions would be regarded merely as practical aids to good grooming and well-being. Now, they have become a part of our wartime duties.

Tight-fitting clothes do not wear as well as those of loose fit. The extra tension causes greater strain on the seams and fabrics. If you have gained weight or for any other reason your clothes are tight, have them altered. They'll last longer.

Brush your clothes daily. Dust and grit weaken the fibers, and cause clothes to wear out more quickly.

If you've been caught in the rain, remove your clothes as soon as possible and hang them up to dry in a place where air circulates freely. Certain deodorants minimize perspiration and, therefore, protect your clothes.

Spots not only mar appearance, but also cause fabrics to wear out sooner. Have the suit dry-cleaned. Tell your cleaner the fiber content of the fabric, if it is a blend of wool with rayon, caseine or other fibers.

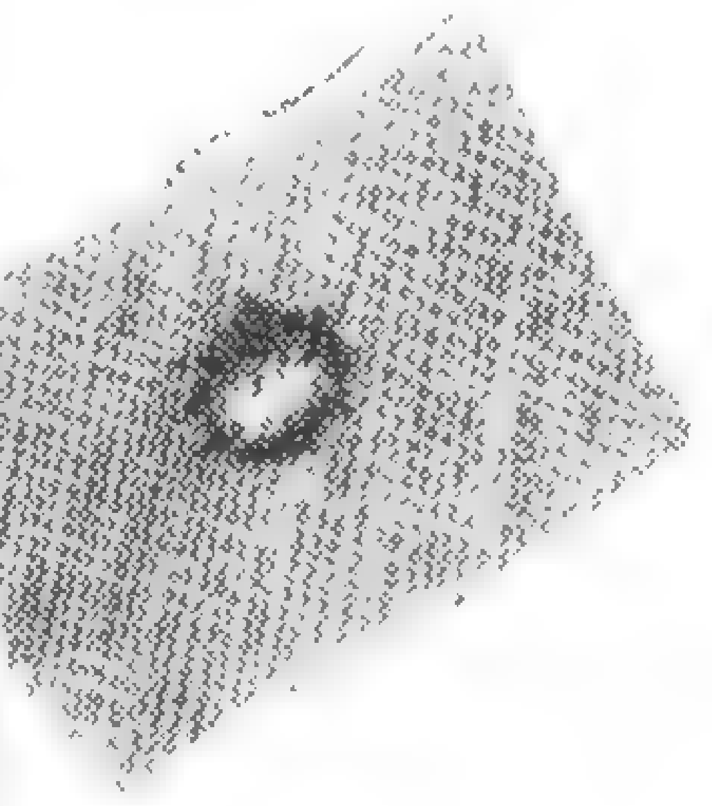
At the end of the summer, it is a good idea to have lightweight clothes dry-cleaned, placed on hangers and stored away. Moth repellent crystals should be put in the bag and the closet. Or, you might spray the woolen clothes with a moth preventative.

Alternate suits. Never wear the suit two consecutive days. Hang it up and let the fibers spring back, thus removing wrinkles. A change of color or cut of clothes also gives you a mental lift. A double-breasted jacket may make you feel huskier.

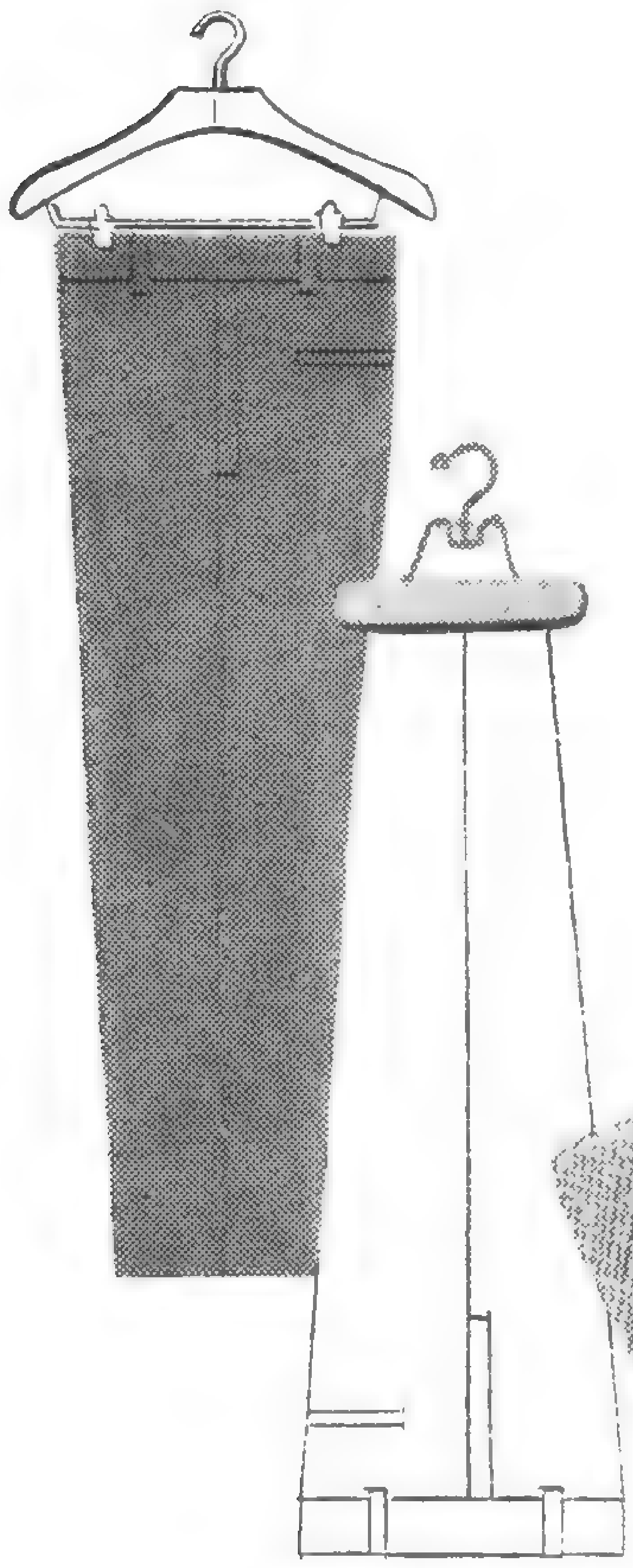
Suits should be pressed, but not too often. Frequent pressings tend to weaken the fibers.

Military officers uniforms should be wet-cleaned when they are soiled, according to technicians who have analyzed proper methods.

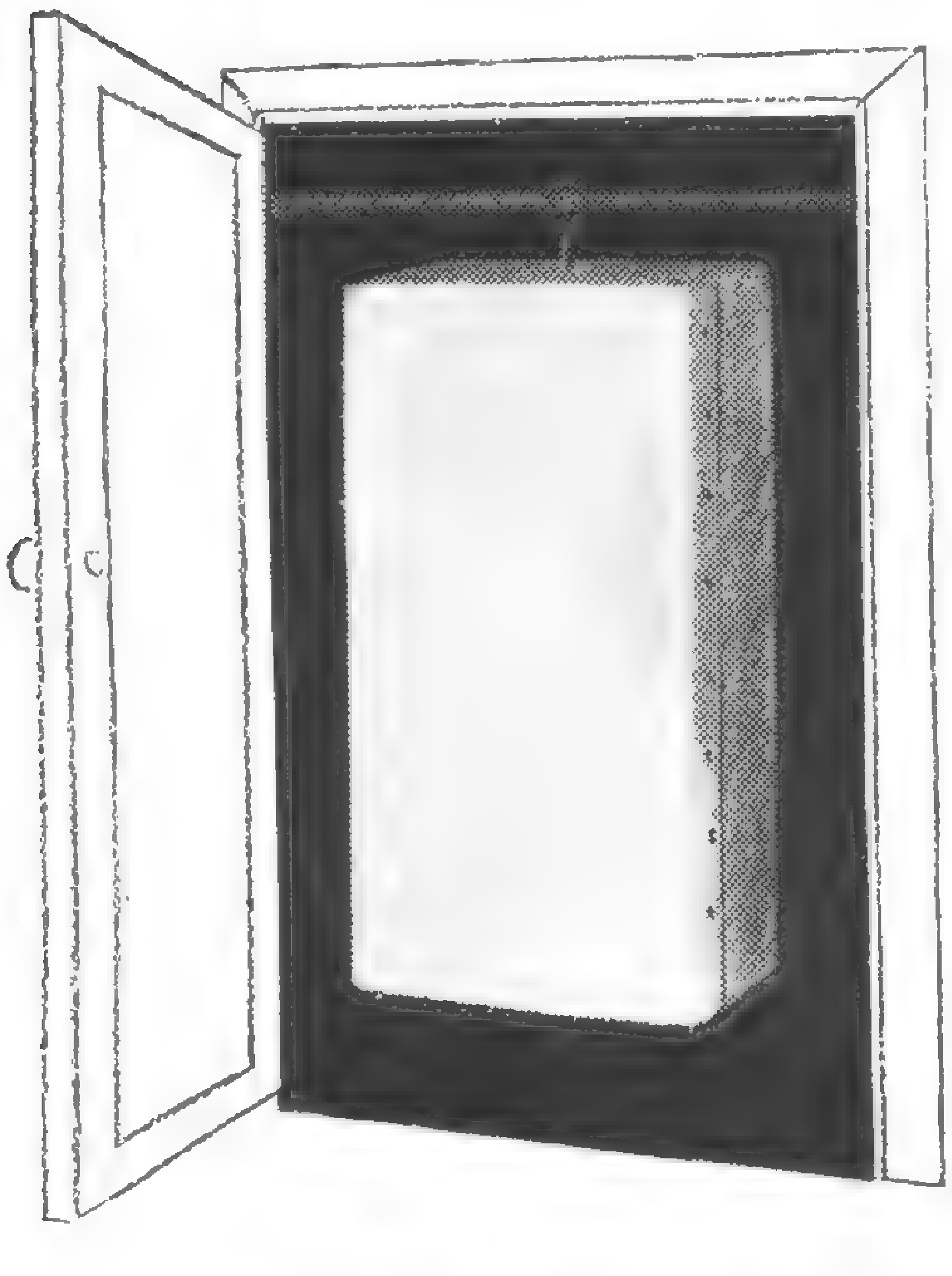
Brush your felt hats regularly. This removes dust and other particles that adhere to the fibers. Spots and stains, of course, should be taken out by a good cleaner.



Have burnt holes repaired immediately.

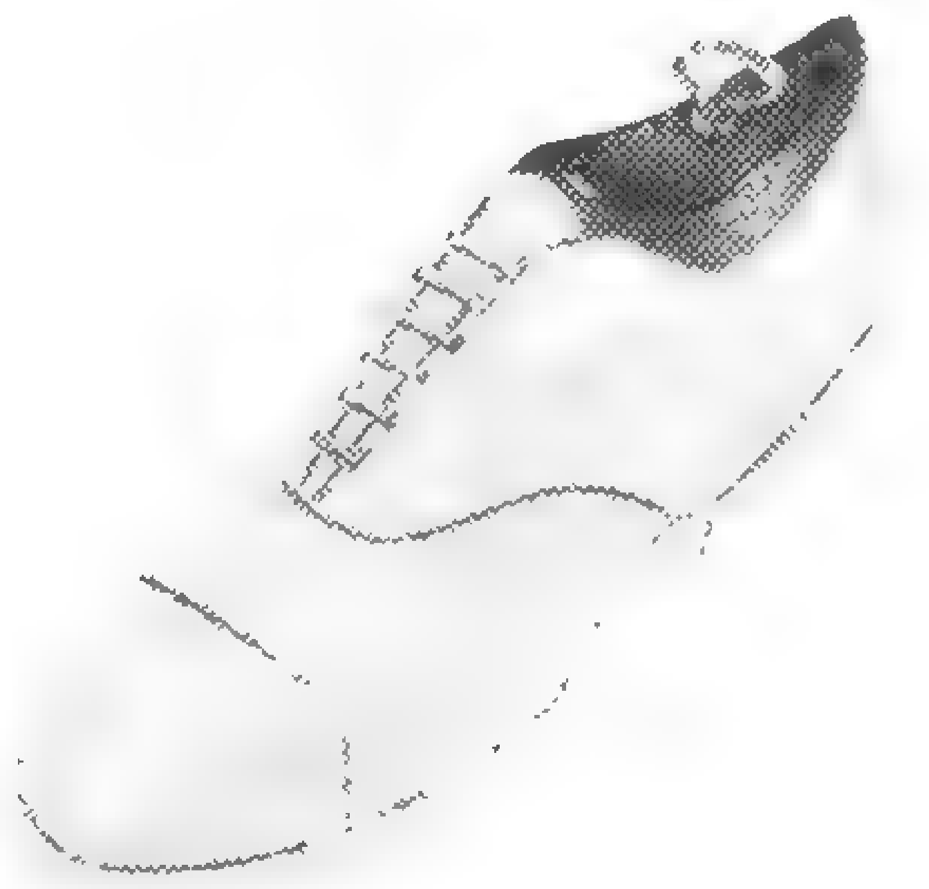


Trousers may be clipped at the waistband or clamped at the bottom.



Store clothes in a moth-proof bag with moth-repellent crystals.

Have clothes properly cleaned and pressed at a good dry-cleaner.



Keep shoes on trees when not in use. Have them polished regularly.

Goldbricks, Front and Center!

Continued from page 50

are urged not to appeal to members of Congress from the decisions of the Reclassification Board."

Form 66 applies to every officer in the service, regardless of his status at the moment. There are a very large number of officers on active duty now. Of these, 14,000 are in the regular Army; the balance in the national guard and the organized reserves. The bulk of them have been commissioned directly from civilian life with little or no military background. They have been assigned to duty as the need for them has expanded, often without much regard for what they can do. It became evident last year during Gen. Hugh A. Drum's maneuvers in New England that many of these reservists and national guard officers were hopelessly out of their element in field command. Later, a task commander found that out in a series of small-scale sectional maneuvers in the Middle West. He is reported to have told a correspondent: "This outfit is full of officers who cannot command a squad. We are going to have to get rid of some of them. We are waving goodbye to the misfits, the unfits and the goldbricks."

This experience was the direct cause of Form 66's appearance. Reports from the field generals, complaining about the boners and general lax attitude of many complacent peace-time officers, went to Washington. The staff took due notice of them, but did not know just what to do. They turned the situation over to Maj. Gen. E. S. Adams, the present Adjutant General of the Army. He was stumped, too. Army regulations contained all sorts of elaborate clauses and subparagraphs under which an individual officer could be disciplined for breach of conduct, for violation of specific rules or for other well-defined causes. But there was no way of getting him out of active command, much less out of the Army, without staggering difficulty.

General Adams finally called some of the country's leading office-system experts into consultation. They went into a huddle with him and stayed there for several months. Finally they emerged with a whole new personnel system, applying to everybody from the lowliest buck private to the mightiest general. The theory of their system was novel and untried in military usage, but it had worked with great success in large commercial firms. The office-systems people recommended setting up a cross-indexed record system just about the same as those used by large automobile plants. Its outstanding advantage was speed . . . its automatic machines could put their tiny steel fingers on any one of a million facts almost instantly.

As visualized by the civilian experts, the system would be centered around the intricate card-punching, tabulating and sorting machines which have long been the backbone of statistical departments everywhere. Each officer would have a master card, divided into four sections. Three of these would refer to his military record . . . line, staff and specialties. The fourth was designed to be a repository of conduct marks; good or bad.

As they explained it to the Adjutant General, that worthy rubbed his bristly chin and decided that they had something there. His department forthwith set up a temporary bureau called the Personnel Research Section, and got such outstanding authorities on behaviorism as Dr. C. C. Brigham of Princeton to act on it. Dr. Brigham had once been a captain in the Tank Corps and he knew how to classify fifty kinds of Army goldbricks from memory. Dr. H. E. Garrett of Columbia, and Dr. L. L. Thurstone of the University of Chicago added their Ph. D's and their academic auras to the Section.

Hitler, admitting he will be fighting Russia next winter, claims his troops will be better clothed. How Adolph's boasts have toned down! Three years ago he was going to annihilate the world in a hurry. Now he brags that German troops are going to lose in comfort.

These authorities built up a new series of aptitude tests around the tabulating machine. No longer did a general have to take a reserve captain's opinion of himself, as expressed on his application, at face value. His application could be checked against known facts, supplied by other agencies. In occasional cases the agency was the FBI, which had known the applicant quite unfavorably.

These facts were rapidly punched into the impersonal face of the Form 66 card. Everything he had ever done mysteriously found its way into the machine. The Military Intelligence operatives were particularly helpful. They dished up a lot of dirt about officers who had become the subject of MID confidential reports. If the new system accomplished nothing more, it ripped aside the invisible cloak of the MID and exposed it as a smoothly-working spy system which knew all, saw all, said nothing until this system required it to report everything its brother officers did. Since that fact has become known, every officer has patiently resigned himself to becoming the subject of a growing file of secret stuff in the MID files. He never knows what the Intelligence operatives say about him, and, if he is an able officer, he doesn't care. It's just a nuisance.

However, with all these factual sources of information at its disposal, the Adjutant General's department began the mountainous task of reclassifying 100,000 officers on these new Form 66 cards. By the time the job was half done there were twice as many officers on duty, and soon there will be more. But the speed of the machines is astounding; the entire list can be thoroughly examined every ninety days. If Captain Zilch pulls a bonehead play today in his infantry tactical exercise, it will take no longer than ninety days before he is on the carpet trying to alibi it.

The three military sections of the card go into rather extreme detail about what he can do. In order, they are line (meaning field command); staff (meaning what he knows about planning, supply and other military problems) and specialties (meaning other useful military knowledge).

A line officer can be exemplified by Captain Zilch, who is skipper of B Company of the Umpty-umpth Infantry. He has all three sections of his card well-perforated with holes. When the card goes through the machine it shows that he has graduated from the Command and General Staff School, that he has specialized in topography and can make maps anywhere, on the ground or in the air. In addition he holds a bachelor's degree in engineering and speaks fluent Spanish. He is qualified as far as the card goes to hold command of a line, or fighting outfit; to hold a staff post and plan a military problem, and to engage in specialized activities upon the request of a high-ranking commander.

These qualities can be requisitioned by a superior just as he might requisition shovels or GI mess kits. Some general who is assigned to put up a new base in a remote South American valley might need just these characteristics, but could not know how to get them. He writes to the Adjutant General setting forth his need for a graduate engineer with a knowledge of topography and construction experience, ability to speak Spanish, and the further ability to command the garrison at this base should its defense be necessary. There is a great flurry of cards through the sorting machines, and Capt. Zilch's Form 66 drops into the right pocket.

The *Army and Navy Journal* cited an instance where the machine turned up an officer who was an expert telegrapher, with a knowledge of Portuguese and French, with supervisory experience and able to play the violin. At Wright Field there is a Signal Corps major who can fly an airplane, play a pipe organ, build, maintain and operate voice and code radio apparatus, supervise a motion-picture producing laboratory and write technical papers on any selected military subject. His Form 66 is deficient in one very important particular because it does not have a punched hole telling of his mastery of the art of mixing Martinis and Manhattans.

All these automatically-tabulated facts help considerably to ease the strain of that hardy perennial bugaboo, the Officers' Efficiency Report. When each officer periodically passes in review on this report, he has more of a chance of making an impressive showing if all of his capabilities are known and fairly presented. There is scant excuse for any officer's wail about discrimination if the Reclassification Board eases him out of the Army for flagrant and repeated mistakes.

Strangely, it is the older senior officers who resent this Form 66 scrutiny and the younger ones who welcome it. Word from Washington recently said: "A considerable portion of Regular Army officers have been found lacking in combat and command efficiency and face retirement for the good of the Army. Particularly lacking are some officers in the higher grades, to whom the speed and strain of today's mechanized warfare is confusing." It's confusing to all officers, junior as well as senior. But the quick-thinking, self-possessed officer makes sense out of the chaos faster than his elder colleague. It is noteworthy that one of the first published results of the new process of personnel analysis retired four major generals within two months, transferred another from a vital task force to a harmless desk job, and raised two lieutenant colonels to brigadier generals. It has shaken up the entire senior list of the Army, sending amazed and ruffled old generals thousands of miles to new posts where all they have to do is to inspect the guard once in a while. One newly-built outpost has had three commanding officers in two months, each younger than his predecessor.

The jumbled aftermath is a nightmare for headquarters clerks. They do not know from day to day whether a commanding officer to whom they are forwarding reports will be there when the reports arrive. He might be retired tomorrow as a colonel and called back the following day as a brigadier general to command a bigger post. One Air Corps officer was transferred from a combat command to the General Staff, back to another distant line command, promoted to air command of his district and finally jumped to su-

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Goldbricks, Front and Center!

Continued from pages 50-101

preme command of an entire area, ranking all ground commanders.

Another officer holding permanent commission as a colonel found himself a permanent major general in two weeks. Form 66 and the Reclassification Board retired an old brigadier general, and he was moved into that spot. Then his superior, the major general, was retired too and the pleased officer moved up another notch.

By swift, powerful punches like these the Army is trying to beat down the confusion that is bound to exist in any hastily-formed army. It is getting rid of the deadwood and making room for younger officers of ability. That bible of the researcher, the Official Army Index of Officers, shows more than one hundred men who are proudly wearing the twin stars of a major general are really only colonels who are holding temporary rank. They have been stepped up to top command faster than there are vacancies for them, because Form 66 and these automatic machines have shown that they have what it takes to be a major general. Simultaneously, throughout every component of the Army, other officers who have shown their fitness beyond question are moving up the ladder. Just as many, and probably more, are moving down to make room for them.

Never before, even in the hectic days of World War I, has the Army's personnel machine moved at such a terrifying pace. Not until Form 66 and its battery of automatic fact-finders came into being has a ninety-day checkup of the entire commissioned personnel been possible. What it has done in its first all-out demonstration is just a sample of what it will do in the future. It has succeeded in scaring almost every officer half to death and making him worry a little bit about his job. That, in itself, is a monumental achievement. It has provided the badly-needed element of competition, so sadly lacking in the calm, routine life of a peacetime Army post.

Once upon a time, many years ago, a farmer named Jesse Grant who lived down by the Ohio River got his problem child appointed to West Point. He said: "The boy ain't good for anything else and at least he'll have a steady job in the Army." Ulysses Grant dawdled and drank himself stiff in the peacetime Army for fifteen years before he gave his superiors enough ammunition to demand his resignation. When the proper combination of circumstances arose, he came back to become one of the great military heroes of all time. For the past twenty years there have been a great many characters like Grant in the Army. Form 66 represents the official test tube; it either shows him off or shows him up. It is designed, in the case of an officer like Grant, to make him employ his known talents to the full, or resign. Today the process would not require fifteen months, and more probably it would be over in fifteen weeks.

The newly-commissioned officer's first knowledge of what is happening to him is the sense of a sort of probing going on. From various veiled hints he gathers the impression that the Army, having proclaimed that he is an officer and a gentleman, is trying to prove the opposite. No one says bluntly that he is on probation, but he is. During his first ninety days he can be removed summarily and returned to civilian life before the shine has worn off his new Sam Browne belt.

Don't Get Out on a Limb, Soldier!

If Gals cavort in shorts this year
Don't "Yoo-hoo" at each luscious dear,
For, Boys, you're in the Army now—
So, stand your ground and holler "Wow!"

"Any evidence of misconduct," says the *Army and Navy Journal*, "is regarded as proof of inefficiency and is cause for dismissal." He is taken largely on trust during this period and usually the fledgling officer is brusquely military and a paragon of good conduct. After his card goes through the mill on its first trip it gets a nice clean hole: "Okay."

Then he is "classified." In effect, this is a process undertaken by the personnel clerks which certifies that he is holding a job in whatever assignment he has been given. His classification remains until he is transferred, promoted or otherwise has his record upset. If his record remains good, and his superiors add complimentary references to their reports of him, he is not disturbed by the personnel branch.

Frequently new officers are assigned to military tasks beyond their abilities and must be "reclassified." This is no reflection whatever upon them, and the Army acknowledges its error. The remedy is a transfer to some task more suited to their backgrounds. The feared "Reclassification Board" or, as it is coming to be known, the "66 Board," comes into their lives only when they are no good in any of several different assignments.

Sometimes they are not summoned to appear before the board. They are merely notified that it has acted, and enclosed is a ticket home. In other instances where there is a reasonable doubt about what happened, the victim may be ordered to appear before the board and tell his story.

Such a hearing is not like a court trial. It is more like a coroner's inquest. The victim knows in his own mind that the examiners already have him laid out on a slab; they are merely going through the motions of inquiring into his demise. It might go like this:

"I have here," says the presiding officer, "a report that your artillery battery did not go into action as ordered during field maneuvers five days ago. Investigation showed that the pieces took up their positions but that all the ammunition was in a truck which took the wrong turn on the road and got lost. Where were you all that time and how did that happen?"

They know very well how it happened, but this is his chance to give his version. The victim usually fumbles the ball, thus:

"Well, er, I don't remember. I think I was in a command car in advance of the battery. I don't know why the truck got lost."

"We know," says the officer. "Here is a report dated the same day saying that you were entertaining a girl reporter at the Mortgage Heights country club. You stayed there on the terrace until 3 p. m., then ordered your driver to drive you out to the battery's position, and when you arrived you found your first sergeant in charge. Is that correct?"

They are just being polite if they ask him if it is correct. They know it is correct. Some MID operative, or an umpire, or even the regimental commander himself might have come dashing up to see why that battery was not in action. The victim has a sinking feeling. If the board would sentence him to be hung he'd feel better. They do not tell him what they are going to do. He is told that he will be advised in due course.

This proceeding is typed on the proper form and sent to the Adjutant General's office. There it becomes another hole in Form 66. The five generals, sitting in secret session, review it. They decide what to do. They send his master card through the machine time after time, and collect all the facts about this officer buried in the official files. Whatever they decide is purely impersonal, and based on facts alone. He might be a very able officer with a weakness for blondes. Conversely, he might be revealed by his Form 66 as a reservist who was a big business man in civil life and accustomed to keeping people waiting while he enjoyed long luncheons. Staff officers can do that, but line officers cannot.

Whatever happens, the position of this hole on the officer's Form 66 card will automatically detour it the next time it goes through the machine. The card will drop into a pocket with those of other officers who have failed in major or minor particulars. This is the reclassification pile, and each of those officers must have his entire military career reviewed and be reclassified. However ominous it sounds, statistics show that only a sprinkling of these commissioned offenders are separated from the service. Sometimes all this ponderous machinery produces nothing more serious than a light reprimand and a warning to be more careful next time.

But whatever happens, every officer in the Army knows that there are no secrets on his Form 66 card. Those who are suddenly removed and told to pack up and go home are thoroughly aware that such action is for cause and is the end product of a long train of mechanical and judicial processes. Those who are, with equal suddenness, yanked out of a sleepy little orderly room and overnight placed in charge of a well-disciplined and magnificently-equipped regiment know that they have no drag with the high command but that their Form 66 card must have some pretty good punched holes in it.

Such a situation leads to a pleasant state of uncertainty in the Army and endless speculation among officers. Their profession is a hazardous one, and not the least of its dangers is the mysterious reaction of the machine to the holes in their cards. If they survive the enemy only to go down before a line of holes in a piece of paper, they realize that victory is not the goal after all, but efficiency has superseded it.

Commanders take the view that victory is the reward of that army with the most efficient officers. Recent history substantiates their view. Efficiency is defined among them as adaptability, capacity for leadership, sound knowledge of their profession and a thousand little special skills that might come in handy some time.

Such an officer is a major stationed at a Southern post, where many a raw selectee has been sent to take secondary training. One dark night recently the major was returning to the post and was stopped near the gate by a rookie sentry. "Halt!" shouted the sentry. "Who goes there?"

"Major Moses."

"Hell," said the sentry. "I've had General George Washington and Admiral Dewey go through here tonight but Major Moses is a new one on me. Advance, Major Moses, and give the ten commandments."

He was really Major Moses and he recited the commandments without a stutter. #

Sea Wolf's Soother

Continued from page 77

a little old codger who used to toddle into a bistro in Bermuda at the same time every day. He was *so* little, his chin just came up to the level of the bar, and he had his regular drink which the bartender mixed for him as follows:

RUNT'S AMBITION
2 oz. Rum
2 oz. Gin
2 oz. Whiskey
2 oz. Port Wine
Shake with ice; strain.

One pair of gulps and it was gone. Whereupon its conqueror toddled out, poise personified.

I don't hold with him. I refuse to believe rum so anemic as to need two other liquors and a wine to prop it up. And he won't think so, either, if a Zombie ever catches him. (After all, there are only two legs to a customer.)

Convincing, too, is the West Indies cocktail which consists merely of unfruited rum, Angostura, and ice. The estaters use these as doubt-removers. Some morning the laird of a mountain-perched mansion will roll out of bed and gaze down over the inspiring panorama of cane tassels, only to find that something is buzzing inside his brow. One of those damn doubts! So the remedy is applied, glass by glass, till the nasty little doubt is snorted out, leaving the brain clear for the onerous responsibilities of the rum business, which consists mostly in watching casked assets get older.

Before it ever elaborated itself into Planters', there was Rum Punch. You kept on hand a supply of gum syrup, made by moistening sugar with no more water than it could absorb, and bringing it to a boil. With this as sweetener, you poured 1½ to 2 ounces of your favorite rum and the juice of a half or whole lime, into a glass of fine ice, stuck in some mint sprigs, and the show was complete. No shaking, no fruiting. Just drinking.

But this seemed lazy, so the utensil that makes a noise like a samba was introduced. (Metal shakers proved quicker to cool than glass ones and hence less ice-wasteful, less dilutive.)

Finally, the full-dress Planters' Punch, performed to a maker's chantey.

"One of Sweet (1 dessertspoon sugar or Gum Syrup)
Two of Sour (2 dessertspoons fresh lime or lemon juice)
Three of Weak (3 tablespoons fine ice)
Four of Strong (4 tablespoons Rum)"

At the conclusion of this aria, add Angostura dashes; stir or shake and strain into tall glass of cracked ice fancied up with ½ slice lemon, ½ slice orange, sliver of pineapple, Maraschino cherry and anything else you may care to contribute. Remember, these are free-will offerings—nobody is pressuring you. You can stop with the first slice, or you can go the whole hog and sprinkle nutmeg.

And now, from impressive coolness our rum epic shifts suddenly to Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight. The Spanish-American War—1898. Watch that fleet of transports! There they go, right around Cuba's right end! Now they're hovering off a little town a few miles from Santiago. Dispatches from Richard Harding Davis to the papers back home will report its name as Baiquiri. Yessir, with a B. But an artist named Glackens is on one of those ships and he draws a sketch inscribed "The Beginning of the Landing of Troops at Daiquiri." Which was correct, otherwise you'd be drinking illiterately.

Enemy, if any, offered no resistance, but heat was terrific. Only water, 1 creek—used as laundry and communal bathtub as well as drinking fountain. If you boiled water it stayed hot. You might make coffee, except that the coffee ration had thoughtfully been issued *in the bean*.

Then somebody noticed a fragrant species of fruit: limes! And a delightful germ-killer called Bacardi—rum, yet different from rum. Light-bodied, akin to French brandy; evidently a Cuban invention. So Daiquiris were born.

But these weren't the first. A few months before, an American mining engineer named Cox, stationed at Daiquiri, had hit on the idea of stretching his Bacardi with sweetened lime juice, and icing it. Whenever he visited Santiago, he patronized the Venus Bar, ordering his special drink. Onlookers, intrigued, tried "that drink you make for the Senor from Daiquiri."

Anyhow, it seems to have caught on, if millions of them a month mean anything.

And so has light-bodied rum, both white and golden, now represented by a whole school of brands. Porto Rico, taken on as the hired girl, is already a full-fledged princess of industry. (This year the taxes she collects from the rum industry will amount to about ten millions. And that doesn't count employment, benefit to sugar growers, and the spruce-up influence radiated by prosperous distilleries in landscaped gardened settings. One of these floral-commercial parks looks like Edenzapoppin to say the least.)

As for the Virgin Islands, which had world-wide rum prestige till Prohibition assaulted them, *they* are now back on Quality Street, thanks to financial chivalry by Uncle Sam. And it's a gamut of types. Cane juice rum, aged four years and ranging from 90 to 135 proof—this last for the benefit of lumberjacks in Maine and the Northwest who, offered anything lower, say, "I'll take vanilla." And for lightsters there are molasses-made white and gold.

But the earliest rum produced under the American flag was New England rum, robust and nose-seducing. To imagine what that old-time gladdener was like, sample some bottles of the stuff these long-established distilleries have been making. If I may say so, it has both authority and tact.

And there's a distinctive item that comes from Haiti. And Martinique, producer of the rums that did service in your Grog Americain in Paris, has always been an eminent source; important stocks of Martinique *rhum* are here unaffected by what has happened, and may happen, to that *île*.

At Hemispheric Solidarity shindies I've met *rons* from Mexico, Panama, Brazil, and other good neighbors whose distilleries seem to have the knack of good numbers. Unfortunately my projected volume of reportage which was going to out-Gunther Gunther under the title of *Latin-America Inside*, is still in the throes of organization. I should have blocked out before I filled in.

But I'm not going to get broody about it. I know the rise-above-your-troubles system: you think of a case worse than yours, and first thing you know, you're smiling bravely, patronizingly, and buying everybody drinks.

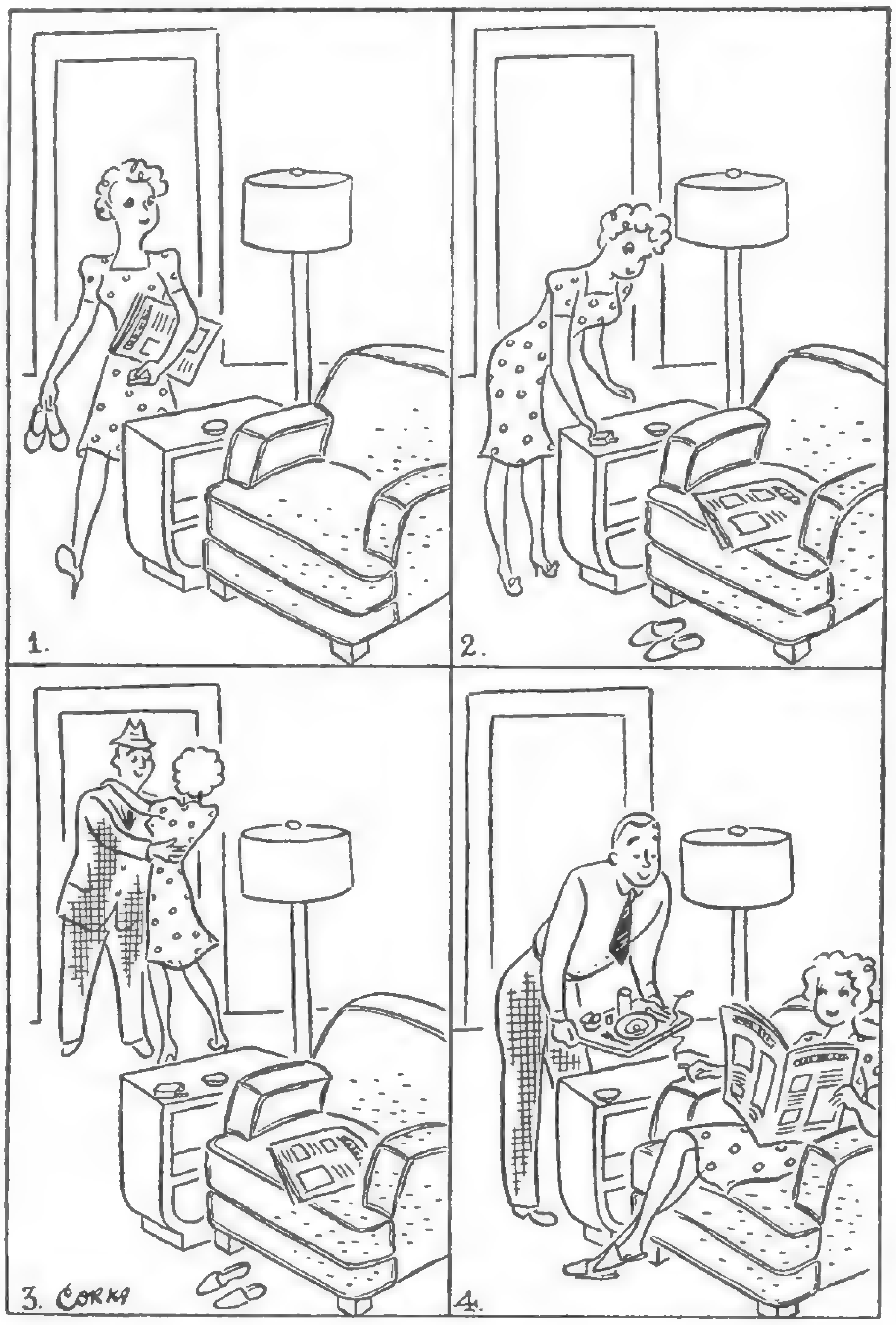
So I'm thinking about Sandy MacDroughty and the Lampshade.

This estimable gentleman was the victim of other people's disappointments; it was bitterly hinted that a moth had flown out of his cellarette when last opened. Actually the cellarette was in regular use, but always privately, for Sandy was a careful mon. When, to the amazement of everybody, Sandy's wife went on a West Indies Cruise, he gave her five dollars, which she spent in Porto Rico—returning, singularly blithe, with a large table-lamp for her spouse. The base was an ornate rum-jug (empty), the parchment shade a gala information bureau of rum recipes.

Sandy was spellbound, he conned recipe after recipe. Which of them would be the best value? The Rum Collins (juice of ½ lemon, scant teaspoon sugar, 1 jigger rum; shaken, strained into tallboy and fizzed 'mid cubes)? The Rum Old Fashioned? The Mojito (Collins, Jr. with mint sprigs)? The Cuba Libre? The Rum Sidecar (equal parts rum, lemon juice, Triple Sec)? The Rum Dubonnet (½ jigger rum, ½ jigger Dubonnet, juice ½ lime)? The Rum Sour (¾ oz. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. sugar, 1¼ oz. golden lightbodied rum; shake with ice; give glass a "lid" of 151 proof rum)? The Rum & Soda (latest rage)? Rock & Rum (much-fruited liqueur, already bottled)?

With such a decision to make, Sandy couldn't be hurried. Eleven days later he expired, the coroner reporting cause as ⅓ hunger, ⅓ thirst, ⅓ emotional strain.

So I advise one recipe at a time —in some instances to be found on the bottle itself, where he that *rons* may read. We pirates pass 'em off as our own. ##



Can We Take It?

Continued from page 72

minorities already enslaved. Some were helpful, worked hard, spent much time in making the lot of the victims more bearable. Almost all agreed they would fight if and when they were attacked. But that decision to fight was not accompanied by any conception of what the fight would be like.

At least, we can have no illusions about this war. Our war started as a most violent contrast to the phony war. We lost the first round before we even knew that the bell had rung. Even the "certain something" mentioned by the Greenwich Village lady hasn't prevented us from losing these first rounds.

Which, as every sports reporter (and even a general or two) knows, doesn't mean a thing.

To stick with sports for a moment: If you have to make a prediction on a prize fight, you carefully analyze the assets of both fighters and then you know where you are (or you think you know). This, of course, goes for war, too. Under assets—most people understand military and economic strength, but there is something else necessary to win this war. In a boxing match, more often than not, the greater staying power wins. In war, always. Staying power in war means the ability to take it. And this has less to do with armaments than with the people who make the armaments and who use the armaments.

I've mentioned experiences gathered on trips across Europe. I have made quite a few trips around America, too. And the experiences gathered differ to a great extent from my European experiences, especially if I try to sum them up to arrive at an answer to the question: can we take it?

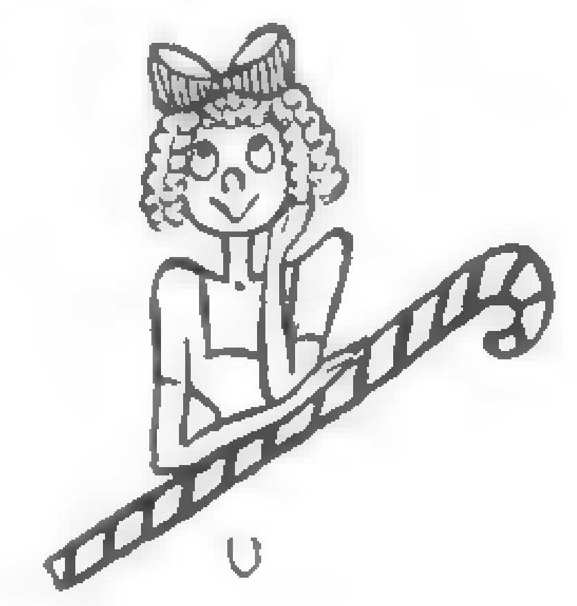
On my very first trip, I decided that we were going to win the war. The trip took me to the street corner where I buy my newspapers. Incidentally, this little trip took place long before we entered the war. To be exact, it was during those days in the Spring of 1940 which preceded the French-German Armistice. Every day brought more and more fearful news of the French collapse. I remember one day when I went to the corner to get the morning papers, the newsdealer was very pale. "I can't sleep any more," he complained. "I lie awake, thinking, thinking all the time. What happens in Europe is awful."

I was touched by so much feeling coming from a man who really had no personal connection with what went on in Europe. But this man by no means stood alone. I think, on the contrary, that he feels exactly the same way a great many Americans feel.

American journalists were the first to write the truth about Germany and American public opinion was the first to protest (at a time when in most European countries the subject was either not touched or served up as a somewhat horrible and unbelievable sensation).

And it was no coincidence that our American reporters throughout the last ten years were the best informed. It is even less a coincidence that they were the only reporters with any sense of moral responsibility and with any showing of moral indignation, motivated by what they saw and reported. That goes from Dorothy Thompson down to the least important employee of our news syndicates. That goes for the American public, too. The American public, no matter what they said in the polls, no matter how much they hoped "to stay out," never actually were "out of it," never could isolate themselves from what was going on in the world. They learned that terrible things were happening abroad, and they suffered with victims they never knew at a time when there seemed no indication that they would ever be involved.

Short and Awful True Story



A few years ago there was a newly-wed couple, and one day, soon after the honeymoon, they sat down to breakfast and there wasn't any sugar because the inexperienced bride had forgotten to shop for it. She apologized, but the groom said: "Don't worry, darling. With you here I've got all the sweetness anybody could possibly ask for."

The other day this couple sat down to breakfast, and there wasn't any sugar because the wife had forgotten to get her ration card on account of inexperience, and the husband said quote this is a hell of a note un q. the end.

There have been and there still are a few Americans who never liked this attitude. They told themselves and, even worse, they told others (in those late America First rallies) that we were suckers. There is something in this country that might be termed—a "sucker complex." Those who try to further it occasionally mention the little matter that, though Americans fought twenty-five years ago to make the world safe for democracy, the purpose was not achieved. And so on, and so on, (which does not argue against the idea of fighting, but against breaking a fight off too soon).

As far as I can judge from my private Gallup polls, the people suffering from a sucker complex are diminishing rapidly.

I think most of us now know very well what we are fighting for. In Europe, when the struggle began, almost nobody did. It may be admitted that a man like Marcel Deat, who asked why he should die for Danzig, was an exception. Still, the fact that he could ask such a question and not perish under the wave of popular protest, was symptomatic. Most peoples in Europe found out what they were fighting for when it was too late; when Hitler's hand was already at their throat. Some of them didn't even know then. They'll probably never know.

It's different with us Americans. We know what we are in for. Or, as I have put it before, we never were actually "out of it."

Can we take it? This question reminds me of a complaint that has been made about us—that we are soft. A complaint which has been made very often, of course, by the Nazis and the Fascists, and also by people in our midst who say that they by no means want to see us defeated.

As to the nonsense that democracies are unable to suffer and sacrifice, the unbelievable heroism of the English people has already given the right answer. The British became heroic when it was most difficult to become so, when everything seemed to be lost. The British began to fight when it seemed all the fighting was over.

We still have to prove that we can be equally heroic. And it may be a good thing not to wait so long as the English did.

Are we soft? Sure, we like to live well. We like a good life. We are fond of the many conveniences our riches and our inventions give us. And we rightly felt that there was no sense in modern inventions and money if all those things could not be used for making the life of most people more pleasant. However, it is my feeling that we can enjoy life and still not become too soft.

To give one proof that we have not become soft yet: We can still take the truth.

And to come back to what you and I, like the late Will Rogers, read in the newspapers: You may explain the fact that American reporters, from the very day of Hitler's rise to power, were the best informed and therefore the most pessimistically informing ones by saying that they have been and are better reporters than European newspaper men. I think the real explanation is that we Americans like to see things as they are and not as we would like them to be.

Look at our wartime press in comparison to the wartime press in European countries. In France, up to the very day of the collapse, there was almost complete suppression of the facts. In England, for a long time, at least until American and British newspaper men alike protested energetically, there was a censorship that did everything to prevent the population from learning what was what, and thereby was a real help to Dr. Goebbels. Even in 1942 this policy of keeping people optimistic, only to confront them with the grim truth without any preparation, has not quite been abandoned. The most recent example is Singapore, where an American radio reporter was chased out because he wanted to tell the truth—a day or two before the final catastrophe began.

We in America are almost masochists when it comes to the destruction of rosy illusions. When, at the beginning of the war, a certain newspaper tried to feature the very small amount of good news while hiding away the much more important bad news, the reaction of the public was almost unanimous. The reaction was: we don't want to be treated like children, we want to know what's going on.

We can at least take the truth. And we also can take grave doubts. "America can be licked," said Admiral William M. Standley, our Ambassador to Russia. Unthinkable that any European diplomat could have said such a thing before his country was defeated, and still remained in office.

Well, Mr. Standley could. We can take at least that much.

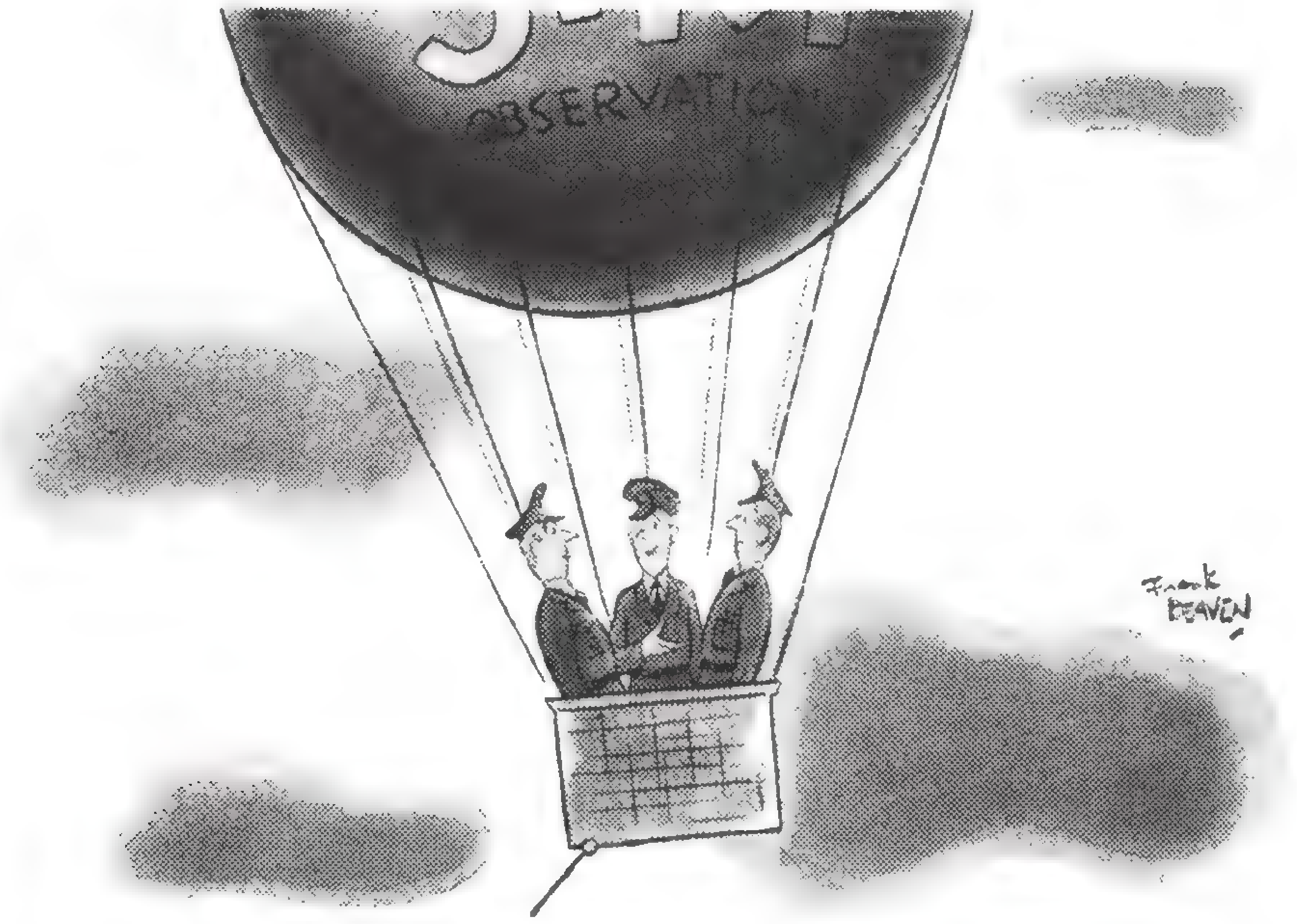
But it isn't enough merely to be able to take the truth. You have to take the war physically, too. We will all have to do a lot of sacrificing and suffering before this war is over. Leave it to Hitler. In this connection, the accent is not so much on the necessity of suffering but on the willingness to suffer. Incidentally, the willingness comes before the necessity—in terms of time, too.

There are many Americans who doubt this willingness of ours to suffer. Everywhere I go, I meet Americans who complain that we are "complacent." They are very complacent about it, it has almost become a kind of a parlor game to complain about the complacency of the others. It kills time and relieves one from responsibility . . .

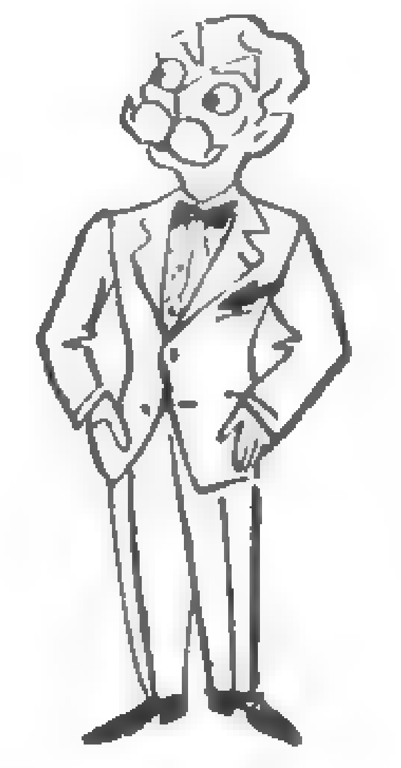
If you talk things over with people like that, you always hear, sooner or later, that, "People simply don't understand what it's all about." And if you try to find out why people here do not "understand what it is all about," then you either get nowhere or you hear some nonsense about our being too naïve, too unsophisticated, too young.

It may be amusing, in a bitter way, to remind you that exactly these same reproaches were levelled against Americans during the last few years before the war

Continued at top of page 106



"Oh, I beg your pardon, gentlemen—Lt. Rogers, shake hands with Col. Binn!



Military Terminology

What we want to know is: should a girl who has just become engaged be known as a miss or a near-miss?

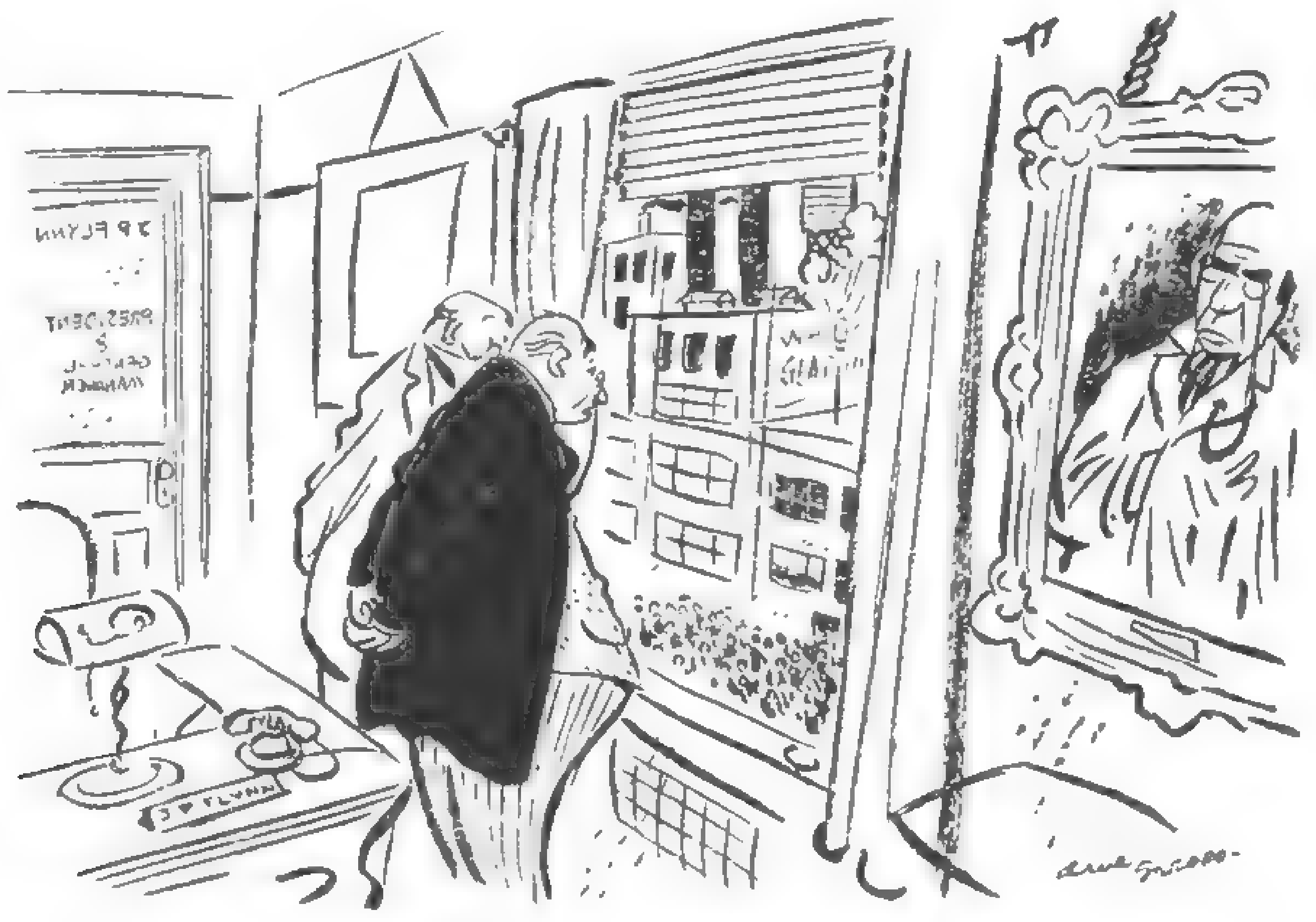
Parting

I hope you find
No hint of rain,
I hope that Love
Will come again;

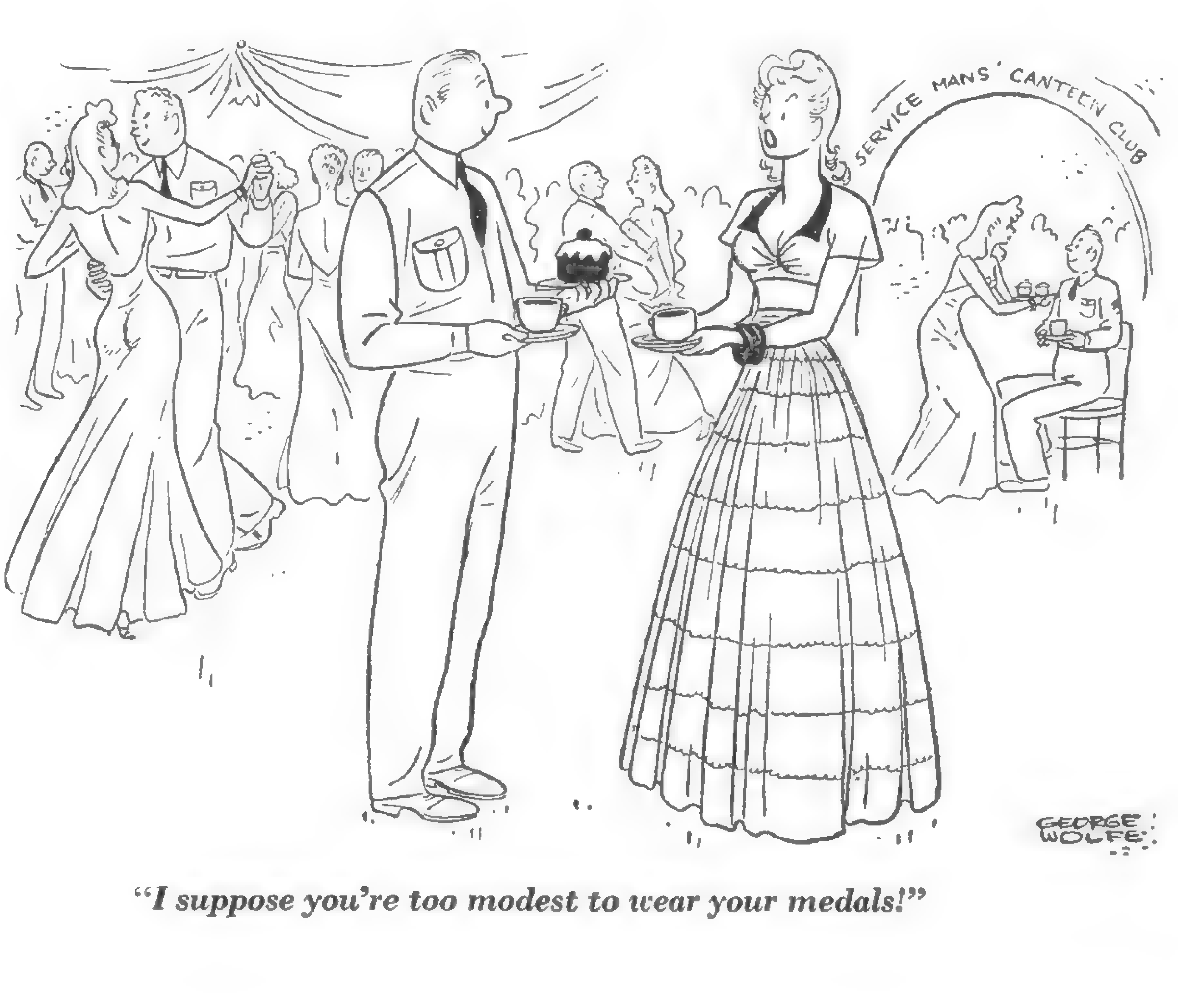
I hope that Faith
Will swiftly flower
To banish this
Distressful hour;

I hope the stars
Will once more dance
Across the heavens
Of Romance;

And if you treat
Some other bloke
As you have me . . .
I hope you choke!



"Time and a half for overtime, double time on Saturdays and Sundays—boy! I'd like to be pulling down some wages like that!"



"I suppose you're too modest to wear your medals!"

Can We Take It?

Continued from pages 72-104

started, by Europeans who took a great pleasure in looking down on naïve and much-too-young Americans "who didn't know what Hitler was all about," only to prove later on that they themselves certainly didn't know what he was all about.

Are we too young to know what it is all about? I suppose most people, if they could choose a time in which to live, would select a period other than our own. It isn't a very pleasant time. It is a time when you have to make decisions. You may say heroic decisions. But here it is. In another era, say thirty or forty years ago, you might have lived in comparative peace and under pleasant circumstances, without ever being asked to make decisions more important than how to make money, how to invest it, what profession to choose, which woman to marry, etc. Now you have to decide whether to be a hero and to fight and to sacrifice and to suffer, or whether to be a slave, and most probably, to sacrifice and to suffer ten times more.

Are we too young to make such decisions? On the contrary, I think, we cannot be young enough.

What does youth mean in terms of history? It means that we are still conscious of how our forefathers achieved what they did achieve because it all has happened such a short time ago. Indeed, it was only yesterday that this country fought and achieved its liberty. So why should Americans today be too young to do it overagain, to preserve that liberty?

We Americans are a bit self-conscious when it comes to making lofty phrases. It's hard to imagine an average American actually admitting that he is fighting for certain ideas and ideals.

Because we don't want to own up to big and important ideals, we prefer to compromise on the understatement that we have been attacked. It isn't really an understatement, it is a lie. True, we were attacked, but not at Pearl Harbor. We—if this We means anything at all—were attacked when Hitler came to power. And ever since then we have been attacked. Only, up to Pearl Harbor, we hoped and prayed that there might be a way to stay out of the actual fighting by helping others on our side (which, if you want to call it so, was our Maginot Line illusion, collapsing, fortunately for us, before we entered the shooting war).

But we know the ideas and the ideals at stake, even if we don't like to put them into words. Lincoln, who didn't mind using big words when big things were at stake, called it "man's vast future." Even if we did not know in 1933, we have learned through what went on in Europe that in this war it means nothing whether a country is "guilty" or "innocent." Whether it is "neutral," something which we never were, or openly biased.

What is at stake is, indeed, "man's vast future."

Americans, though we'd rather die than say it, are perhaps more fitted to be "heroic" than many people (which doesn't mean that many Europeans haven't become heroes when they had the choice of being either heroes or slaves).

There is something like a latent heroism in the American people. After all, this is a country that was founded by people who came here in order to be free and who gladly become heroes in order to reassert their liberty. (In terms of world history, all this happened only yesterday.) Yes, we feel ourselves to be a young nation. We *are* a young nation. But then, youth is heroic, isn't it? We are well aware that we have the ultimate responsibility as to the shaping of the history of the world for the next fifty or seventy-five years. Fifty or seventy-five years isn't a very long span in terms of world history. But that span happens to be our lives, the lives of our children.

Hindenburg, who, in spite of his losing World War I, was a pretty good general, once said that wars are won by the better nerves. On that basis you can say that we will be able to take it because we certainly have the better nerves, what with our superior food and the fact that we haven't had to tremble for years under the Gestapo, and haven't had to listen to all the speeches of Hitler. But then, under any circumstances, a young nation has the better nerves.

You can call it youth. You may even call it "that certain something," though I'd rather you didn't, you can even term it heroism . . . I think the average American will just say, "We can take it."

And this is exactly what he should say. ⫵

28 Flags That Fly Against Hitler

Key to the chart on page 28

1. United States . . . 13 horizontal stripes, of equal width, seven red and six white. In the corner is a dark blue canton with forty-eight equal sized white five-pointed stars, arranged in six rows, eight in each row. The stars have one point up, two points down.

2. Britain . . . The Union: the red cross of St. George (England) with white borders, the diagonal white cross of St. Andrew (Scotland) and the diagonal red cross of St. Patrick (Ireland) on a white ground—all against a field of blue.

3. China . . . red with a dark blue canton on which is a white, twelve-rayed sun. The red symbolizes sacrifice, the white justice and the blue, purity.

4. Australian Ensign . . . The British Union with a large white seven-pointed star beneath the Union and the Southern Cross of four smaller seven-pointed stars and a still smaller five-pointed star in the fly.

5. Greece . . . nine horizontal stripes of blue and white, five of blue and four of white. In the corner is a canton of blue which bears a white cross.

6. Denmark . . . White cross on a red field; the upright of the cross is placed slightly toward the hoist and the flag is almost square.

7. U. S. S. R. . . . Red, bearing in the canton the crossed hammer and sickle, emblem of the workers, surmounted by a five-pointed skeleton star, all in gold.

8. Holland . . . three horizontal stripes of equal width, red, white and blue.

9. Czechoslovakia . . . red, white and blue, the top half white, the bottom half red, while the blue appears as a triangle in the fly.

10. Panama . . . the flag is quartered with the first and fourth quarters white and having a five-pointed blue and red star, respectively, the second and third quarters plain red and plain blue.

11. Free France . . . red flag with a white diamond containing the red cross of Lorraine. The cross is upright with two cross bars—a small bar above a large one.

12. Poland . . . horizontal halves of white over red.

13. Costa Rica . . . five horizontal stripes, blue, white, red, white and blue; the red stripe twice the size of the blue and white.

14. Jugoslavia . . . horizontal tricolor: blue, white and red.

15. Norway . . . red, bearing a blue cross edged with white.

16. Canadian Merchant Flag . . . Red Ensign, with the Canadian Shield of Arms in the fly.

17. Dominican Republic is quartered with the first and fourth quarters dark blue, the other two red, while over all is a white cross.

18. Haiti . . . two horizontal stripes, blue over red.

19. Honduras . . . dark blue and white horizontal tricolor, with 5 blue five-pointed stars arranged two, one and two on the central white stripe.

20. El Salvador . . . equal-sized horizontal stripes of blue, white and blue.

21. Cuba . . . three blue and two white horizontal stripes, with a red triangle based on the hoist, on it a five-pointed white star.

22. Mexico . . . a vertical tricolor of equal stripes of green, white and red.

23. Brazil . . . green with a yellow diamond and inside the diamond a blue terrestrial globe with a white equator on which is inscribed "Ordem e progresso," the globe being sprinkled with stars in a free and easy rendering of a constellation.

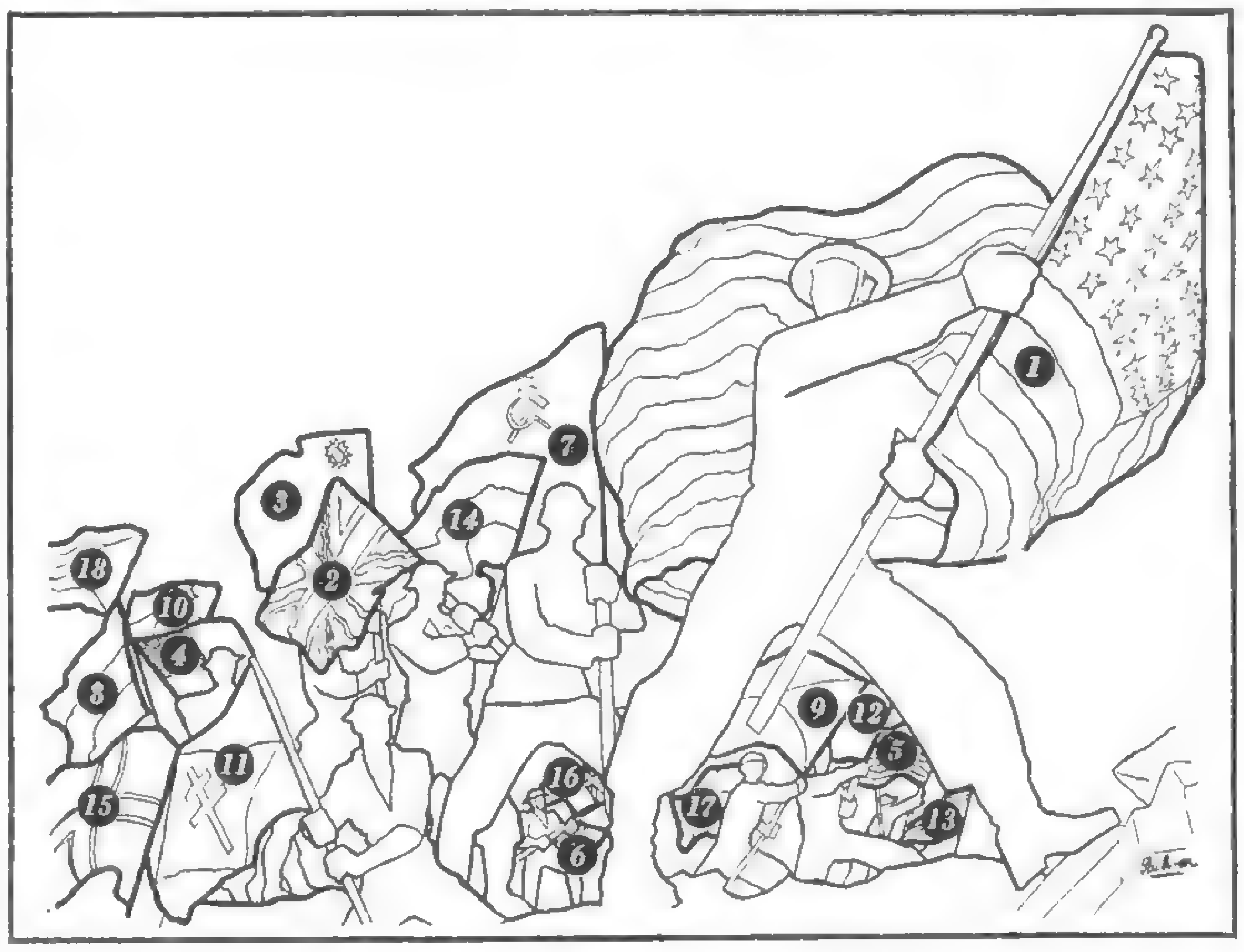
24. Guatemala . . . vertical tricolor of blue, white and blue: a badge charged in a central stripe shows a white scroll inscribed "Libertad 15 de Setiembre 1821" placed in front of two crossed swords and two crossed rifles with bayonets fixed. A quetzal, perched on the rifles, is green with a red breast. The design is surrounded by a laurel wreath tied with ribbon of the national colors.

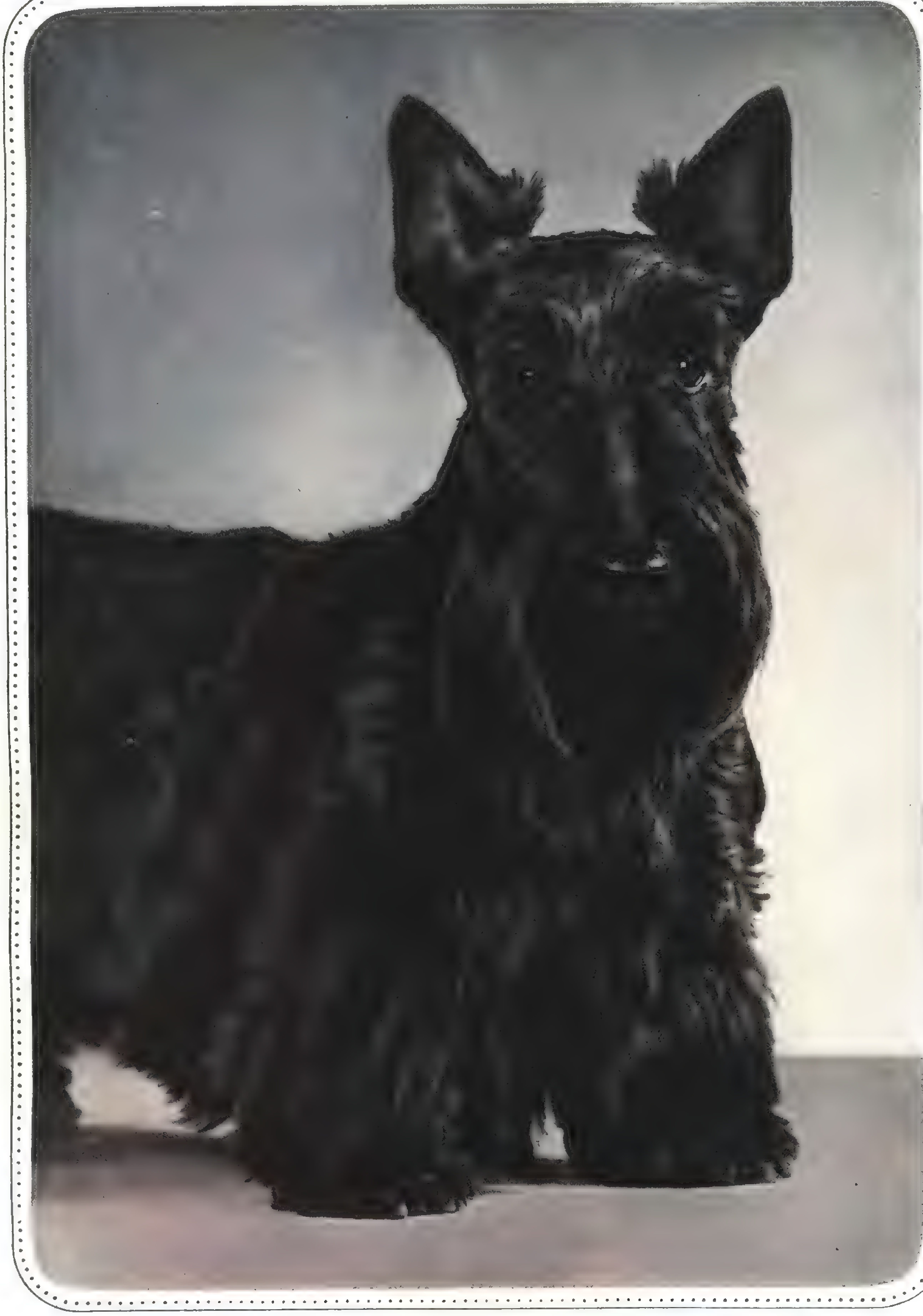
25. Egypt . . . green with a white crescent and three white five-pointed stars within its horns.

26. Colombia . . . horizontal tricolor of yellow, blue and red; the yellow stripe occupying the upper half.

27. Nicaragua . . . horizontal tri-color of blue, white and blue. The central white stripe is charged with a badge—a triangle which bears a landscape consisting of five conical mountains rising out of the sea. A pole rises out of the middle mountain, a red cap of liberty being placed thereon. The sun is rising between the two right-hand mountains. On the sides, in black lettering, is the legend, "Republica de Nicaragua" while under the base is "America Central".

28. Belgium . . . Tricolor of black, yellow and red, vertical stripes. ⫵

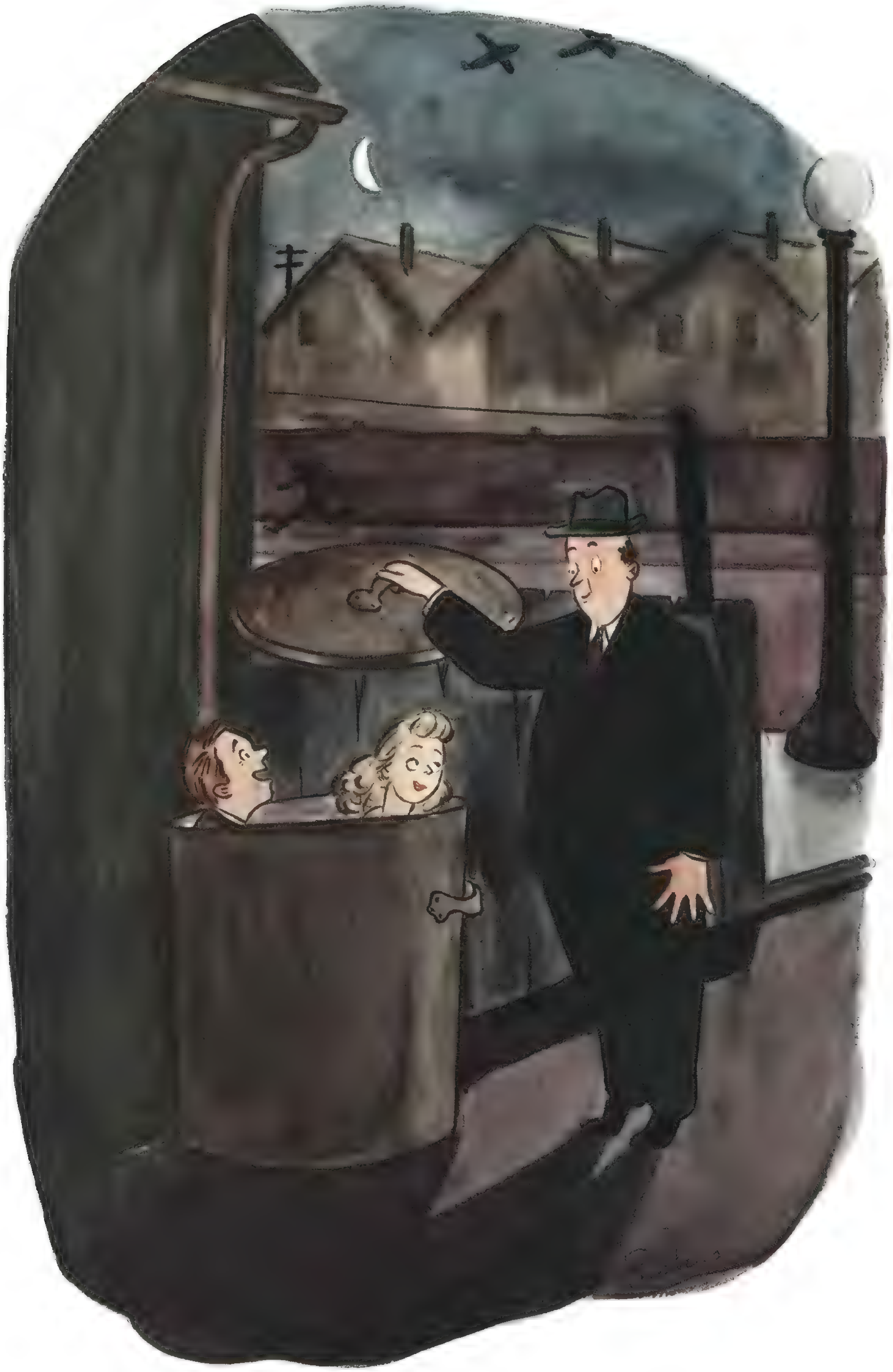




COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN

The Scotch Terrier

Champion Relgalf Ribbon Raider owned by Mrs. Flagler Matthews. The Scotty today is the result of some sixty years of concentrated effort to perfect and standardize the breed. Those whose loyalty to this "Highland Lad" borders on the romantic insist he is the oldest and truest of any of the terrier family. They even maintain that all and sundry terriers mentioned in early histories and chronicles are merely forerunners of the modern Scotchman, and refer all arguments to early writers such as Jacques du Fouilloux, Touberville and Dr. Stevens—all of whom describe a dog who might, as a matter of fact, have been the forerunner of the present-day Scottie. In 1850, Birmingham, England had the first show with a class given over to Scotch terriers. Later other shows carried a miscellaneous terrier class and dogs which were definitely not Scotch terriers were winning as such. This injustice outraged admirers who ran up a standard by which the Scotty was judged thereafter. All this controversy was worth while since the Scottie is a staunch and admirably stoical little friend and companion.—Chase Herendeen



"Sorry, pal, this bomb shelter's taken!"

The Inn of the Insurable Thirst

Continued from page 49

surable thirst. For he had been keeper of this inn, *aubergiste*, vine-grower on his own account and local Pantagruel, and like the hero of Rabelais had died of a surfeit. Whereupon his widow continued the inn, and kept the fantastic name above the door, scrawled there by a dead, libation-loving hand.

There was the inn, and there the river. Grass ran down to the water's edge, from the back door of the inn. An old boat or two lay moored there. An island swung at anchor in the main current of the stream. And from the inn to the island they could walk through grass and water, splashingly knee-deep in the shallows, shoulder-high in the sudden pools near the island, and always in water as clear, as translucent as crystal, a faery stream, winding through a spell-bound land.

They drank their coffee, Anne and he, at a table under the trees between the inn and the river. With it they ate thick slices of brown, farmhouse bread, covered with butter and honey. The daughter of the widow brought them the coffee, and talked to them as they breakfasted.

She was a sturdy girl and wore a dress of that French grey that shows up so vividly the healthy hues of flesh. She was not pretty, but she had something more durable, the calm, resigned, stolidity of the peasant girls that Corot painted. She talked without embarrassment but with a certain reserve, as if measuring her small store of secrets for the long lifetime of quiet and lonely days in which she should dispense them to casual questioners.

She was, she told them, twenty-three years old. She had been married three years, but had had no children. Her husband tended her mother's vines, and ploughed the fields of wheat, beans, potatoes and artichokes that lay hidden somewhere behind the lush, overgrown trees and the decaying, elegant, carved-stone farmhouses of the valley. Her husband wanted children, and so did she. Without children the fields would have to be abandoned, one after the other, or sold, and fewer vines would be kept. Already wine was scarce in that region. Her father's vines had yielded a famous wine. He had, her mother said, loved it too much, so that he had died of it. But was this the first visit of monsieur and madame to this country? Had they seen the ancient castle, the museum and the town hall?

Beyond the village, and some miles away, across the long river valley, was the castle, and that, too, lingered like a phantom from a lost world. It stood upon a hill above the town, mirrored in the river below, a grey and unsubstantial thing, at dawn, like a mountain drawn upon Chinese silk, at noon a shining city of towers and battlements, but in the flat brilliant golden light of sunset a city built of pearl and emerald, its ruined stones transmuted, its patches of bright weed and grass and creeper a living garment of green. A stone bridge arched the river in two spans, its central pier rooted in a long thin slip of island. And beyond the bridge rose the castle on its hill, and at the foot of the castle, nestled the slate-roofed, pink and white little town, with its odors of wine from old cellars, its mauve wistaria blossom trailing across the weathered stone of the house walls.

Between the bridge and the castle the life of the town centered in a leafy square shaded by old lime trees. There was a market in the square, and lean, brown-skinned women with bare, handsome heads of dark hair sat behind great heaps of fruit and vegetables, mounds of cheese and butter. The women chattered and chaffered in the gay, melodious voices of Frenchwomen, and there was an unceasing going and coming of slowfooted men and slow-footed horses, their feet sharp and metallic on the cobblestones. But above the clamour of the market rose a shriller and deeper sound: the sound of metal on metal; for a smith's forge stood in the higher corner of the square where it sloped steeply up to the foot of the castle, and from it came a continual clangor of hammering, as if horsemen still rode into the town and up the hill to the castle gates, and their horses had to be shod in haste for the impending wars.

As they climbed the steep path which wound about the face of the hill, the slate roofs of the town falling behind them as they mounted higher and higher, Anne had pointed suddenly to the lichen-grown wall of a postern, and there in the old stones, between the crannies in which tiny purple and yellow flowers were growing, some soldier of the revolutionary wars had written: *Libre ou mourir*.

Anne had repeated the words in a grave voice. "To be free or die." Well, this was the country of the free. The instinct of liberty ran in their blood. Guillotine and barricades, regicide and revolution. The feudal system had died there, on that very hill, between those old walls of a castle which centuries earlier Joan of Arc had seen from afar off, as she came riding with her band of peasants across the plain.

At the very gate of the castle sat an old man in the sun weaving a chair-seat out of rushes. The chair itself stood against the wall, light but solid and practical, an emblem of the French grace in common things. The old man had a face that had grown old with him. It had the warm, weather-beaten look of the stones of the old town, and like them the dignity of acknowledged age. The cottage in which the rush-weaver lived stood next to the castle. Originally perhaps it had been a dependency of the castle: now it was a humble neighbor, nothing more. A grapevine climbed over the door of the cottage, and an old rose bush near it was covered with blossoms.

Modern Real Estate Ad

For rent: *Ideal house, perfect location. Right next to railroad tracks and station. Splendid view. In sight of chain grocery stores, cigar store, butcher, five-and-dime, hardware, etc. Fashionable neighborhood. Six prominent air raid wardens in same block. Perfect house for up-to-date living; not a single modern convenience. No garage. Fine old-fashioned icebox with three types of icepick. No oil burner. Cooking and heating done by burning old crates, boxes, etc. in fireplace. Very few windows. An ideal house to black out. Lovely ground with no flowers, lawns, hedges, etc. Entire yard consists of huge dump brimful of cans, bed-springs, old tires, tubes, etc. Entire contents of valuable dump free to tenant who signs early lease. Don't miss!*

The old man, seeing Anne's admiring glance at the roses, got up stiffly from his seat and taking out a claspknife from his pocket, cut her a cluster of blooms. She, confused and touched, had pointed to the inscription on the wall.

"Do you still believe that?" The old man looked at her in mild astonishment.

"For sure," he said, "Without liberty one would not wish to live."

In the evening they returned to the inn. The river still gleamed in the last flat rays of the sun, and they splashed through the clear shallows to the deep pools by the island, lying in the cool water until the heat of the day had been chilled out of their flesh. Suddenly the sun fell behind the tall poplars at the head of the valley, and they shivered as they dressed and went back to the inn.

There, in the dark, smoke-blackened inn kitchen, they saw a fire of dry wood blazing in the fireplace, and the bent figure of the widow silhouetted against the flames, stooping over the fire with a long-handled iron frying pan in her hand. A rich odor of melting butter, browning meat, wine and green herbs filled the room, and with it the perfume of kindling wood, and suddenly he and Anne had realized the exquisite pleasure of knowing the extremes of simple sensations in the same day: burning heat subdued in a cold river, and the warmth of fire on chilled flesh. These, and the pangs of hunger about to be stilled, and of thirst ready to be quenched.

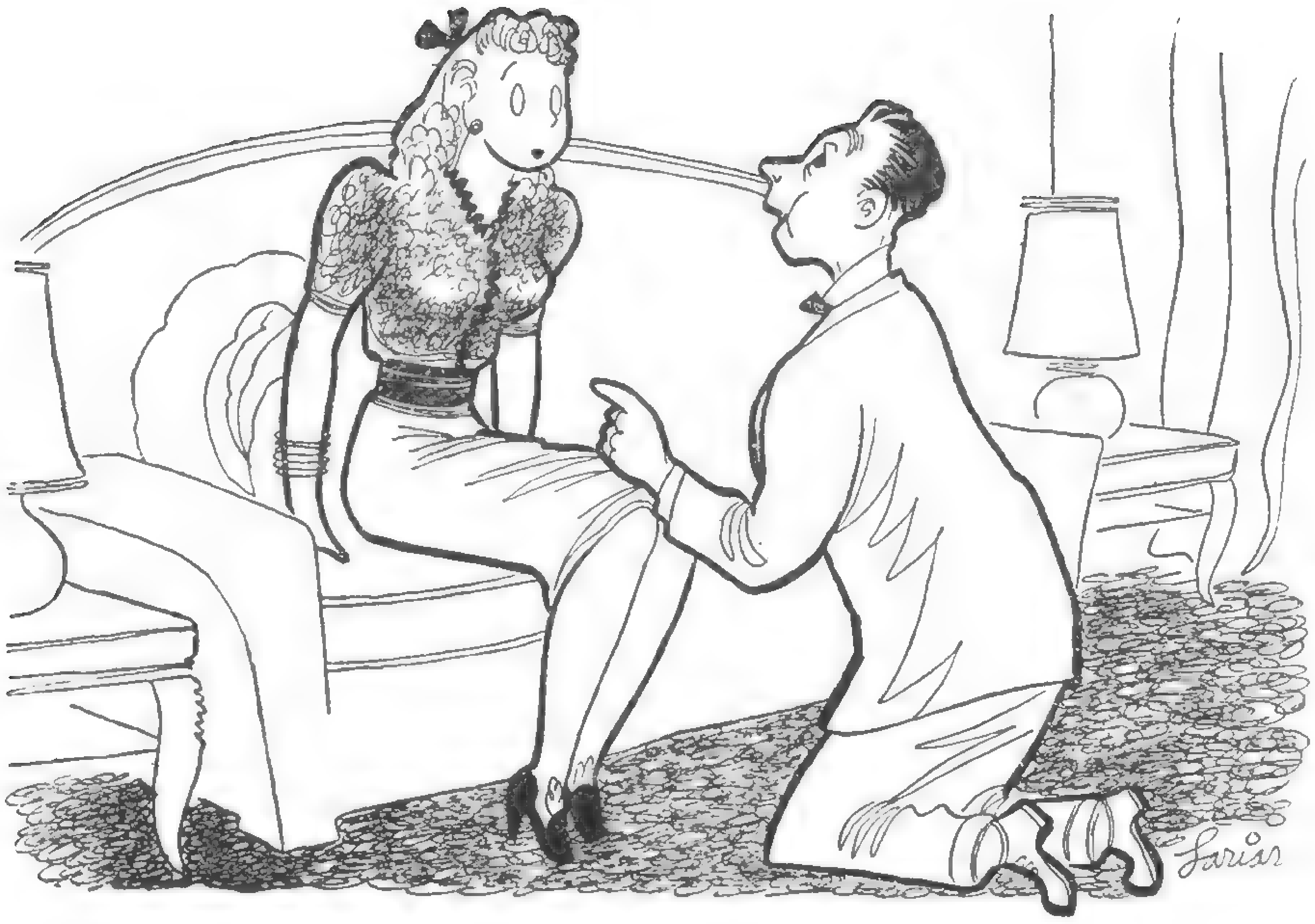
Once or twice, in after years, he had tried to find that village, but without success. There are many St. Gervais in France, as there are many rivers, and many inns. He could not trace it on any map. Nor could he identify, among many hundreds of hamlets lost in leafy lanes, or nestling on the banks of some forsaken stream, a white-washed inn with a chestnut tree growing in its sanded courtyard, and a widow with a long-handled frying pan stooping over a fire in the kitchen. There were many widows, and many childless daughters, and many half-abandoned fields, and old decaying houses, and even many ruined castles. And in the dawns of summer many pearl-misted landscapes which caught at the heart. And old men who sat weaving, or smoking, or merely dreaming outside cottage doors in the rose-tinted sunset.

And then there came the day which some men in their hearts had long foreseen, a day such as had smitten the ancient Egyptians, and the people of Babylon, the Medes and the Chaldees, a day of the overrunning of the rivers of wrath, of darkness and pestilence and a great evil. The roads from the north had become a black stream of fleeing people, cars and horses and cattle, old men and women on foot, princes and peasants.

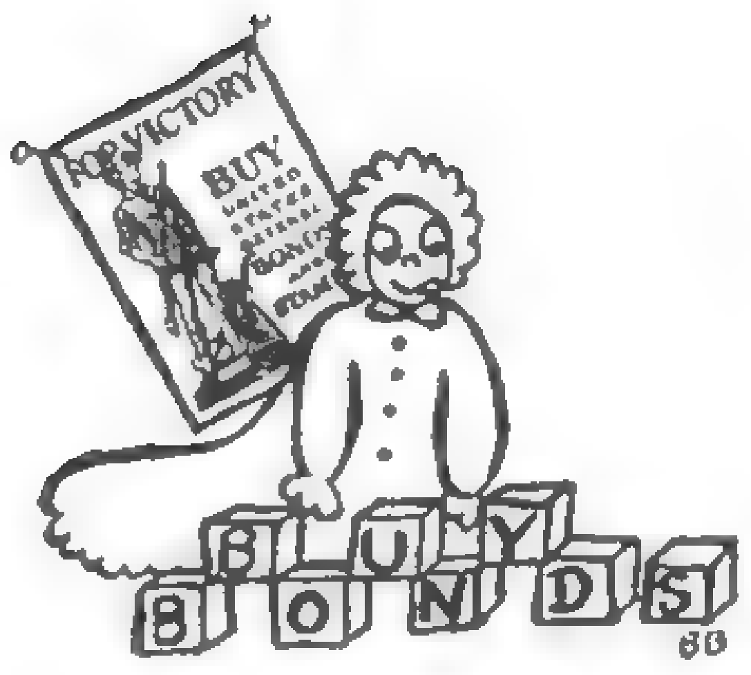
Behind them rose a cloud of brown smoke which filled the sky with the acrid smell of burning oil, and before them rose the dust of the unending procession of fugitives. Sometimes planes droned overhead, and from the villages and towns which lay ahead of them they could hear the dull thud-thud of explosions, and see red or black smoke clouds rising.

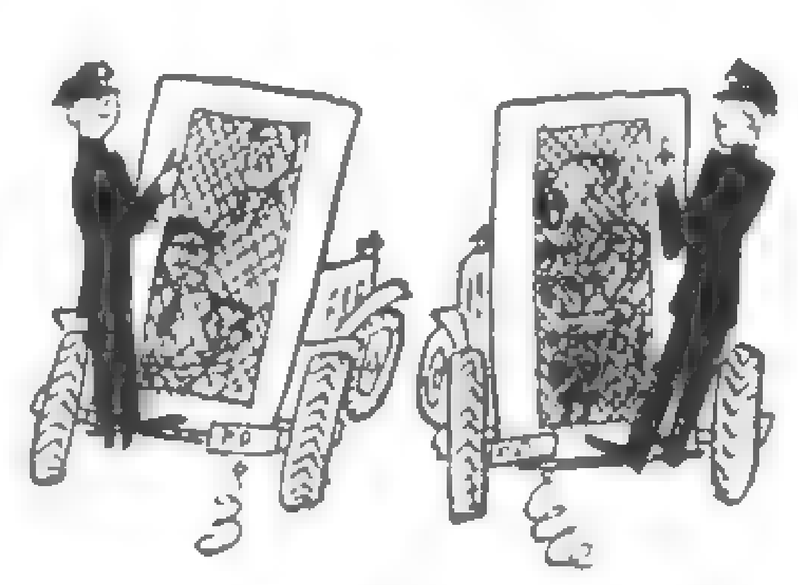
The sun shone pitilessly on the long, unending plains. There was little cover from sun or enemy in the thin fringe of young apple trees which bordered the straight, narrow roads blocked with farm wagons and brokendown cars. Round every village well stood a circle of black, sweating farm horses. Round every village shop stood a group of patient, hungry, fate-stricken women, waiting for bread that had not yet been kneaded. The towns through which they passed had a forsaken look: houses locked, shops shuttered, streets empty, trains, buses, factories idle. Only the once-quiet

Continued at top of page 111



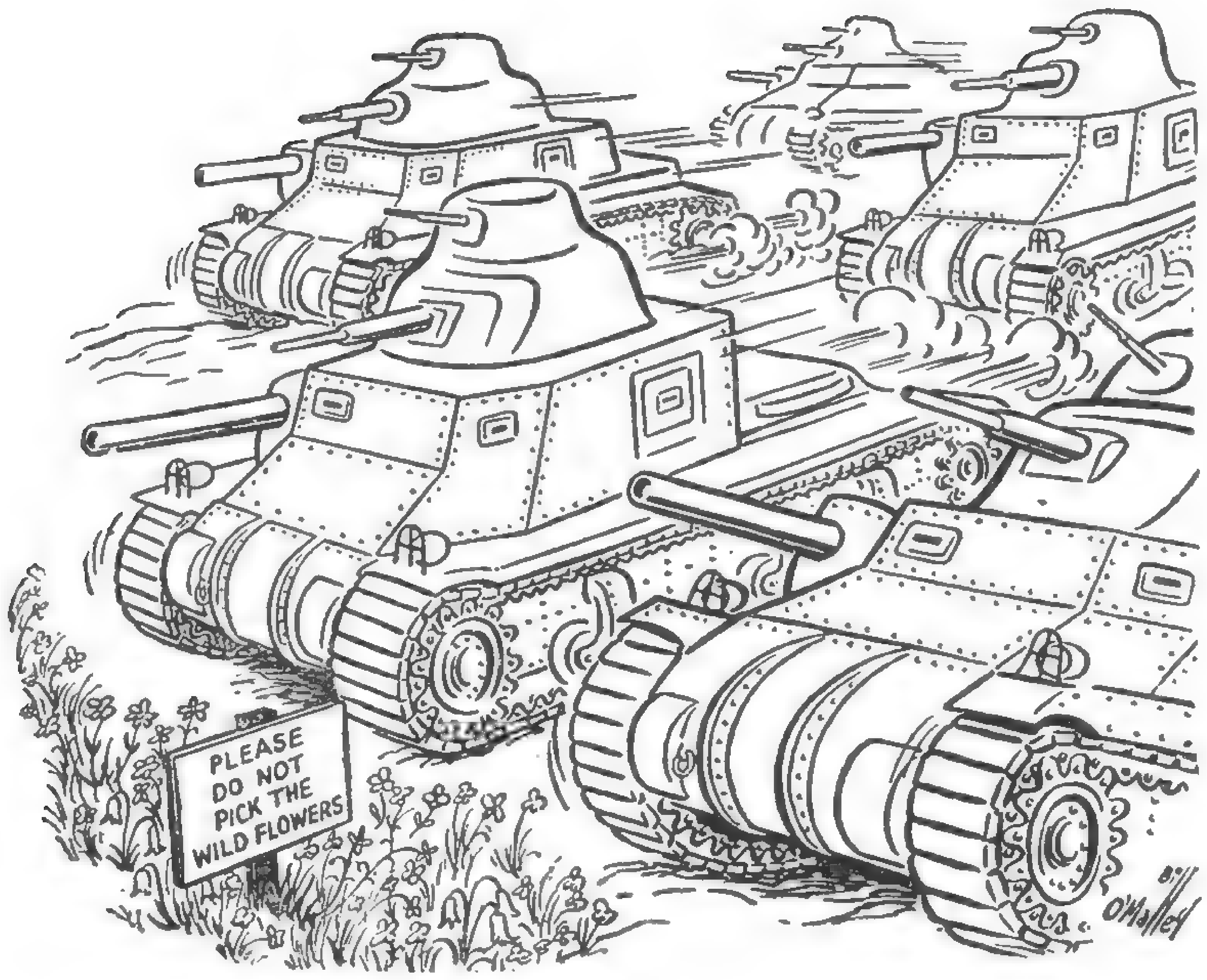
“—I'll ask your father if you'll ask my draft board”


FOR VICTORY
BUY
BUY BONDS

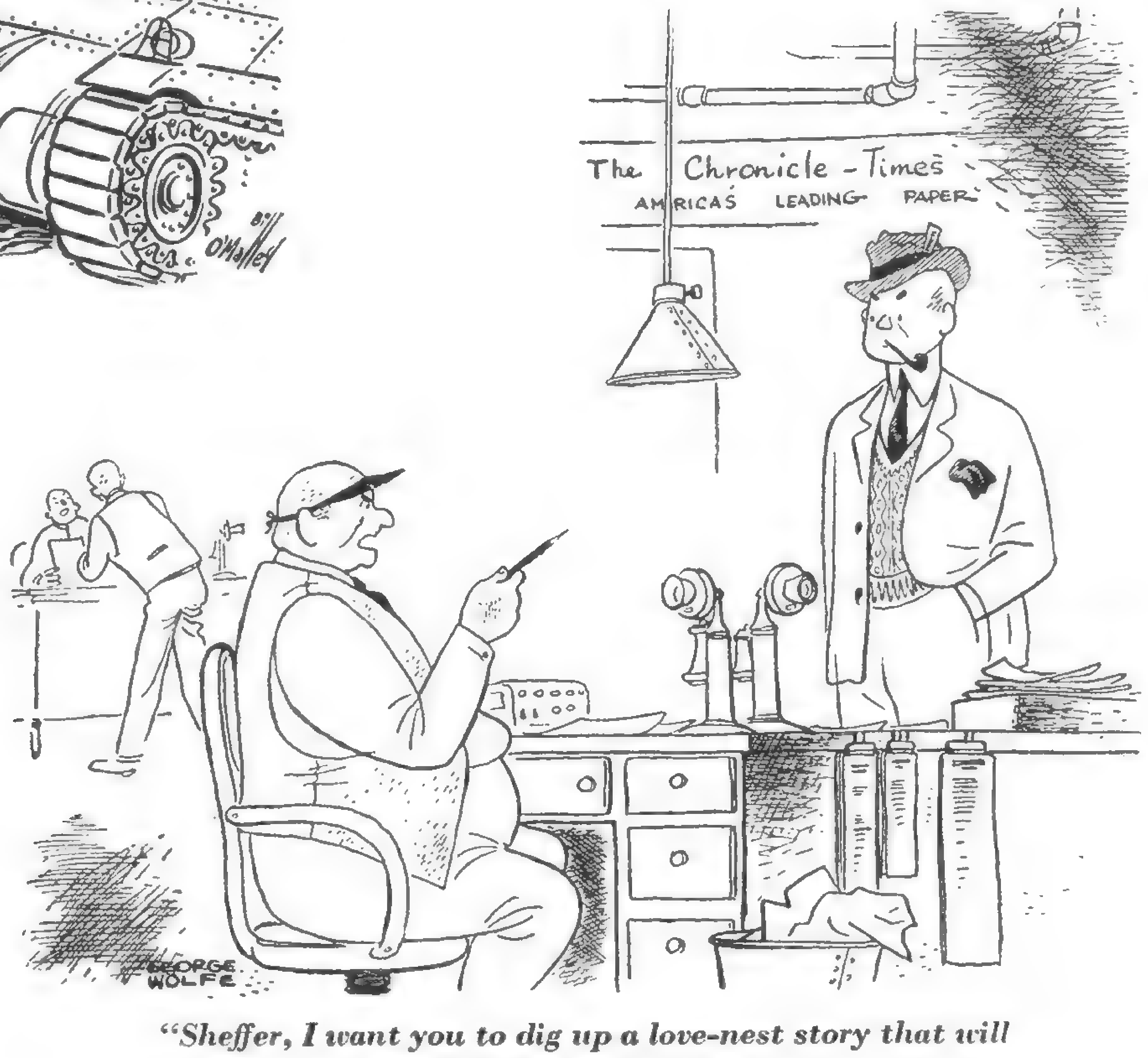


Beach-Lounger's Plaint

They are moving enemy aliens several hundred miles away from the ocean. It would be O.K. by us if they did the same thing with dogs.


PLEASE DO NOT PICK THE WILD FLOWERS

The Japanese are complaining that Americans are fighting vindictively and cruelly. Before commenting we are awaiting telephotos to see how straight their faces are.


The Chronicle-Times
AMERICA'S LEADING PAPER

“Sheffer, I want you to dig up a love-nest story that will crowd the war off page one!”

The Inn of the Insurable Thirst

Continued from pages 49-109

hamlets, the tranquil villages he had known, were full of feverish life, crowded, noisy, sinisterly active and swarming with the panic-ridden, the deserters, the wounded, or the lost.

The planes came nearer and nearer. More and more towns ahead of them were wrecked. They drove through the fields to avoid the holes which gaped in the roads, or the untended wounded, unburied dead who sprawled in the ditches. Here and there he had recognized a car he had seen at the gates of Paris, or a military truck which had overtaken him when his own car was halted at the roadside.

On all the faces was the same look: bewilderment, cynical derision, incredulity, helpless anger, or blank despair. Such a look had been seen on the face of Lot's wife, on the faces of the people of Sodom and Gomorrah. His own vision seemed sharpened and intensified. As a drowning man is said to see his own past life in a flash of time, he saw the engulfment of a nation, as he sank with it, noting with a physician's cool impersonal gaze the last struggles of the doomed, the uneven pulse, the glazing eye, the despairing cries, the fluttering breath.

Never had nature been more beautiful, and man more hideous. The sun shone, the fields massed their brilliant greens and purples and scarlets, the hills beckoned, blue in the distance, the roads gleamed, like a steel mirror, under the hot sky. At the windows of abandoned cottages the pink and red of geranium flowers flamed gaily. The fruit lay heavy on the trees, the crops heavy in the fields. There was a lowing of cattle, as at evenfall, with full udders, the cows waited vainly at the gates of the byre.

Then, suddenly, as the overbranching trees shaded the road, and the road turned familiarly through a valley, he caught the silver shining of water through trees and saw a cluster of white stone houses. There, there, surely was a remembered chestnut tree. And now, as he stopped the car, and listened in the silence, was the boom-boom, not of exploding bombs, but of the old water-pump which drove, inexorably as the ram after which it was called, water up the hill from the stream.

But when he started the car and would have entered the village, he found a great hole in the road, and the wreckage of a fallen house barring his passage. But on the side of the road a part of a wall and a doorway still stood, broken off like the stump of a storm-splintered tree. And on the fragment of whitewashed wall he read the well-remembered sign: *L'Assurance contre la Soif.*

And faced with the ruin of this proud boast, he had wondered when, and upon what walls, those other defiant words would be scrawled: *Libre, ou mourir.*

* * *

The ship ploughed on, tirelessly, monotonously. The deck beneath him quivered to the vibration of the propeller-shaft. The night was too hot for sleep, and he could not smoke on deck, for fear of submarines. He threw off the blanket and lay flat on his back, cradling his head in his hands, and staring at the pattern of spars and ropes against the stars. Soon the heart of the ship began to beat in rhythm with his own. To be free, or die. To be free, or die. *To be free . . .* ⧺

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 79

First, there is Katharine Hepburn, the youngest of the lot, who is thirty-five. Second, there are Gertrude Lawrence, who is forty-four; Katharine Cornell, who is also forty-four; and Tallulah Bankhead, who is forty. And, finally, there is the perennial Ethel Barrymore, who proudly confesses to being all of sixty-three.

Of this quintette only Katharine Hepburn approaches even remotely to the Hollywood concept of glamour and its concomitant, sex appeal. And even she, who has been in pictures, sometime since surrendered her glamour standing in Hollywood to such very much younger items as Veronica Lake, Rita Hayworth and the like. Furthermore, in the sheer matter of looks, as looks are popularly regarded, she alone of the quintette satisfies the popular sentimental, pictorial demand. Yet the other four exercise an invocation not only equal to hers, but here and there measurably superior.

None of these women, Hepburn included, have gone through a beauty mill. All of them are more or less as nature originally fashioned them. Perhaps, in some cases, the hair has been touched up a little; perhaps a molar has here and there been prettied up a bit. But no Hollywood brand of metamorphosis has even faintly been visited upon any of them.

It isn't, moreover, as it is in England, any arbitrary loyalty to favorite actresses on the part of the theatre public that accounts for that public's romantic esteem. When these actresses have appeared in bad plays their public has remained steadfastly away. Nor is it, in some cases, a matter of loftier talent. Judith Anderson, to name but one, has a talent far exceeding that of several of them, and so, to name but another, has Helen Hayes. But neither of these and none of the talented rest have exactly the species of peculiar personal appeal that the five in question have, although Helen Hayes has plenty of it in another direction, and for this particular commentator sufficient even in the direction under inquiry.

It has not been expert press-agentry, or fancy photography, or swimming pools and Russian wolf hounds, or cantaloupe sweaters, or views of delirious silken boudoirs, or even always shrewdly chosen vehicles that have made these actresses what they are in the public's imagination. Nor, surely, has it been the tantalizing species of corporeal embellishment that Hollywood relies on. Hepburn in her careless slacks, Bankhead in her two-year-old velvet gowns, Lawrence in her humdrum street outfits, Cornell in her chill tailor-mades, and Barrymore dressed usually as if clothes were the last thing in the world to interest her—certainly there is nothing in this quarter to make men or women turn around on the street to look. It is, rather, that these women as individuals seem to have something in them, whatever it is, that catches and holds the theatre public's personal fancy as no five or ten or fifty Hollywood lulus could conceivably hope to.

Fable

Once upon a time there was a man who, on being asked how the Axis could be most efficiently beaten, replied: "You've got me; I know practically nothing about military affairs."

Outside of an occasional screen glamour girl like Betty Grable who manages to get by in Broadway musical comedy, the attempts of the Hollywoodians to crash the glamour gate of the theatre are hardly fortunate. There have been a number of such attempts and chivalry envelops their names with silence. Katharine Hepburn, whom some may argue in contradiction, was, it should be remembered, originally of the theatre and has journeyed to Hollywood at times thereafter. The stage's idea of glamour remains as different from the Hollywood idea as black is from white, or at least as a rinse of henna is from a pail of peroxide.

The quality which is the personality of Ethel Barrymore has persisted for all of forty-odd theatrical years. In her youthful day the belle of New York, with more avid swains in pursuit than you could crowd into the Brown Derby, she has come through the changes of the long years with the loss of little more than that dark young beauty which brooded from photographs on end tacked to college boys' walls in the early Nineties. The voice that crawled into the heart of a nation, that voice with the sound of a blues song addressed to a muffled drum, hasn't changed, nor has the gentleness of stage person, nor have the unstudiedly graceful gestures, nor has that physical suggestion of being always half-absent.

Katharine Cornell, who in her earliest theatrical appearances vaguely suggested the Katharine Hepburn who was yet to come, is now, in her forties, a woman of dark dignity, of impressive reserve, of implied intelligence, and with a voice that, while it has little of the cajolery of Miss Barrymore's, deftly combines metaphorical Melba sauce with tangy Worcestershire and is dramatically palatable.

Tallulah Bankhead is no more like either of these than the late and deeply lamented Jeanne Eagles was like Elita Proctor Otis. Tallulah, whose Dixie looks might easily be mistaken for English, is the rough-and-ready, the to-the-devil-with-you-and-you sort, who drives at you like a rushing tally-ho and whose voice always suggests that she has smoked twenty cigarettes too many. Her mouth seems ever poised to put Dorothy Parker, to say nothing of a couple of dozen other girls from Buffalo and points east and west, in her place. Her flowing hair she tosses to and fro about her head as if it were an irksome basketball. Her appearance she doesn't seem to give a hoot about. The take-it-or-leave-it type, she may come in for the moment like a lamb, but she stays and goes out a lion. She is a dynamite sandwich on rye, three-decker with mustard.

Gertrude Lawrence came to America first from her native England as a singing and dancing girl in a Charlot revue. Her figure is still as slim and full of grace as it was then; her spirit is quite as lively—on occasion even considerably livelier; and the only thing about her that has materially changed is her talent, which has developed so astonishingly that she is by common consent the most versatile actress on the contemporary American stage. She can play a dramatic scene forcefully; she can sing a song drolly; she can dance and shake a naughty hip with the best of them; she can do, it would seem, pretty darn near everything. She isn't beautiful; she isn't the kind movie magazines spread in six-color grandeur on their covers; she would never get an Oscar for being the most popular girl in Hollywood; and Cesar Romero probably never heard of her. But she, like the others named, is one of the theatre's own real glamour babies. ⧺

Open Letter to George Jean Nathan

Continued from page 60

of German productions, utterly trivial, ranging from the broad to the slimy, which also appeared in the theaters and other locales of entertainment during that era. As Miss Thompson predicts that the theaters of America will soon be empty, because we are using them to divert the people, instead of making them "*realize* the war," I have to assume that she hasn't read about *The Bing Boys Are Here* and *Chu Chin Chow* which flatly ran right through the first World War in London. She says jazz and swing have disappeared from the air in England; I have no radio schedule by me, but I have within the past three weeks been talking to four or five men and women just over from England; they still find swing pretty hot stuff. Miss Thompson feels that "Beethoven, Brahms, Elgar, Sibelius, Bach, and Mozart" satisfy "a hunger for the loftiest music" which, one gathers, has become acute; whereas swing "evoked a world that no longer exists, and seems inexplicably tawdry."

My British friends give me some assurance that Britons never will be slaves—to any aesthetic tyranny. They are fighting for the right to listen to swing and to avoid going to Greek tragedies if the mood isn't on them. Miss Thompson says we can't face the fact of death in our theater, and we do not face it in our minds either, but pretty it up; we can't face the fact of age creeping on us, and pretty ourselves up with cosmetics and snappy exercises; we can't even get the passion of love evoked in our theater—and have to import *The Baker's Wife*, wherein "fat and awkward Raimu was a million times more moving a lover than our handsome Hollywood heroes have ever been." (Raimu was a cuckold.) As for mother-love, Miss Thompson has seen it only in *Dumbo*, "and Disney had to make the mother an elephant in order to make her human."

So, we shy away from nobility; yet our lives are getting to a pitch of tragic intensity; we are going to read casualty lists with terror and see buildings topple and crush those we love in the ruins: we will have to be quiet when we are hurt—and go on with our work, whether our work be the horrible monotony of a machine job or the dreadful work of killing enemies. And for that the theater, among our other arts, has not prepared us.

What I'd like you to do, dear Nathan, is to write Dorothy Thompson a letter telling her that the common people of Britain have created the noblest monument to fortitude in all history; tell her that fire and hell raged around them and they saw death every day; tell her that as they stumbled and fell in the darkness they still helped one another to get up again; tell her that the simple people forgave the rich and wellborn and sensitive, and helped the delicate ones with emotions surging inside them to bear the fact that a bomb kills you, but if it doesn't, you keep on living.

Then, since you were often in London, tell her how utterly trifling and degraded the London theater was; tell her that the people whose constancy and co-operation will always remain in the memory of man, were people who never had a terrific emotion from art, who loved cheap little tunes which weren't even good ragtime, who dressed in pearlies and blacked their faces at cheap seaside resorts—tell her that they didn't have a single spiritual leader to tell them how silly they were.

Then maybe you'd write me and tell me whether the Germans with their noble music and tragedies in all the theaters will stand the gaff half as well.

Rubber on the Rebound

Continued from page 46

a later 600,000-ton-by-1944-program have been declared inadequate and a 700,000-ton production goal set for 1944.

Leon Henderson has taken issue with the recent reassuring statements on synthetic production made by Jones. On March 5th, before the Senate defense investigating committee on the rubber situation, Henderson asserted "It will almost require a miracle" to produce the 300,000 tons of synthetic rubber scheduled for 1943. Then, in a brief flash of optimism, he said American ingenuity "will produce something that will run even if it bumps and disturbs the peace at night."

War production's biggest bugaboo—shortages of vital materials—is holding up equipment and raw materials for the synthetic rubber program at this writing. Practically all war production programs relating to chemicals require huge quantities of non-corroding stainless steel and ersatz rubber is no exception. The alloys that make stainless steel are nickel and chromium, which also happen to be two of the most important alloys for producing high speed machine tools, armor plate and all other toughened steels. Production of butadiene, a hydrocarbon gas which is the basic chemical ingredient of buna rubber, is still in the laboratory stage.

Dr. E. R. Weidlein, chief of the OPM chemicals branch, believes the first 200,000 tons of synthetic rubber will be in production by January 1, 1943—if high priority ratings are assigned immediately for needed quantities of war-precious stainless steel and of butadiene. If this production is in sight by July, the second 200,000 tons could be ready for production by mid-1943, he says.

WPB technicians have assured the Senate war production investigating subcommittee that our rubber stockpile will be augmented substantially by synthetic rubber production this summer, unofficial estimates of our 1942 synthetic production running from 60,000 to 75,000 tons. However, bottlenecks in trained technical men, as well as equipment, are hampering production, according to Dr. Ralph E. Montonna, professor of chemical engineering at the University of Minnesota and an authority on synthetic rubber.

"The United States has the men, money, technical information and the raw materials to make all the synthetic rubber needed," Montonna says, "but America will be doing a good job if it can produce 100,000 to 120,000 tons of synthetic rubber in 1943. Mass production of synthetic rubber is a complex, highly technical job requiring more trained men and specialized materials than are now available."

Tennis balls are now being made out of reclaimed rubber. And so from what we've seen of them, are a good many of the current crop of players.

Germany and Russia have been making synthetic rubber since the last war, and they still haven't reached 100,000 tons annually. We produced 10,000 tons last year, and it's a big jump from that to 400,000 tons.

America won't have just one but several "ersatz" rubbers, each with special chemical characteristics and uses, according to Professor Montonna. The B. F. Goodrich Company has its Ameripol, Firestone has its Buton, and Goodyear its Cehmigum. Butyl is Standard Oil of New Jersey's baby. Butyl is made from the same crude petroleum, and Buna S and a number of other good synthetics are also based on butadiene. German Buna—ersatz rubber—uses coal, limestone or potatoes as a base and is more expensive than that made on the oil base.

"Synthetic rubber, however, is not satisfactory for all purposes," Montonna admits. "Tires, for instance, require a certain amount of natural rubber to impregnate the cotton fabric and increase fabrication. Synthetic rubber is satisfactory for building tire treads and sidewalls over the para-rubberized fabric. What to do with the synthetic rubber plants after the war will be a problem. There is a limited demand for synthetic rubber since it is superior for some uses, being highly resistant to oil, acid, sunlight and water. But it can't compete with para rubber for regular purposes—not at 30 cents a pound. Best estimates now are that synthetic rubber will cost from 50 cents to a dollar a pound. Natural rubber can be produced for 10 cents a pound."

Synthetic rubber, then, may solve a short war rubber problem, but it can't solve our rubber problem permanently. Only an abundance of para rubber from Latin America can do that. And in a long war a steadily increasing supply located close to home may prove an important factor. Let's, therefore, consider the problems we face in trying to grow sufficient rubber in the Western hemisphere to supply our needs.

First written reference to rubber was in 1536 by the Spanish explorer Gonzalo Fernandes D'Oviedo y Valdas, leader of an expedition pushing up the steamy Amazon basin. He saw a group of natives playing with a sticky elastic ball, made from the milk of a tree. Two hundred years later, two Frenchmen, the scientist and naturalist Charles de la Condamine and the engineer Fresneau, first revealed to the world some possibilities of this new milk.

Near the end of the eighteenth century rubber got its name, "India rubber," from the scientist Joseph Priestley, who discovered its erasing qualities by accidentally rubbing a piece over pencil marks. In 1820 Thomas Hancock established the first rubber manufacturing plant in England, but it was an American, Charles Goodyear, who discovered vulcanization in 1839, opening vast fields for commercial uses of rubber.

As a result of increased demand for rubber, South American rubber boomed. By the late nineteenth century the more accessible areas of the Amazon basin were a sprawling empire of wild rubber trees which supplied all of the world's production needs before 1905. By 1915 this South American boom had collapsed through exploitation and artificial price boosts which had greatly encouraged production of the Malayan rubber.

The South American world monopoly was cracked in 1876 when Sir Henry Wickham smuggled seeds of the Hevea brasiliensis from Brazil and transferred them to the Kew botanical gardens in London. They were then sent to Ceylon and finally to Malaya. In 1905 rubber from 150,000 acres of

Far East plantations first came on the world market, although that year South American wild rubber supplied 59,500 tons, or 99.7 per cent of the world's production, selling at prices from 61 cents to $1.50 a pound. Plantation rubber survived this terrific competition only because prices were forced skyhigh by South American exploitation.

By 1910 South America produced only 90 per cent of the world's rubber. Prices ranging from 72 cents to $3.06 a pound stimulated Far Eastern plantings, which now totaled 1,405,000 acres. By 1913 Far Eastern plantation rubber production passed that of South America. In 1920, 3,000,000 acres of Far Eastern plantations supplied 90 per cent of the world's rubber. The Amazon basin rubber empire reverted to jungle.

With their plantations growing 75 per cent of the world supply, of which 75 per cent went to the U. S. in 1922 the British got a brainstorm for paying their war debt—the Stevenson restrictions, which boosted our rubber from 31 cents to $1.23 a pound in 1925. The Dutch then increased their plantings in Java and Sumatra. In 1941, 8,000,000 acres of plantations produced rubber selling at 14 to 20 cents a pound. British and Dutch Far Eastern plantations grew 97 per cent of it.

With rubber the largest single raw material imported into the United States, our imports averaging about $250,000,000 annually, early in 1940 the United States Department of Agriculture began seeking ways to stimulate interest in the development of rubber in tropical America along the line of the Ford experimental rubber plantation in Brazil. Congress granted $500,000 to the Department of Agriculture for a survey to find suitable areas in Central and South America. Four expeditions were sent out in the Summer of 1940 to explore. One expedition, covering Ecuador, Peru and Southern Colombia, was headed by Elvin C. Stakman, professor of plant pathology at the University of Minnesota, who had studied natural rubber production in Liberia and the Far East. Another expedition, into Costa Rica, Colombia, Panama, Haiti, Venezuela and the Dominican Republic, was under O. D. Hargis, a pioneer in American rubber development who became interested in the Mexican guayule's rubber possibilities twenty-three years ago. For thirteen years he had managed the Goodyear rubber plantation in Malaya. Another expedition covered Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and San Salvador. The fourth went up the Amazon to obtain seeds of the native rubber tree, Hevea brasiliensis.

All of these expeditions endured many hardships. Hargis almost bled to death after accidentally biting his tongue nearly off, finally reaching an airport after fighting through the dense Costa Rican jungle, from where he was flown to a hospital. Another time his group, left without food by an unreliable guide, lived for days on oranges and green bananas.

Professor Stakman's expedition explored trails left by earlier rubber workers on the slopes of the Andes, and in January, 1941, in his report to the officials in Washington, he said: "One of our best immediate sources of rubber is in the Amazon basin. From 75,000 to 100,000 tons of rubber a year can be obtained from tropical American wild sources, but getting it will be expensive. The native rubber trees are of many types scattered over great areas. The best way to get more wild rubber is to offer the natives better prices. This will mean the squelching of chiselling Portuguese traders who pay little for bringing it in."

The Stakman expedition collected the best varieties of rubber trees and furnished them to Latin American governments co-operating in the program. These governments have established test and propagating gardens by the bud grafting system, which tripled production on the Far Eastern plantations. Tropical America, especially the Amazon basin, offers an area suitable for plantations many times as large as the 8,000,000 acres devoted to rubber in the Far East. The climate is right, moisture is right. Labor can be obtained. Already work is under way. The only real handicap is the South American leaf disease, and resistant varieties are being collected from all possible sources.

South American leaf disease is unique to that continent, and is caused by the fungus Dothidella ulei. Like the American apple scab, it attacks the tender leaves of the young rubber trees and turns them into non-yielding runts. Treatment by dusting or spraying is precluded by the large acreages and heavy tropical rains. These new plantations, however, won't produce until five or six years after their establishment. To ease our immediate shortage, then, we can expect only about 75,000 to 100,000 tons of wild South American para each year for the time being. Also, about 120,000 tons of synthetic rubber, by next year, smaller amounts sooner.

Meanwhile, every weed and shrub in the United States is being torn up and analyzed by scientists looking for new rubber sources. Even the Midwest farmer's pet peeve, the leafy spurge weed, is drawing attention. Leafy spurge, whose planting is prohibited by law in some Midwestern states—can produce from 150 to 200 pounds of rubber per acre the year it is planted. Research work to determine the rubber's quality, still uncertain, is progressing.

However, according to Professor Stakman: "More than 60 years of research has shown that outside of the rubber tree only one plant, guayule, yields enough rubber to make peacetime production practical.

"Thomas Edison, Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone, Sr. worked for years in Florida trying to develop a North American rubber source to be used in an emergency. After testing hundreds of plants from the dandelion to milkweed, these men settled on the giant goldenrod as the most promising rubber source. But that rubber was only half as good in quality as para rubber."

Twenty years ago, Harvey S. Firestone started a one-man crusade urging this country to develop its own independent source of crude rubber supply. He carried on a vigorous campaign with the slogan, "Americans Should Produce Their Own Rubber," and on February 27, 1923, called a meeting of automobile and tire manufacturers in Washington to enlist governmental support. The House passed an appropriation of $500,000 to conduct experiments with rubber production. After wide surveys, Firestone started his own rubber plantations in Liberia, West Africa. Today, this is one of the few rubber producing areas not under Axis domination.

Guayule rubber is not as good as para, but combines splendidly with synthetic rubber. While the price of guayule is increased because resin content of the plant must be removed for regular purposes, the resin is not removed when guayule is used in synthetic rubber production. Guayule resin is valuable to the plastics industry. Another advantage, apart from the fact that the plant can be grown on otherwise unproductive arid land, is that rubber can be left in the plant until needed, while stored rubber deteriorates.

Drawbacks of guayule are several. The most economical period for maturity of the plant is from four to seven years, although it can be used after the first year. Present annual production is about 10,000 tons. Also, the bush gives only one yield, being completely consumed in the extraction of latex—the rubber liquid.

Guayule is cheaper than synthetic rubber and almost as economical as para. President Roosevelt vetoed a bill to promote large-scale guayule growing because it did not provide for stimulating other rubber sources in other sections of the Western hemisphere. A more inclusive bill may go through. But with or without government subsidization, guayule production will definitely increase.

Looking into the next few years—Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public will have to sit at home Sundays and bicycle or walk to work when the present tires and autos wear out. Our rubber stock will take care of military and industrial needs this year and probably next, with the help of some synthetic rubber and some para rubber from wild trees and other rubber-bearing plants. Superhuman efforts may get synthetic rubber production above 120,000 tons next year. Tropical American plantations will begin to produce in five or six years, an eternity now, if they are planted immediately. By then we should be independent of non-American rubber sources.

One thing is certain—we're not going to let rubber snap us in the seat of the pants again. #

The Office Life

by JEROME WEIDMAN

Floating stenographer: Like Thackeray's famous heroine, she is insanely ambitious but, unlike Becky Sharp, her ambitions have a reasonable limit.

All she wants of life, aside from a husband, is the opportunity to be promoted from the degrading position she now occupies: at the beck and call of every executive or department head who finds himself short-handed and needs extra stenographic help for a few hours.

She would give her right arm for the chance to give up her present nomadic existence and settle down into a niche of respectability as private secretary to one of these executives or department heads among whom she now rotates.

Since she never knows from day to day for whom she will be working, she is in the approximate position of a tight rope walker whose rope has no ends. She can never relax. She must look bright, gay, efficient, and seductive at all times. She juggles her dresses, accessories, hats, and shoes desperately so that none of the many men she works for will think she has only one outfit.

She earns her salary many times over, but all the other girls in the office think she is a slacker. Since she is officially under nobody's specific wing, she can't afford to answer in kind the barbs of the girls who can always scurry to the protective sides of their particular bosses. She is probably the unhappiest female in America since Ma Joad packed up and left for California, but she is almost as optimistic.

Sooner or later she finds out about sweaters, or she discovers a new kind of uplift, some executive or department head, formerly distressingly myopic, decides he could do with a new secretary, and our heroine's troubles are over.

Scrimshanker Jones

Continued from page 71

with as much caution as possible across the sub-infested waters to the ancient city of Cartagena in the Republic of Colombia. Jones looked at the old forts at the narrow entrance to the harbor and thought contemplatively, “Well, I'll see some foreign countries, anyway, and I'll have twenty-two days pay less fifteen dollars when I pay off.”

Jones knew he wouldn't last another trip. The mate had made that point very clear.

Jones didn't see much of the foreign countries. He saw green trees in the distance through an iron gate on the oil-wharf. The gate was locked and a sign on it said that no one could go ashore. There was more secrecy now than normal, with the U-boats plowing all these waters, and turning up a pretty good crop, too, for the time being.

They poured one hundred thousand barrels of crude oil into the oil carrier in eight hours and she sailed. The mate said to the bosun,

“Damme, but those long-shore rats can muss up more white paint in a few minutes than you can shake a stick at. Give Jones a bucket of soodgy and tell him to wash the oil off the starboard rails on the main deck.”

So Jones got some washing soda and some water and rags and went to work. He was just getting properly started when they left the harbor, furtively and impromptu. Everything looked different, now that the ship was loaded. The blue sea was only six feet away from him instead of about twenty-five. Sometimes it was closer than that. Sometimes the waves slopped up on deck, wetting his feet. The farther they got from shore the bigger the waves became, until Jones was soaked through. He didn't mind, because the water was warm.

The bosun and his men were tarring down the backstays and shrouds on the foremast and they forgot about Jones. So did the mate.

The oil carrier began to roll. She was flat-bottomed like a soup-plate, and she began to roll more and more until she rolled her weather rail right under.

Then the mate and the bosun remembered Jones. They picked him up from underneath some cargo pipes and felt him for broken bones. When they felt his right knee he let out a squeal. So the mate and the bosun painted his knee and bandaged it because each man's conscience bothered him. They wouldn't knowingly put experienced men to work where they were likely to get hurt, much less a man like Jones.

When a man was hurt they put him in a hospital until he was better and gave him his job back. And when a man was hurt they had a funny little way of asking his immediate superiors just how it happened. At the end of the year if a mate or second engineer could show a clean record regarding injuries to his men there was also a nice little bonus.

Jones's knee was still badly bruised when they returned home. The mate either had to send him to the hospital or keep him. He didn't want to lose a perfectly good cash bonus over a sodger like Jones, so Jones remained aboard.

Jones's knee almost got well the next trip. He looked at the little forts at the entrance to the harbor at Cartagena, forts that still showed the marks of Henry Morgan's bullets, and thought, “Well, I'll never see them again. The mate will fire me this trip, sure. God knows what'll happens to the wife. Sixty-seven fifty and board is good money for a month's work. Enough to keep her and the kid when it comes. It's a good life, being a sailor, even if they don't like me. I'll bet I'd be just as good as any of them if they'd only show me what to do and how to do it.”

Whatever Became of—

Pants cuffs? . . . Two-bit dry Martinis? . . . The days when a 4.10 mile was hot stuff? . . . Banjos in jazz orchestras? . . . Rose O'Day? . . . Gilda Gray? . . . “Game postponed on account of rain?” . . . That much-feared epidemic of war industry strikes? . . . Wall Street? . . . The full dinner pail? . . . The full sugar bowl?

CONSERVE
SUGAR

Then it was that he discovered the fid lying on the deck. He put it in his pocket and took it aft when he went to supper. Next day his knee was worse than ever. The mate was shocked when he saw it.

“Hell, Jones,I can't understand it,” he said.

“It just swelled up sudden like during the night, sir,” Jones explained.

So trip followed trip. Other tankers went down, leaving only a trace of tell-tale oil; but not theirs. Every time they slipped into their home port Jones would scuttle ashore to hand over his money to his skinny little wife. He kept very little for himself. His clothes were ragged enough on shore but he was hardly decent aboard ship. His shipmates thought he was a tightwad because he never stopped to buy a beer at any of the taverns. They could forgive him for being a poor sailor but they could not forgive him for being a tightwad. The bosun said,

“He's keepin' a good man out of a job, the damn scrimshanker.”

The oil carrier continued to carry oil when oil was a critical cargo, and Jones continued to pound his knee with the fid every night. The mate was suspicious but he couldn't prove anything. If he fired Jones he stood a good chance of being fired himself. All Jones had to do was go to the company and show some official his knee, then so long Mr. Mate. If he sent him to the hospital he could kiss his bonus good-bye. And the bonus was practically spent. The mate's wife was one of those women who look ahead.

“Open up number four tank, starboard side, Bose,” the mate said one morning. “There's something wrong with the valve. The water ballast is leaking in from number three. Get the gas mask rigged and have somebody stand by the hand pump. You'd better rig a line and have a winds'l ready in case we have to go down and do some work.”

One of the sailors put a ratchet-wrench on the screw and turned up the cover of number four tank. The opening was about the size of a kitchen table. The bosun brought the box containing the gas mask, which was just a metal head-piece with a hose connection through which fresh air was pumped to the wearer. They dragged out a canvas windsail and unlashed it. It was a long, tubular affair with hoops to hold it open, and had wings on the top to catch the breeze. When working in a tank this was hoisted well above the deck and the bottom section placed in the tank to blow out the oil fumes.

A tanker, empty, is more dangerous than when loaded. The gas given off by the oil that remains on the bottom and sides of the tanks is highly inflammable. Care must be taken to avoid sparks or open flames. Rubber boots must be worn when working in the tanks because of the danger of sparks from the nails in leather shoes. Bailing buckets and scoops should be made of brass for the same reason. If an electric flashlight is used it should be switched on before entering the tank and extinguished after coming out. There are plenty of hazards in this game, besides unwarning torpedoes.

The mate adjusted the mask and motioned to Jones to turn the crank. The bosun hung a cluster-light with four bulbs on the tank coaming. The mate started down the sloping ladder. He climbed down slowly, the bosun paying out the air-hose as he went. Upon reaching the bottom the mate clambered over the steel beams until he reached the inboard side of the tank where the suction-outlets were placed.

One of the men who was rigging an overhead line on which to hang the windsail gave a sudden heave on the rope. The other man, who was in the foremast shrouds, was unprepared. He let go of his end and the block on the line fell, striking the cluster-light. The bulbs broke, sparks flew, the men about the tank coaming jumped back screaming as a sheet of flame shot from the top of the tank.

The third mate was on watch on the bridge. He leaped to the handles of the automatic fire extinguisher. Captain Reid stopped him in time. Had the officer succeeded in pulling the handle he would have released a flood of C.O.$_2$ gas into the tank. The carbon dioxide was contained in banks of steel bottles of the same type as those used to store liquid air or oxygen.

The mate was safe for awhile. The flames burned only at the tank opening where the gas was mixing with the air. Barring an explosion, the mate was safe as long as he could get fresh air through the rubber line. The bosun, who had leaped away from the tank with the others, went back to the box containing the air pump. He wrapped his coat around his head to shield himself from the intense heat and started to turn the crank.

For a moment he was successful, then the rubber hose melted and fifty feet of it dropped to coil itself about the man below.

“Smother it with the winds'l, men,” Captain Reid shouted. After a moment's hesitation the sailors took the windsail, and keeping well clear of the flames, drew the heavy canvas over the hatch. For an awful moment it bellied upward from the updraft of the flames, then it drooped. The fire was out.

Jones had lost his eyebrows and lashes and most of his hair at the first puff of flame. He was thinking, the poor devil of a mate's dead. I'll get fired for sure now.

He pushed through the crowd of men who were looking down the tank and stepped inside to the ladder.

“A rope,” he shouted. “A rope.”

Someone gave him the end of a rope and he started down the oil-covered ladder.

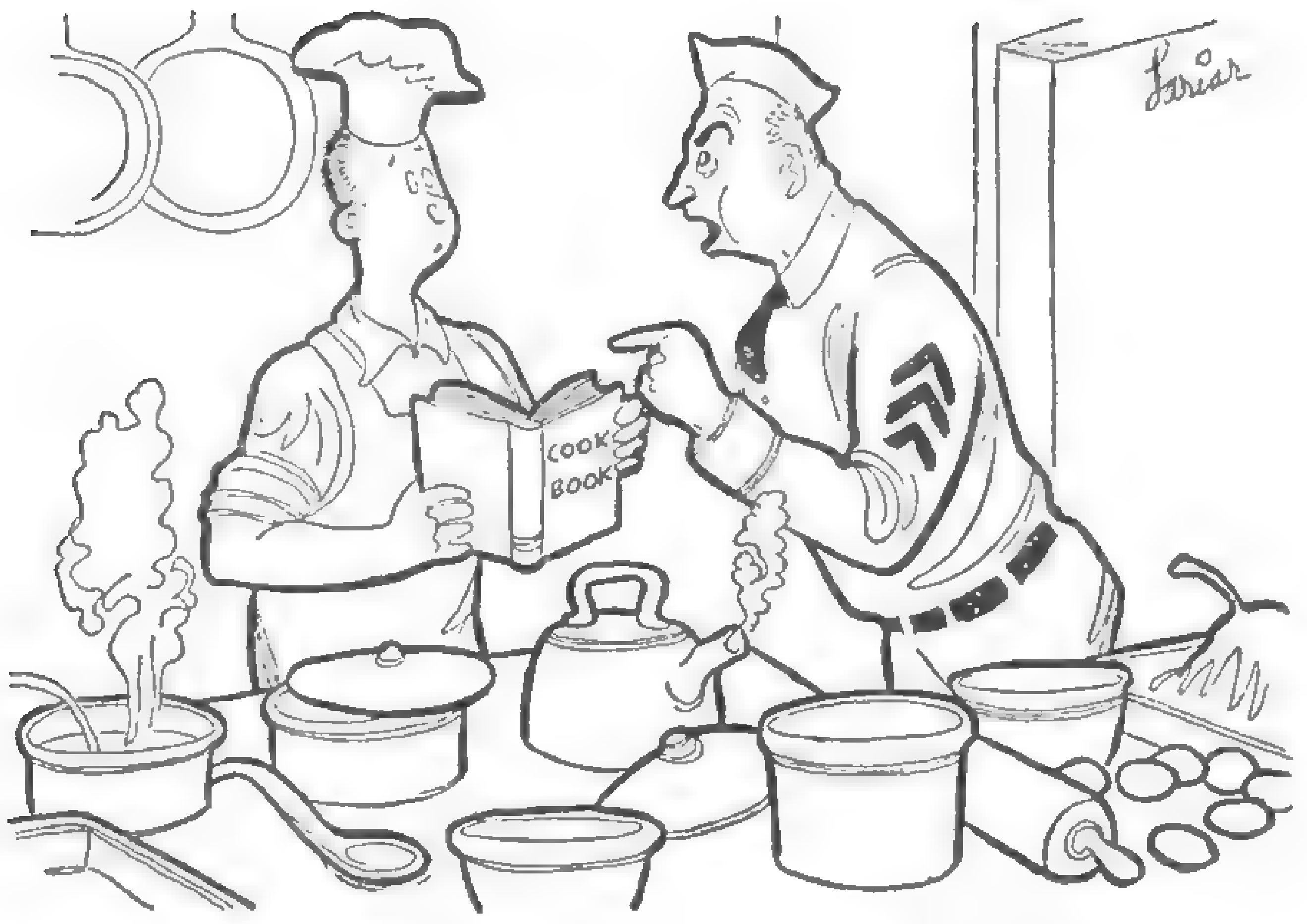
“Stop that man!” roared the captain.

They all started to shout at Jones but he paid no attention.

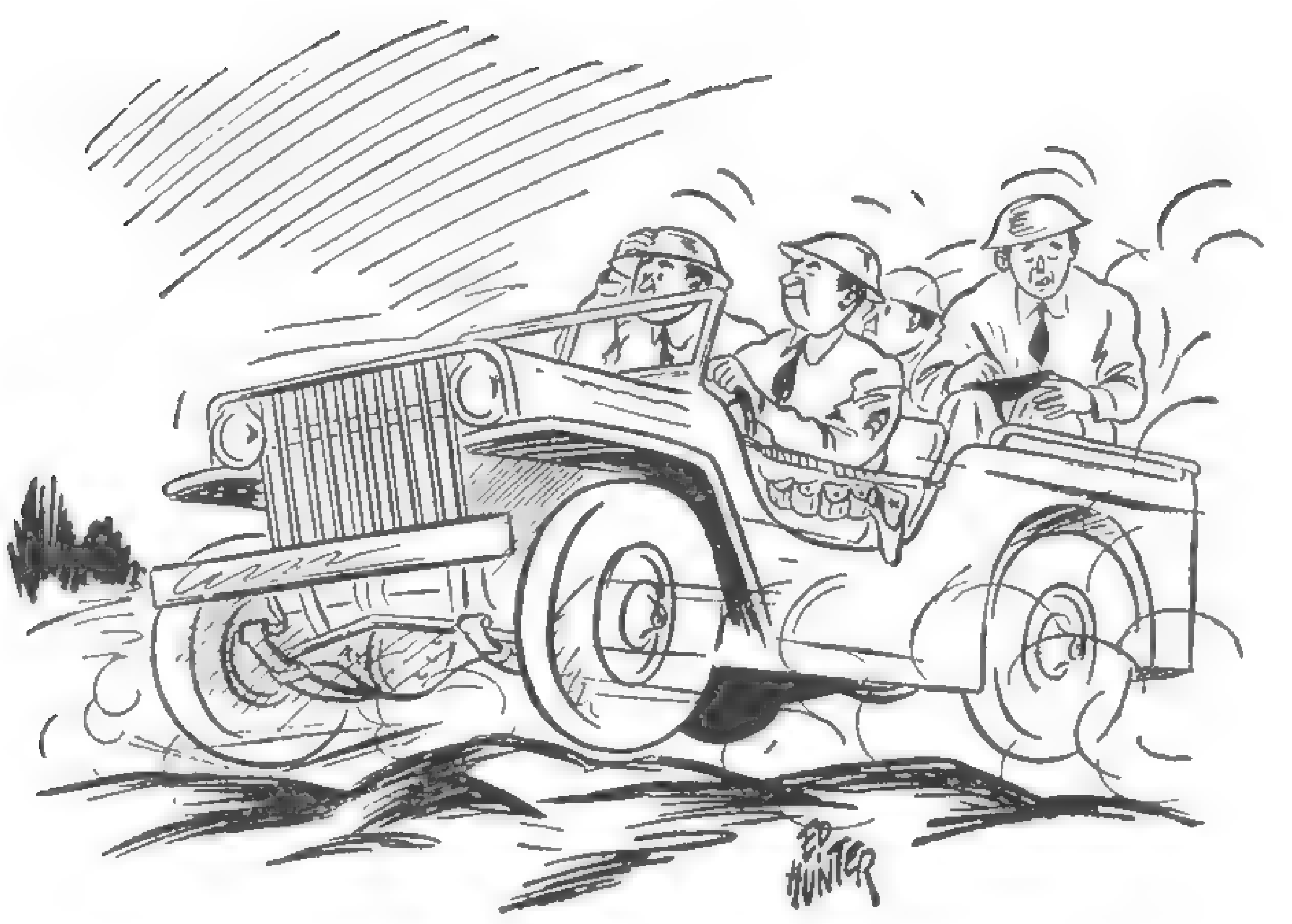
It wasn't too bad at first. He was halfway down before his eyes began to smart and burn from the gas. Then he could feel it catch in his throat. He took a deep breath and held it, but that didn't seem to do any good. He let go of the hand rails when he got to the bottom and promptly sat down when his feet shot out from under him. The oil-smeared platform was very slippery.

He crawled on hands and knees over to the inboard side of the tank. He was very dizzy. Tears blinded him. He tried to wipe his

Continued at top of page 116



"Beef stew! Beef stew! Don't you ever turn the page?"



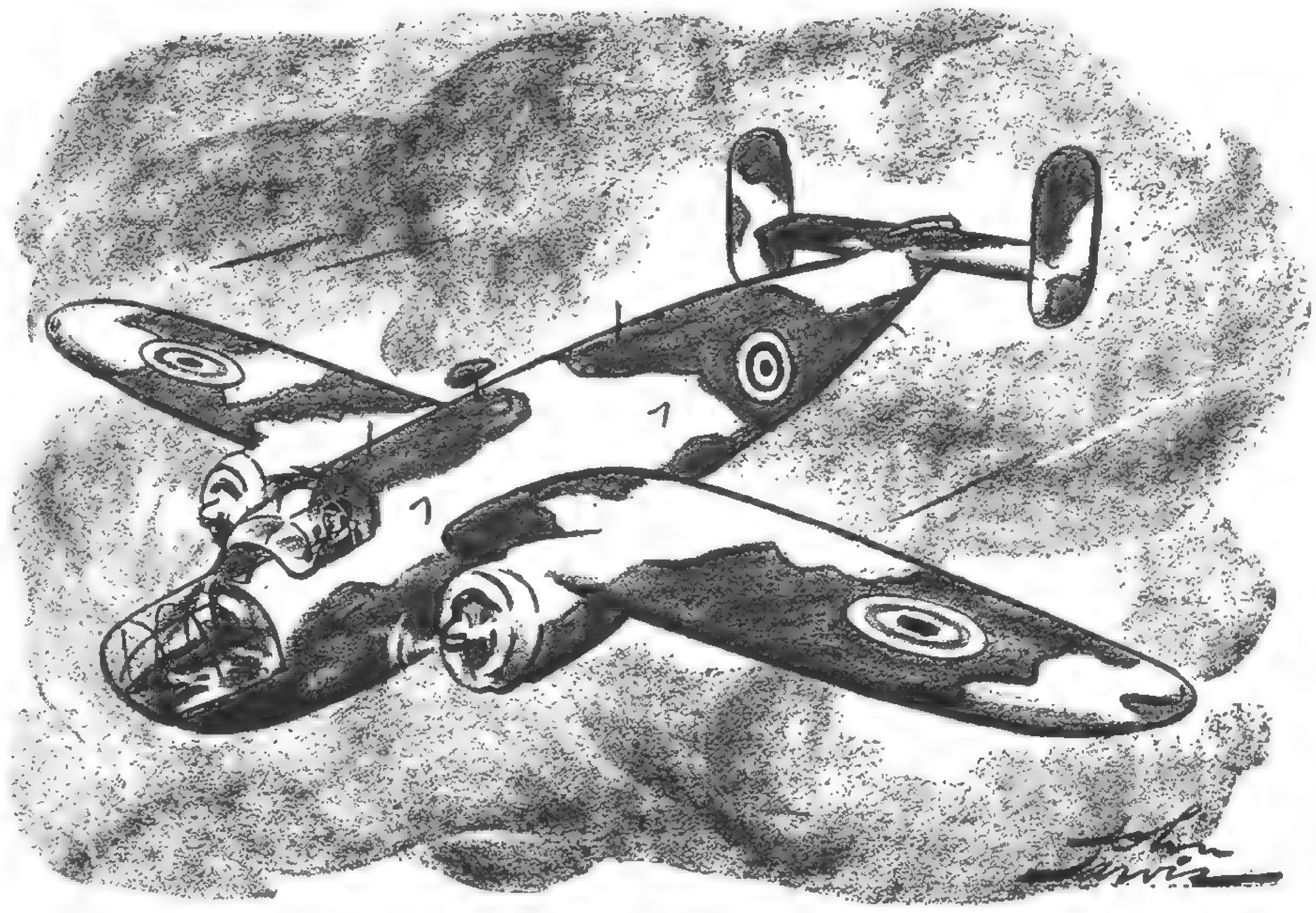
"As I am writing on my lap this letter may be hard to read"

Military Experts Chant

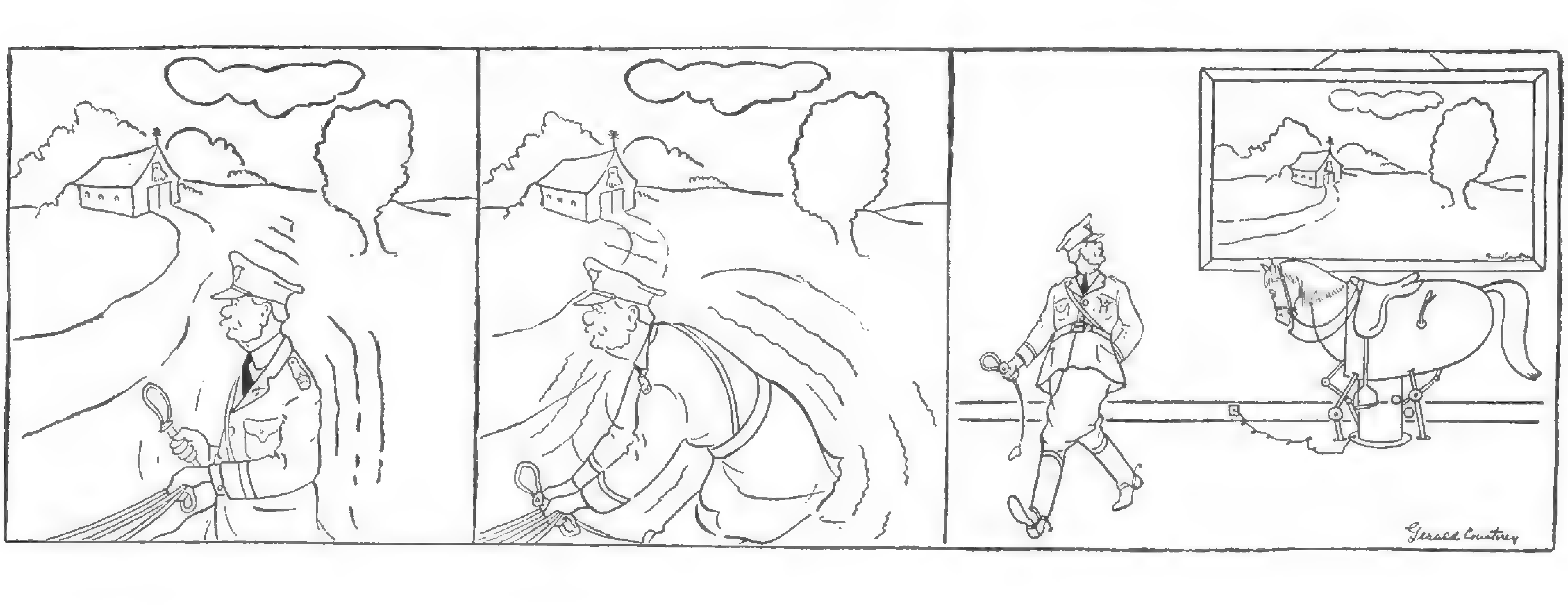
I remember, I remember every single prophecy
I ever made that turned out right, and proved my wizardry,
And of my countless other ones that turned out soaking wet,
I remember, I remember,—I remember to forget.

Yeah, We're Kidding

"Enemy planes did severe damage to military objectives on the outskirts of the city," read the communique. "No hospitals were hit, and we suffered no civilian casualties."



"Pilot Henderson calling Newfoundland—London blanketed by fog—shall I turn back?"



Scrimshanker Jones

Continued from pages 71-114

eyes with the back of his hand and succeeded in filling them with black, viscid oil. He found the air hose and pawed around until he found the mate. The mate was unconscious. Jones passed the end of the rope under the mate's arms and tied it at his back with a bowline. He fell on top of him once but recovered and knelt in the slimy oil until he finished the job.

"You can't fire me now," Jones shouted at the mate. "I'm a sailor. You can't fire me. I can tie a bowline in the dark."

Able-seaman Jones was delirious. He started to shout, "Haul him up," but only said, "Hipe." Then he giggled and tried to push the gas away with his hands.

The mate's body started to rise. Jones tried to grab him but could not hang on. He said,

"Hey, come back. Wait for me."

Then he thought, I'd better go after that mate. I'd better get my fid and pound my knee some more so he won't fire me.

So he started to crawl over to the ladder. Somebody kept putting iron beams and stringers in his way, but he didn't mind. He banged his knee on each one, and every time he did so he chuckled. I won't have to pound the old knee tonight, he thought. That's a break. This is better than the fid.

Captain Reid and the bosun met him just after he started up the ladder. They hoisted him on deck with a hand under each of his armpits. He didn't remember much after that.

He was in his bunk when he woke up. They'd washed him with gasoline, soap and water. He felt all right except for a headache.

The mate came in with a glass of rum.

"Here, horse that into you, Jones," he said.

Jones drank the rum and handed back the glass. The mate sat on the side of the bunk and crossed his knees. After awhile he said,

"That was a damn-fool trick. Going down there without a mask."

Jones didn't answer. He coughed a little, because the rum was strong. The mate picked up the fid that was lying on the table and fumbled with it. Then he began to play a tattoo with it on his knee. He stopped suddenly and examined it for a moment. Then he said, "Huh," and stood up.

He looked down at Jones.

"You know, Jones, I think we can make a sailor out of you. That was a good tight bowline you put on me down in the tank."

"Yes, sir," said Jones. "I've been practicing with a piece of rope in my room, because—"

"Because we didn't try to teach you anything on deck," the mate said. "Well, anyway, you can have the afternoon off."

He looked at the fid in his hand again, then put it in his pocket. "I guess you won't need this any more, Jones. It's too hard to get A. B.'s the way they're going down every day in these parts." ⵌ

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 68

try so hard. The aim of this book is good; but in works of art, the intention counts for nothing. I have heard it compared to the novels of Sinclair Lewis, which is certainly hard on *Only One Storm.* For the characters and conversations here are forced and painfully inept in comparison with the absolute accuracy and easy fidelity of the people and their talk in *Babbitt* and *Arrowsmith.* The goddamns and jesuschrists with which Mr. Hicks sprinkles his pages sound like a vain attempt to be masculine; they are falsetto. This profanity reminds me of what Mark Twain said to his wife, when, in an attempt to cure him of swearing, she swore herself—"Oh, darling, you know the words, but you don't know the tune!"

Another new novel, which, for some reason, appears anonymously, is accompanied with the following blurb. "This is a great human document. It is the story of an unusual woman, one so unusual, in fact, that readers will feel they have never before encountered a heroine like . . ." I confess that I cannot now remember to have encountered any woman like her in real life, but it seems to me I have encountered her fairly often in contemporary fiction. Many believe they have created a new character when they portray an adulteress who has no sense of sin; but in that marvelous thirtieth chapter of the book of *Proverbs*, the wise man says that among the things that continually fill him with wonder, is "the way of an adulterous woman; she eateth, and wipeth her mouth, and saith, I have done no wickedness."

It is vain for modern publishers to attempt to outblurb one another; the champion blurb of all time I have discovered in the seventeenth century, in the introductory blurb to Richard Crashaw's *Steps to the Temple.* This is the way it reads:

> Oh! when the generall arraignment of Poets shall be, to give an accompt of their higher soules, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine Poet sit above, and looke downe upon poore HOMER, VIRGIL, HORACE, CLAUDIAN, &c. who had amongst them the ill lucke to talke out a great part of their gallant genius, upon bees, dung, froggs, and gnats, &c., and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, divine graces, martyrs and angels.

A common error is to suppose that the worth of a work of art is determined by its subject; when of course its literary worth is determined wholly and exclusively by its style. Virgil could write better about dung than many poets about angels.

The word *blurb* was invented by Gelett Burgess, who invented a new meaning for *bromide* and for some other things. Blurb expresses with precision the ingredients of fulsome or exaggerated praise, they roll out sticky, syrupy, viscous. Curiously enough, the latest edition of Webster (1935) while correctly giving credit for its coinage to Mr. Burgess, puts down both the noun and the verb as *colloquial*, that is, slang; whereas the *Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary* (1933) accepts both noun and verb as good English, quoting Galsworthy in 1924, but says the word is originally U.S. slang, and adds "of unknown origin." Wyld's (British) *Universal Dictionary* accepts the word, defines it correctly, but calls it "invented word."

In addition to writing verse and prose and making important additions to the English language, Gelett Burgess's new murder story, *Ladies in Boxes*, is unlike any other thriller I have read. It is most ingenious, and it is seldom that an author has the heart to kill three girls that are so beautiful. This is the second murder story from Mr. Burgess. His first, published only a few years ago, *Two O'Clock Courage*, made me wish he would write more. One book he published in 1937, *Look Eleven Years Younger*, is not a detective story, but every reader of this magazine should read it; he or she will detect many unsuspected faults in himself. This book, copiously illustrated with photographs, will be of definite and valuable assistance to every person, man or woman, over thirty, who reads it. It carries my definite guarantee; which means that if you don't like it you can lump it.

And here's a terrific thriller by George Harmon Coxe, called *Assignment in Guiana.* I read this while I had tonsillitis, but I forgot everything except what was happening in the book. It is fearfully exciting from first page to last, and one becomes also deeply interested in the characters.

I am glad to welcome another admirable murder story by the accomplished Erle Stanley Gardner, called *The Case of the Drowning Duck*, where the incomparable Perry Mason and Della Street are up to their old tricks. Therefore no more need be said about that.

Max Eastman, an excellent writer, who has said many interesting things in an interesting way, has a new book, *Heroes I Have Known.* He is to be congratulated on having known them, and so are they on having known *him.* Two of the best chapters are on Annis Ford Eastman, his mother, and the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher. As for Isadora Duncan, in my opinion she was one of the greatest fakers of modern times. Before she had attained any fame, I saw her dance in Munich, and the sentimental Germans were enthralled; but later, when she made the mistake of taking herself too seriously and Beethoven not seriously enough, that is when she "interpreted" a symphony of Beethoven by dancing to it, I was delighted to see in a German newspaper the heading

DUNCAN CONTRA BEETHOVEN

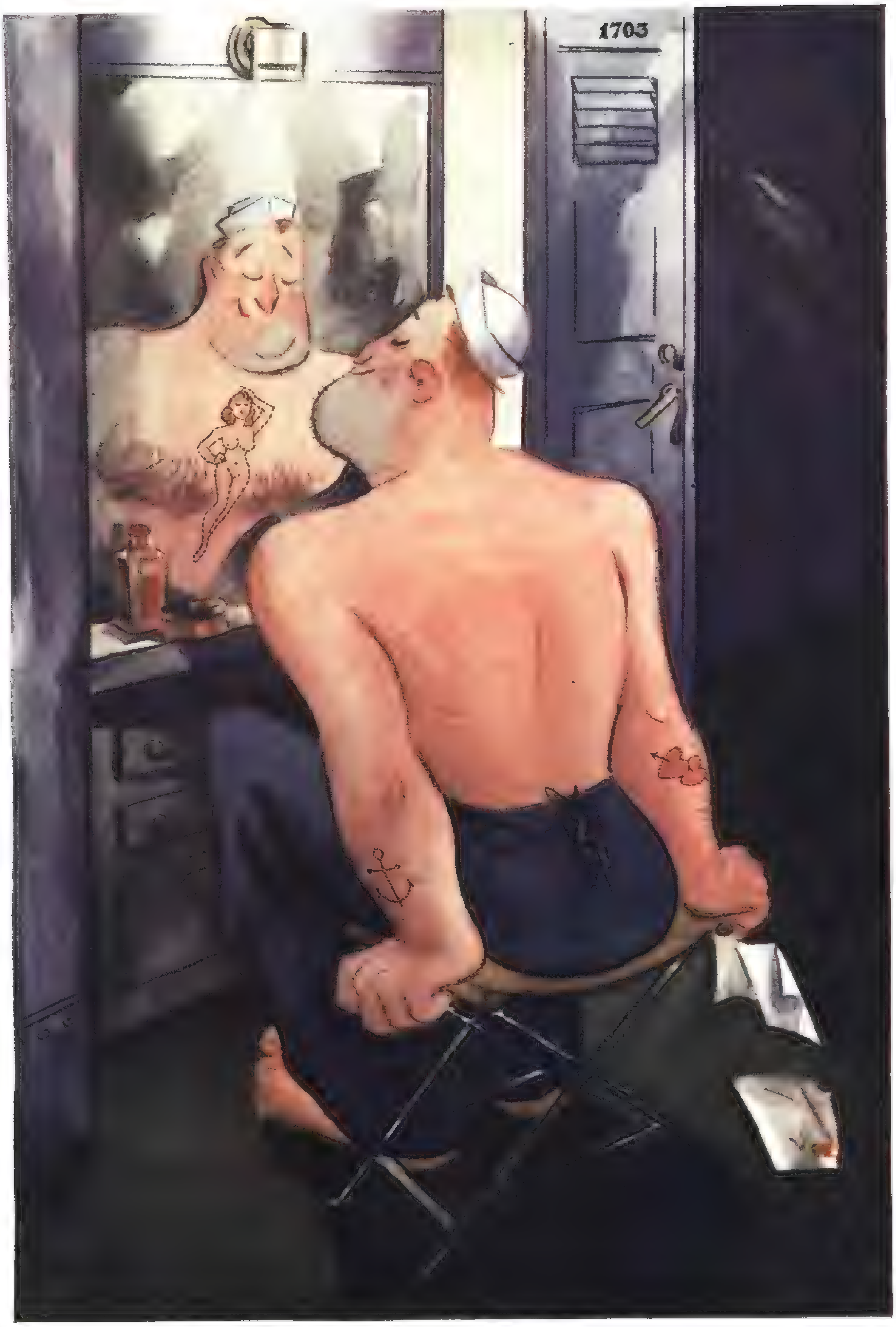
What I shall always admire in Isadora Duncan is her superb courage.

When a few years ago I was given a preview of the motion picture, *Wuthering Heights*, I saluted the producers for two things: first, their courage in making such a picture; second, their honesty in producing it without any vital changes and without any sentimentality. It had an enormous financial success and was, I believe, chosen as the best picture of the year, which is a commentary on those who think that all motion pictures should be adapted for infantile adults.

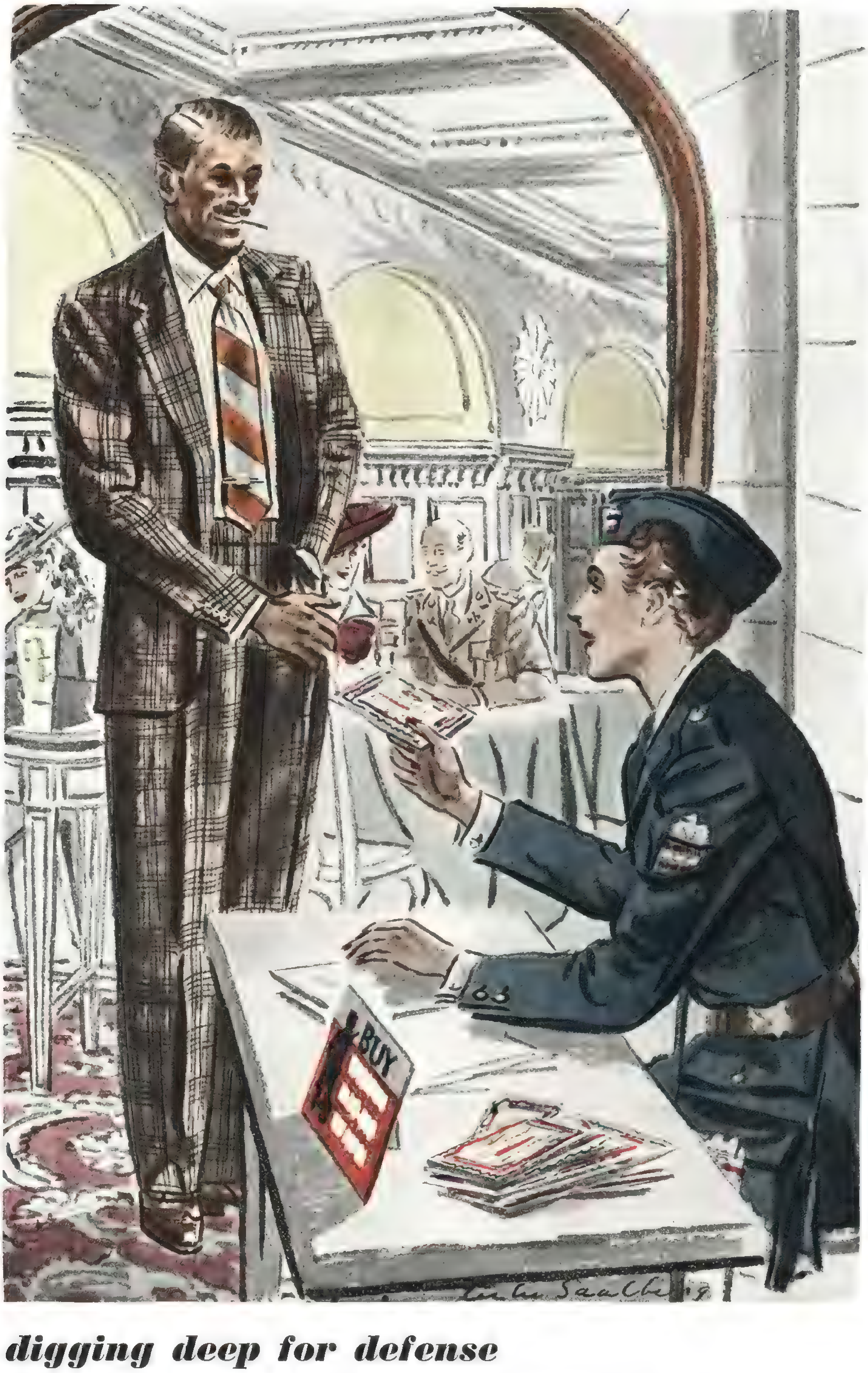
But here's something that has surprised me even more. I saw a long article in the New York papers a month or so ago which stated that a motion picture was being made out of *The Wings of the Dove* by Henry James. Except for *The Turn of the Screw*, one doesn't think of anything by Henry James as material for the screen; and *The Wings of the Dove* is one of the most difficult, most "highbrow" of all his works. I await the screen version with intense curiosity. ⵌ

Things That Puzzle Us

What etaoin shrdlu means . . . Why some gals apply enough lipstick to paint a small bungalow . . . Why Social Justice *didn't get jumped on before it did . . . Why anybody is interested in cafe society when there's a war going on . . . Why we can always make wonderful forehand and backhand returns of serves that are out whereas we always flub the good ones . . . How anybody could possibly get educated at the usual college as depicted by the movies . . . Why some folks like to cook a steak until it is dry as the average PH. D thesis.*



"This is our last heart-to-heart talk baby, the Captain says
I gotta have clothes put on you tomorrow"



digging deep for defense

"How's the freedom business going today?" asks this well-fed gentleman as he buys a book of war stamps from the lady in blue gabardine. Perhaps it was the uniform that got him, or maybe her brown eyes; for this guy is all out for Victory. His vestless, cuffless, Glen Urquhart plaid suit of thin tropical worsted is trimmed down to the new WPB regulations. Even his striped repp silk tie looks like a remnant from Old Glory, anchored with a gold tie clip. Stripes are repeated on his tan and white lightweight madras shirt with a button-down collar. The lady approves of his patriotic enthusiasm. . . . "Why, you've bought a book of stamps every day this week!" The gentleman reaches for his billfold. . . . "But, madam, haven't you heard of my new system? . . . That's my new way of dieting. . . . Every day I have a book of Victory stamps for my dessert!"

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Sports Champions, Ahoy!

Continued from page 43

Neusel, St. Paul; Phil Chouinard, White Sox; George Halas, Yankees, and others.

Yes, that was the same George Halas who was released by the Yankees in 1920 to make room for a young left-handed hurler named Babe Ruth whom they had purchased from Boston and wanted to convert into an outfielder. Halas then turned to professional football and organized the Chicago Bears.

Among the conquests of this 1917-18 team were the Atlantic Fleet, piloted by "Rabbit" Maranville with "Whitey" Witt of the Athletics, Del Gainor of the Tigers, "Baby Doll" Jacobson of the Browns and others in their lineup.

Faber, who had been the hero of the 1917 world series when the Chicago White Sox defeated the New York Giants for the title, pitched all three games for Great Lakes. He won two and lost one.

The *Great Lakes Recruit*—station magazine—contains a review of a dramatic presentation given by the sailors. We'll quote an excerpt from the article:

"Too much credit cannot be given to Benny Kubelsky, who played the orderly role. He is a laugh provoker who caused many to return to their homes still holding their sides. It's a delicate part to play, too. Yet there was nothing amateurish about the acting of this sailor who claims Waukegan for his home. He is a comedian of merit, whose clean wholesome fun is natural."

Later, the review continues:

"Then Benny Kubelsky with his trick violin trips lightly on the stage. He has with him Zez Confrey, a piano player of merit, who is a good running mate for his inimitable partner. Benny plays the violin in a style all his own."

Shades of Fred Allen! Maybe you've guessed by now that young seaman Benny Kubelsky is none other than radio's famous Jack Benny of today.

But back to sports. George Halas and Paddy Driscoll of the baseball team were also members of the Great Lakes football squad which gave the game its most famous "incident." This was the historic episode in the battle with the Naval Academy, in which a midshipman dashed from the bench to tackle a Great Lakes runner on his way to a touchdown. Both teams were undefeated at the time. Annapolis scored early to lead, 6 to 0, and was on its way to another score late in the fourth period.

Then came a fumble. Harry Eielson, Seaman Second Class, formerly of Northwestern University, scooped the ball up from among a crowd of future admirals and dashed down the field. Fifteen yards from the Naval Academy goal, with a clear field ahead of him, he was tackled by a sub from the Navy bench, who had mistaken Coach Gil Dobie's prayer of "Somebody stop that man!" for an order of a superior officer.

It would be mild to say that confusion reigned. There were several hundred sailors from Great Lakes in the stands, who along with their traditional aversion to "goldbraids" had bet not only their paychecks for months to come, but also had acted as commissioners to mortgage half the income of the enlisted men back home.

The sailors piled out on the field. So did as many of the midshipmen who could elude commanding officers. Naval Academy officers conferred with the game's officials and insisted that the touchdown be allowed. It was, but it took plenty of persuasion to clear the field. Not until the commandant himself took matters in hand was the game permitted to go on. The denouement has been picturesquely described by Jimmy Conzelman, famous raconteur and football coach, who that day played halfback for Great Lakes.

"It was the only time in football history," says Jimmy, "that a touchdown was scored with an admiral in full uniform, waving a sword, leading the interference!"

Hugh Blacklock, now sheriff of a county in Michigan, but at that time a Gunner's Mate third class just out of Michigan Agricultural College, kicked the extra point to win for Great Lakes, 7 to 6, and earn the team a place in the Rose Bowl game of January 1, 1919. As a matter of record, Great Lakes defeated the Mare Island Marines, 17 to 0, on that occasion.

Along with football, another rugged sport, boxing, again will be on the boom.

Here again the days of 1917-18 can be taken as a criterion. Among the boxers who passed through Great Lakes then were such well-known battlers of that period as Maurie Flynn, Eddie Nearing, Morrie Bloom, Abe Kaplan, Teddy Hayes, Jack O'Keefe, Cal Delaney, Joe Sherman, Pal Moore and others.

Tryouts among the station's boxers for a berth on a team which was to go to England for a match with British sailors brought out one of the most novel excuses of that war—or any other, for that matter. Joie Sherman, a top-flight lightweight who rejoiced in the picturesque nickname of "Stick and Slug" was beaten in a match by a boxer whom he had defeated many times with ease. Pressed for a reason, Joe replied:

"Why should I try hard? If I'd have won, I'd have had to go to England and I'd have got seasick on the way across!"

Boxing was about the most popular "intramural" sport in the station. Lieutenant Jack Kennedy, in charge of that activity, presented weekly shows featuring the gobs. Some pretty good talent was uncovered, among the discoveries being Jimmy Conzelman. Jim had never boxed before joining the Navy, but he became so weary of the boasting and the bullying of the station's middleweight champion that he issued a challenge, trained for two weeks—and then took away his title.

Great Lakes also had a powerful wrestling squad headed by Joe Stecher, one-time champion when the sport had only one title holder at a time. Among its track stars were Eddie Fall, two-mile record holder; Ed Knourek, who set a world's mark in the pole vault, Frank Hill, now track coach at Northwestern University and others of that caliber.

Great Lakes—1942 model—has a great tradition to follow. Perhaps some idea of the task may be gleaned from an editorial in the *Great Lakes Bulletin* (the station daily), published in November, 1918, shortly after the armistice:

"Up to two years ago when you mentioned Great Lakes as connected with athletics, no one regarded your statement with any amount of seriousness.

"Athletics was a thing apart from military training. Military training was a business—athletics a pastime. To be a good sailor, or to be a good soldier, you were too busy learning your trade to indulge in athletics.

"Captain William A. Moffett, commandant of the Great Lakes Naval Training station, had an idea. Why not fit men for the rigorous demands of sea service by training them in athletics? As a result, the athletic office was opened under Dr. John B. Kaufman, and various branches of sport were gradually introduced until today there is no sport in which hundreds of men at Great Lakes are not engaged.

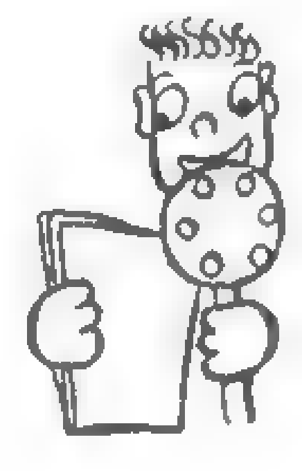
"At Great Lakes we have the greatest athletic field in the country, the only 440 straightaway in America today, a baseball diamond that compares favorably with any major league park in the country and fields of every kind to take care of all branches of athletics.

"The National A. A. U. games were held in our emporium, our swimming team owns every championship in the United States today, our basketball team was one of the best in the West last winter, our baseball team won the championship of the Navy and the record of our football team speaks for itself. The spirit of the United States Navy, as exemplified by Great Lakes, has made these achievements possible."

Great Lakes alumni, back in civilian life or following the flag among the seven seas, are confident that history will once more repeat itself—in war and sports alike! ⌗

Success Story

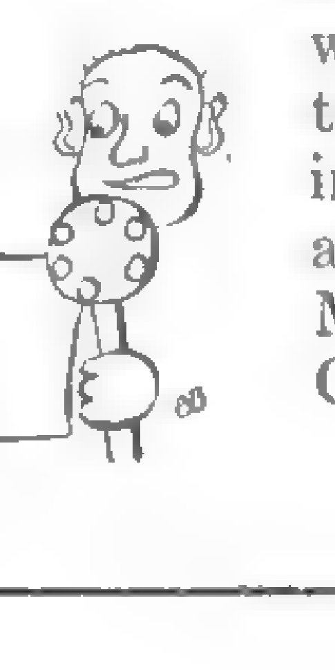
Advt: "Munch-Crunchies for mine," says Lou Malone, newly crowned needleweight champion of the world. "I like their tangy flavor, and the wonderful I-can-lick-the-world feeling they give me."



Advt: "I win with Munch-Crunchies," states Lou Malone, successful defender of his needleweight title. "They have more nutritive value than anything I've ever tried, and the patented Flavor-Injection process is just the thing for my palate. Munch-Crunchies are tops."

Advt: "My business calls for unlimited energy," says Lou Malone, undisputed ruler of the needleweight ranks for two years, "and that's why I eat Munch-Crunchies, the food that has everything. They give me that K.O. punch and the ability to stay in there and take it when the going is tough."

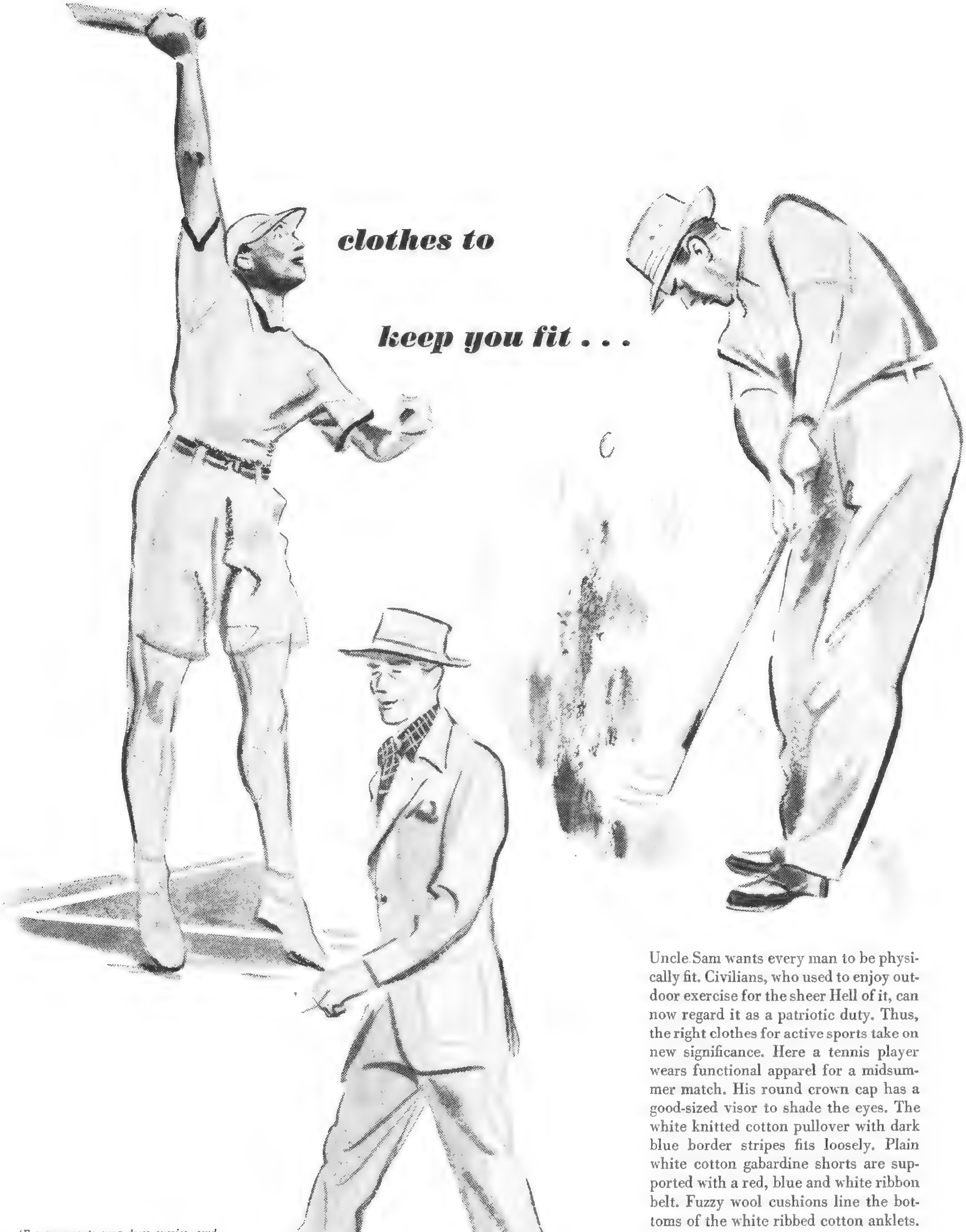
News Item: The long reign of Lou Malone came to an abrupt end last night when Gus Ferraro knocked him out in one minute and twelve seconds of the first round to become the new world's needleweight title-holder. Malone was hopelessly outclassed, failing to land a blow and going down for three knockdowns before he finally took the count.



Advt: Have you tried the NEW Munch-Crunchies with added Vitamin Q? "Munch-Crunchies with their ADDED radiated zip, their EXTRA energy-giving pick-up and their MODERN balanced-calories are the greatest food I've ever seen. The NEW-Munch-Crunchies are a radical improvement."—Gus Ferraro, world's needleweight champion.

—Parke Cummings

clothes to keep you fit . . .



Uncle Sam wants every man to be physically fit. Civilians, who used to enjoy outdoor exercise for the sheer Hell of it, can now regard it as a patriotic duty. Thus, the right clothes for active sports take on new significance. Here a tennis player wears functional apparel for a midsummer match. His round crown cap has a good-sized visor to shade the eyes. The white knitted cotton pullover with dark blue border stripes fits loosely. Plain white cotton gabardine shorts are supported with a red, blue and white ribbon belt. Fuzzy wool cushions line the bottoms of the white ribbed cotton anklets. These and the white sneakers combine to serve as shock absorbers. The golfer's outfit: tan cotton bucket hat, yellow knitted cotton shirt, western belt, tan tropical worsted slacks and white and brown moccasin shoes. The third man wears a western cotton gabardine hat, plaid shirt, yellow rayon blend jacket, tan rayon blend slacks and wedge-heel shoes with wing tips and saddle straps.

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Victory by Tank Warfare

Continued from page 24

fugitives until they reached the shores of the Baltic Sea.

The author has maps showing the route of every panzer division for every day of the campaign in France. These divisions in some cases were stopped by French infantry and artillery in strongly held positions. The panzer divisions then sought the weak spots in the line and drove through. Like Murat's cavalry, these speedy units overran the French artillery; they cut the communications in the rear, they cut the French army up into segments and kept on going. The main reason for the large number of French prisoners is the fact that the greater part of the French infantry and artillery stood fast. Thus they found themselves cut off first from the units to their right and left and then cut off from the rear. As a result, when they ran out of ammunition and food they could only surrender.

Beside the panzer or armored divisions and some motorized divisions, the German and Russian armies are made up of several hundred infantry divisions, and the Japanese army consists of approximately a hundred infantry divisions. These march on foot, carrying packs and rifles: their artillery is drawn by horse, except for anti-aircraft and anti-tank artillery, which is mechanized.

It is now recognized, however, that even with artillery and aviation support, the infantry must have tanks to succeed in its attack. Army corps commanders and higher ranking generals, therefore, have tank battalions at their disposal other than those belonging to the armored divisions. These are used in scattered formation among the infantry to help them forward in their attack.

Since the beginning of warfare, each effective new weapon or war machine has succeeded at first because of surprise. Surprise attack with something new, the very strangeness of which strikes terror into the hearts of the enemy, is always overwhelmingly successful. Yet, just as the Roman infantry soldier who first fled from the Carthaginian elephants learned that his weapons could kill an elephant just as well as a man, similarly, armies have perfected shrewd ways of stopping tanks.

From the beginning, of course, the best answer to a tank has been a cannon with a projectile big enough and of sufficient velocity to pierce the tank's armor. As the thickness and quality of the tank's armor have steadily increased, the projectiles have become correspondingly more powerful.

While the cannon in tanks has steadily increased in fire power, the anti-tank gun has done the same. In addition, in order to match the mobility of the tank, horses have been generally abandoned as a means of traction in favor of motor vehicles.

In the campaign in France, both the French and German airplanes were equipped with cannon to attack tanks. The weakest spot of the tank is its rear. French aviators told the author that the only time German tanks stopped during a battle was when so attacked.

The principal lesson in the use of tanks dates from the time men first began to fight. It is that by all odds the most important factor is the ability to give and take hard blows in battle; speed is secondary to this combat power—unless, of course, you want to run away faster than your enemy.

It is true, to be sure, that the ability to maneuver quickly is important. Yet picture a man who is quick on his feet but cannot give or take hard punches. A slower man who can give terrible punches, and take them as well, will defeat him—either because the other has been knocked out, having bravely stayed in the fight, or he took advantage of his speed to run away. The same is true of tanks.

According to Donald Nelson, our production problem is definitely over the hump. In fact America is now turning out more weapons than she is parlor military strategists.

People are fond of quoting the Confederate General Forrest's prescription for winning: "Get there first with the most men." Unless they are veterans who have seen a great deal of fighting, they generally emphasize the "getting there first" and don't pay any attention to "with the most men." In Forrest's day, the most men meant the most combat power, that is, the ability to give and take the hardest blows in battle.

In Spain, the Russian tanks were superior during the first part of the Civil War. They simply had a greater combat power than the German or Italian tanks. They had heavier guns and could therefore shoot greater distances, while their heavier projectiles pierced the light armor of the German and Italian tanks and destroyed them. The lighter weapons of the German and Italian tanks could not fire at so great a distance. Obviously, when the Russians were out of range of their weapons, the Germans and Italians could not reach the Russian tanks, while the Russian tanks could hit them. Even when within range, the lighter projectiles of the German and Italian tanks were unable to pierce the armor of the Russian tanks.

This was the lesson the Germans and Italians learned in the Civil War in Spain. The Germans profited by it, the Italians did not. This has been one of the main causes of the Italian defeats.

The British, like the Italians, followed the tendency to achieve speed by sacrificing gun power and armor. Tanks, like warships, cannot be built large enough to have great speed, great gun power and thick armor. What Admiral Mahan called "the fatal triangle of speed, armor and gun power," which limits warship construction, also limits construction of these land ships. As the war progresses, heavier and heavier combat power is put into tanks, even though speed must suffer.

Like the airplane, the tank demands men for its crew whose nervous reactions are better than average. In addition, it demands men who are tough physically, though not necessarily muscular.

There are many different mechanisms crowded inside the tank which must be operated by its crew. They must operate them calmly, at the right time and quickly. This is true, of course, of an aviator as well. But the movements of an airplane, while sometimes jerky, are relatively smooth. The movement of a tank in battle is always jerky, with the result that the crew is continuously thrown around, frequently with considerable roughness.

Like an airplane, when a tank is hit by a large enough projectile, the death or at least the serious wounding of the crew is almost a certainty. If the tanks engage in a heavy action in which they are stopped or have difficulty in breaking through, the proportion of casualties is high. Like the aviator, however, the tank crew's total time in action is considerably less than that of the average infantry soldier. Both the tank and the aviation combatant escape the hour after hour—frequently day after day—of continuous fire that is the fate of the infantryman. Now as in the past, it is the infantryman who pays the biggest price in percentage of battle losses.

After the onslaughts they suffered from the allied tanks in the war of 1914-18, the Germans determined to study this machine and to be ready the next time war came with the best tanks and tank strategy they could achieve.

In Spain, the Germans learned the following lessons which they have used ever since. The Japanese have copied them and are using the same methods against us and the British.

First, a mass attack of tanks alone against a strong enemy ready and willing to fight rarely succeeds. During the attack they must be supported by infantry around them and by dive bombers attacking the enemy to their front, while plenty of anti-tank guns should protect them from enemy tanks and anti-aircraft guns protect them from enemy aviation.

These tactics led to the organization of the panzer, or armored, division. This division, while varying in strength, in general has four hundred tanks, motorcycle infantry and machine guns, two regiments of motorized infantry, two regiments of motorized artillery, motorized anti-tank guns, motorized anti-aircraft guns, signal, engineer, hospital and quartermaster corps and ordnance repair troops.

It is really not a tank division, but a small motorized army made up of all arms. It is always supported by reconnaissance planes and dive bombers which, instead of being assigned for co-ordination and co-operation, as is true in our Army and that of Britain, are under the *command* of the panzer division commander.

Secondly, the Germans learned in Spain that where there is a weak hole in the enemy's line, they do not have to make this type of attack, but can push their tanks, supported by aviation and motorcycle infantry, boldly ahead to break through. Their infantry and artillery follow to help them if they get in trouble.

Thirdly, they learned that in advance and rear guard work on the march, motorcycle infantry and machine guns, supported by armored cars, and if the resistance is great enough, light tanks, all constantly helped by dive bombers, can overcome as a rule any enemy resistance.

The great danger in time of peace is that the men of any army who have seen and understand battle become fewer and fewer. Naturally, when it comes to new methods and weapons, some of them are too conservative and do not want to change. On the other hand, younger men who have not experienced battle are inclined to put their faith in speed, even at the expense of combat power. If these younger men have their way, the result is that when battle comes, heavy losses, or even defeats, are suffered before the age-old lesson is learned. It is that to win in war you must fight with the ability to take the enemy's blows, without being annihilated, and give him such blows in return that he finally yields or runs away.

The Carolina maneuvers, which the author attended, showed too great a tendency on the part of our army, as a result of not having experienced battle, to make attacks in a manner entailing such heavy losses as inevitably to assure defeat. Too many officers handling tanks were outraged at umpire decisions which ruled them as destroyed, or stopped, by the fire of their enemies.

The Germans learned their lesson in Spain. Even so there are cases where destruction of panzer divisions was caused by officers who mistook speed, instead of combat power, for the chief factor in the use of armored forces.

The object of battle is to crush the enemy—not to win a race against him. #

Two Good Neighbors

Continued from page 54

members of another race.”

Antonio poured another drink of tequila, and we sat silent for a while there beside the campfire, listening to the occasional howl of a coyote in the distance. Near by my hunting companions from the States talked among themselves, none of them understanding Spanish well enough to be interested in what Antonio was saying to me.

“You say I exaggerate,” he continued. “You say that was an isolated incident. I admit such things happen only rarely. But I ask you, why?”

“Because, fortunately, very few Americans feel that way.”

“You are wrong,” he was quick to reply. “Such incidents occur rarely because very few Mexicans are so careless as to place themselves in such a position. They are extremely careful. Those who live in your nation, whether they are Mexican citizens or American citizens—and the matter of citizenship is of little importance in the relationship—‘know their place’ as some of your people would say.”

“But Antonio, the attitude of which you speak is not general in my country. You find it only in certain localities and among a part of our population.”

“That is true, but where do you find it?”

“Why mainly in the sections where there are many Mexicans.”

“There you have it, exactly,” he said. “You find it where there are the most Mexicans. You do not find it, let us say, in New York. But few Mexicans go to New York. You find it, on the other hand, in Texas, your state. And there are many of my countrymen in Texas, whether they be citizens of your country or of mine.”

“You are right. But I still believe you attach undue importance to the restaurant incident.”

“Aha, my friend, I use that only as an illustration. The feeling is by no means confined to the matter of association in eating. You have not finished that trip to England. Let us take you through other situations. You desire to go to a certain hotel, let us say. But you are told that the hotel is full, when you know that it is not.

“You see a beautiful swimming-pool that is theoretically open to the public at a certain charge. You decide to take your family there. But the manager shows you a little card on which is printed this statement: ‘The management of this pool reserves the right to decide who shall be permitted to swim here.’ By this time you are not so slow in catching on. You know what the sign means.

“You find some places where you are not barred. You are so bold, let us say, as to move into some of these. The people there make you wish that you had been barred. Englishmen have a way of doing such things. And, of course, you Americans are descendants of the English.”

“Antonio, you are speaking mostly of trivial social attitudes that are not a true picture of the feeling of a people. I know of many, many Mexicans and Americans who are friendly, who associate together freely, and who are not conscious of any race, or . . .”

“Or color lines,” he finished. “You may as well say it, for the color, my friend, is largely what makes the difference. I believe you see this in the fact that fair skinned people from no matter what decadent country of Europe are permitted to move among you with perfect freedom. It is the color that draws the line.”

“But Antonio, in the border country the so-called upper class of Mexicans frequently draw a sharper class line than do the people whose ancestry is similar to mine. Certainly the matter of a color line does not enter into it there.”

“I have been waiting for you to bring that up,” he said quickly. “How do they draw this line of which you speak?”

“It is a class line—one based largely on differences in economic status.”

“I believe you are wrong. You have in your country, in some border city, let us say, a prosperous merchant—a merchant whose ancestry stems from Mexico. That merchant, chances are, has a fairer skin than the day laborers in the same town, simply because the wealthier Mexican people as a rule are those who are descendants of the early European settlers.

“Very well, such a man, you tell me, will draw a sharp class line. He will be even harsher on the laboring Mexican than your Nordic people are. But remember this—he does not call himself a Mexican. Never forget that. He is a Spaniard, or an Italian, or a Frenchman, or an Irishman. If one thirty-second of the blood in his veins comes from some European race, then he is a son of that race, no matter if the other thirty-one thirty-seconds is blood of Mexico.

“He draws a color line, and do not forget it. He draws it even more sharply than you do, simply because he must do so in order to establish his own different, and ‘superior’ color.”

“You are too bitter, Antonio. You look only for the hard side of the picture. Never forget that there are sharp class lines in any race. There are restaurants in the United States that are closed to me . . .”

“But not because of your color.”

“You have these class lines in your own country,” I continued. “You have your upper class and your middle class and your peasants and workers. And do not forget that even in Mexico, those who can trace their ancestry to Europe and who show it in the color of their skin are inclined to set themselves apart as being better than the Mexicans who are direct descendants of the Indians.”

“It is true and I am sad to see it,” Antonio admitted. “But in my country it has never been a general attitude, such as it is in yours, and furthermore it is changing rapidly.”

“So—you admit the possibility of change in Mexico, but you deny it in my country,” I cut in quickly. “You are not consistent.”

“In my country what differences there are in race are being wiped out, just as in your country the Irish and the English and the Dutch are losing their racial characteristics through intermarriage.”

“I believe the same change in attitude can take place in the United States.”

“Then you are merely trying to talk yourself into being a good neighbor.”

“But Antonio,” I said, “you have been in my country, and you have visited me. You have visited me with the same ease and assurance of welcome that I feel in coming here to your ranch.”

“That is true, and it is a fine thing. But you are, if I may be permitted to say so, a strange fellow, and I can tell you that your own American neighbors are a little suspicious of you for it.”

“Nonsense.”

“When I visit you, I feel that I am welcome. That is quite true. But let me ask you, when I visit you, do you invite your American friends to come to your home at the same time?”

“Why certainly.”

“All of them?”

“Why . . . ah . . .”

“You need not stumble for words. You do not ask all of them because you know there are some who would not feel comfortable under the circumstances. They are good friends of yours. You may regret this attitude of theirs, but they have grown up with it, and they do not change.”

“Perhaps you are right, in part.”

“The cold facts are, my friend, that there are many hundreds of thousands of Mexican people in the United States, and just so long as those people are treated by the average American as members of a decidedly inferior race, then you can never expect the people of my own country to feel that they and the Americans are good neighbors.”

“Antonio,” I said, “I believe you overlook one important phase of this change in relationship.”

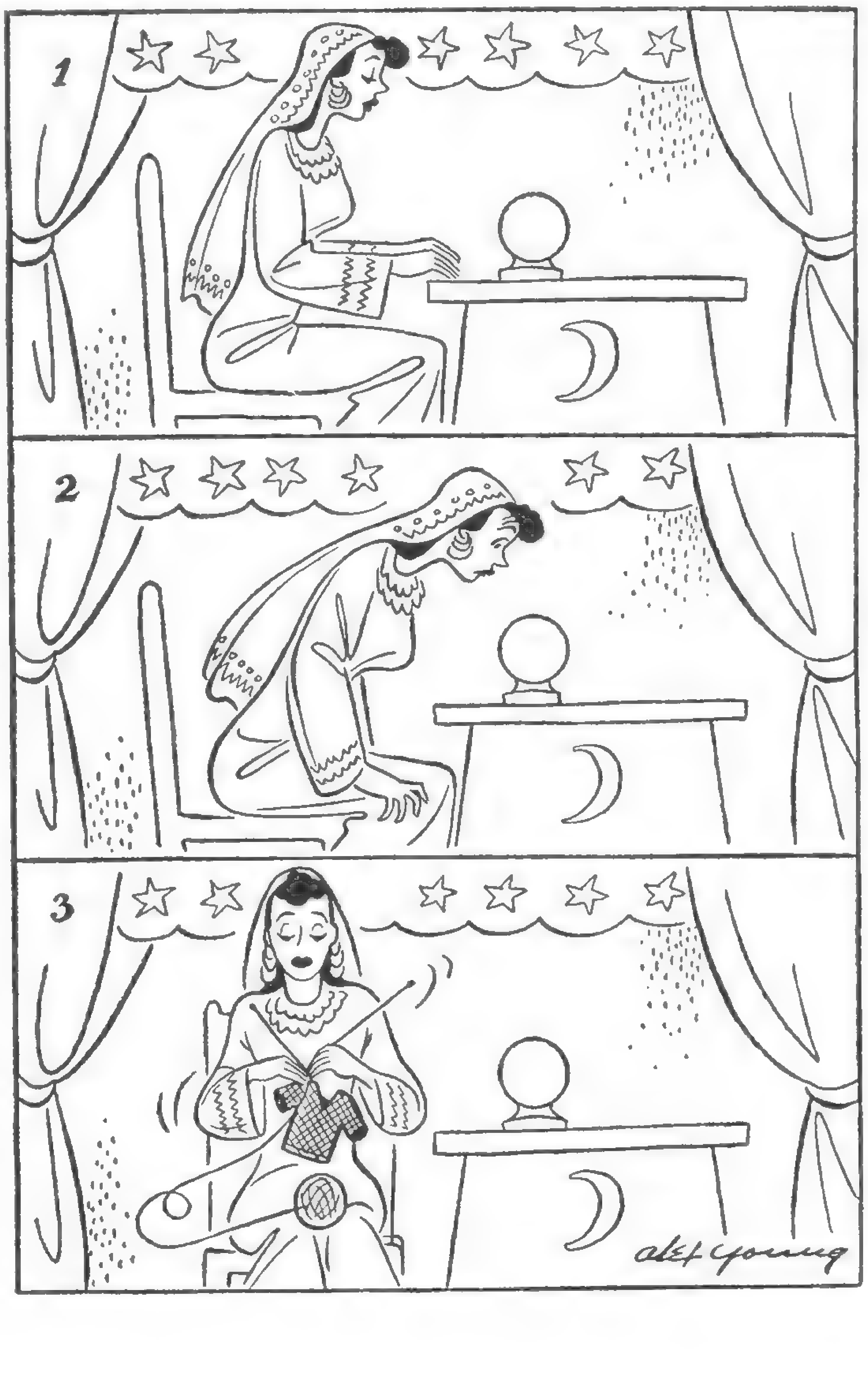
“What is this phase?” he asked, and then added. “And remember, I do not admit the change in relationship.”

“It is education.”

“I am surprised that you should bring up the subject.”

“Why?”

“You know quite well that the children of the Mexican and those



of the American do not meet as equals in your schools—why, they do not even meet in the same schools. The Mexicans are, in most instances, segregated into different schools."

"But that is in the early grades, and it is done largely because the Mexican children must first learn English . . ."

"And because they are the children of an inferior race."

"Not entirely, Antonio. It is extremely difficult to teach the children of both peoples together in the early grades, because in most cases the Mexican children must first be taught English. That takes time."

"For the sake of argument, I will admit that. Then after the Mexican has advanced a little higher in school, he is discouraged from continuing, unless he is a good football player. Am I right?"

"Partly, but the situation is changing rapidly."

"Whatever else may be said of you, my friend, and regardless of the weakness of your arguments, you are truly an optimist."

"I am no optimist, Antonio. I know as well as you that we can not suddenly become good neighbors by saying that we are. But I do know that such a goal can be achieved. Perhaps the present generation in our two nations may never become truly good neighbors. But our children, just as the children of two nations which have been recently at war, can become."

"You speak of education," he went on, "where are you to find the teachers who will implant this feeling of brotherly love in the children of the two races?"

"There are more of them every year, Antonio. Please do not forget that I am not, as you say, a 'strange fellow' in my attitude on this matter. There are thousands who have the same attitude. I want to remind you that I grew up in a home where there was a feeling of race prejudice. I overcame this as I reached manhood. My own children are growing up in an entirely different atmosphere."

"That is a fine thing. But if there were ten times as many persons who felt about this situation as you do, there would still be a difficult problem ahead of the two peoples. The children go to the same schools at times, but they are constantly impressed with the fact that there is a difference."

"You forget another thing, Antonio. You forget entirely that when two peoples live in the same area and one occupies an inferior position economically, it is always true that the other takes an attitude of superiority socially. This attitude exists, even though there is little difference in the physical characteristics of the races."

This will go down as the greatest artistic age in history. Practically everybody we know is drawing brilliantly executed military maneuvers.

"Then I ask you, how did the Mexican people in your country come to occupy this inferior economic position of which you speak?"

"A number of factors contributed to that."

"But largely because they have been deliberately forced into such a position, so that they would make no effort to appear as equals socially."

"Antonio, I can not go into all the factors of cause and effect here. I merely state that they do, by and large, occupy an inferior economic position, and I am certain that this contributes in part to the fact that they are not always accorded the same social status. But by the same token I insist that both these conditions are changing."

"You propose, then, to solve both the economic and social problems that confront the two peoples?"

"I propose to solve nothing. I merely point out to you that as the children of the Mexican people in the United States are educated, they improve their economic condition. And they are, at the same time, improving their social status. You should see some of the housing projects into which the Mexican people are moving."

"I was told by some Americans that my people would not move into such homes—that they 'wouldn't know how to appreciate them.' "

"Again you were told wrong. In fact, Antonio, you have been content to see only the dark side of this picture, and, of course, it is easy to understand your position. But you must remember that I have lived my entire life among the peoples of both races and nations, and I can see this change every day. I do not say that we are going to become good neighbors because Douglas Fairbanks Jr. goes to Mexico and makes a speech, nor do I say we are going to be good neighbors because Tito Guizar goes to Chicago and sings. No, that is not it, even though those things may help. I say that we are changing, and that the change is for the better. I believe it will continue, and even accelerate."

"My friend, you almost convince me," he said with feeling. "You cause me to have way down here inside me a warm feeling that I know is not tequila—and let us have a final drink, what do you say? It is a pleasure to hear you say such things. It is a pleasure that will stay with me until . . . until I try to eat in certain American restaurants."

"I know, I know, Antonio. And we will take that final drink. We will drink to the fact that when your children are grown men and come to my country, they can eat in that restaurant."

"To that we will drink," he said with dignity, "although I do it with little hope in my heart."

We drank, and Antonio looked long and hard at the bottle. "It is good tequila," he said quietly. "There is not the slightest doubt about it."

"And it was not made in a day," I told him.

"Perhaps you are right, in a way. At least, it is nice to hear you say it." #

Our Own New Order

Continued from page 33

possible blueprints for that New World Order we'll have to captain? To get the local problem out of the way—for in this article we're interested in what Uncle Sam can do on a big scale to set the planet on its course—the research labs have been piling up new ideas, on top of those held back from production all during the depression.

For instance, the factories can turn out millions of houses on the assembly line. You can pick your house out of a catalogue. It reaches the lot in a couple of trucks, and half a dozen men put it up in a day. When you get tired of it or see a better house, you pick up the phone, the trucks come and take it down and give you a new-model streamlined cottage.

We don't have to live in ugly cities and depressing towns. Not even an insane or criminally embittered engineer would plan and build the kind of big cities—and I mean Detroit, Chicago, New York, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, etc.—that we suffer in, without greenery but with smoke, dirt, noise, and traffic jams. The city has grown into a bloated nuisance; it costs too much and is grossly inefficient. Already, as in the case of Los Angeles, bold plans are being laid to knock it down and rebuild it. Take a look at what LeCorbusier planned for Paris in a book called *The City of Tomorrow*.

Science is all ready to win the health battle. The nutritionists can give us food, and that doesn't mean vitamin tablets. The plastics wizards now seem able to make anything out of anything—all they do is to create the kind of molecule combinations they want. For example, the B. F. Goodrich Company has a new miracle called koroseal out of which stockings can be made that won't develop runs even if stabbed with scissors.

Technology can turn out cheaper cars, teardropped, running on hardly any juice. Maybe the greatest post-war development will be in the air. On the one hand gigantic ships will carry not two score but a hundred passengers across all the continents and oceans—they will not be planes that take off from the water but ships that fly. On the other hand there will be small and practically foolproof planes for private business and pleasure use. You can keep your sky-jalopy in the garage with folded wings and take off from the pavement. You can commute to your job from the lush countryside and for your weekends dash over to the Smokies for some hunting or to Mexico for a tourist ogle.

All these things and a hundred more are not waiting for some super-brain to invent them. They are here! They await only the order to put them on the conveyor belt. The engineers can remake the United States according to any over-all plan devised by the collective imagination. It is not merely using brave new words to say that we can have a brave new world.

We—our scientists and technologists—can take any continent that people are dissatisfied with and rearrange it, make it over. In fact the blueprints for some such projects already exist.

In the depression-ridden thirties a group of a dozen able but jobless engineers in Europe whiled away their empty days by blueprinting two of the most ambitious projects ever worked up by men. These go by the names of Pan-Africa and Panropa.

The idea of Pan-Africa is to bring the Dark Continent into the light of the twentieth century, to make even the unhealthy interior habitable by white men and their industry. Engineer Herman Soergel and his colleagues have worked out a scheme for damming the headwaters of three great river systems to create artificial inland seas which provide navigation and water power and change the climate.

In the south a new lake would be created near Victoria Falls and the headwaters of the Zambesi. In the center, the Congo would be forced to make a pond of 900,000 square kilometers. In the north Lake Chad, lately famous in the war, would be vastly expanded. The lakes would be inter-connected by canals, and from Lake Chad to the Mediterranean a second Nile would be engineered.

This gigantic plan sends ocean traffic across Africa from four sides. It irrigates and brings into cultivation more than a million square miles of desert land. Its various water levels provide power capable of turning all the wheels of a new civilization. Africa ceases to be the prowling ground of the adventurer after lions. A more sensible type of adventurer—the man just a'lookin' for a home and a career—takes his place.

The Panropa scheme is even

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Our Own New Order

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bolder. It transforms the Mediterranean into a lake to be turned on and off and even converted into dry land—according to the pleasure of the human race. The engineers build a dam across Gibraltar Straits—the biggest dam in the world, 19 miles long. The 150-foot-wide top becomes a highroad joining Europe and Africa. This is the start of the job—to hold back the Atlantic Ocean. The cost comes to about eight billions, small change in comparison with armaments, and it gives employment to a couple of hundred thousand ex-soldiers.

Left to itself, the Mediterranean loses by evaporation and falls about 63 inches a year. As the level drops, two things happen: the water that falls over the dam becomes millions of horsepower, and all the countries that border on the Mediterranean add new land along their shores. A smaller dam at the Dardanelles speeds the process. Energy is developed where none was before, and Italy, for example, in a few years doubles its area and provides a home for that surplus birth-rate for which Musso propagandized and distributed medals. Furthermore, as the Middle Sea becomes an ever smaller lake, the fall line of every river emptying into it increases, making more power stations possible. And available power is the heart and sinews of a twentieth-century world.

Here is a man's triumph (blueprint stage) over nature. The world is plastic. He can handle it the way a child makes and unmakes landscapes on the beach with a pail and shovel. Only, the big job would take anywhere from seventy years to a century to complete. But almost from the beginning it would be paying its own way, and giving work to millions.

At the eastern end of Panropa is a half-dead, half-alive world, rich with oil, choked with human misery. Engineering projects all worked out can remake the Palestine-Transjordan part of it by developing energy out of the differences in level between the Mediterranean and the inland lakes. These plans excited world interest a dozen years ago. They remain to be fulfilled.

An even deader world is Iraq, important for oil and because that's where the Germans hope to cross into Persia and join hands with the Japs. In ancient times Iraq was the richest and most advanced civilization, the land that furnished the inspiration for the Garden of Eden myth. Here, in Babylonia, somewhere between thirty million and fifty million people lived. Now it is a desert where four million barely manage to get along.

This alluvial plain between the Tigris and Euphrates can be a garden or a desert. It's all a matter of irrigation. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, one of the eight wonders of the world, grew fruitful because of canals. But wars tumbled down the engineering works of ancient man and left a howling waste, something for a Shelley to come along and write a moral sonnet about. Tamerlane, the Hitler of an earlier day, worked this ruin.

The British began developing this country, but the blitz stopped the work. Our technology today, with its use of concrete constructions and the rich oil on the spot for motive power, can do far better than the Babylonians. We can irrigate more extensive areas and make the whole Persian-Arabian desert bloom.

There is plenty of work to do in the world. If anybody thought we had just about reached the limit, he'd better look again. India and China are practically untouched, and so is South America, whose Amazon valley and three Guianas are jungle wastelands, countries of the future waiting for men to wake up to their potentialities. The little Central American republics in our back yard comprise a job too long neglected, and so do the forty-odd Caribbean islands, now gaudy poorhouses, which one of these days will really be the glamorous paradises of the travel folders.

The country which has done most of the world's engineering work these last twenty years is Soviet Russia—only when Russia did it, somehow it wasn't news. Every semi-literate knows about the purges, but how many of the best-informed can define Volgastroi and Angarastroi, the most ambitious power complexes yet undertaken by man? Few know of the extraordinary project to change the climate of Vladivostok and the Siberian Far East worked out by an American engineer. A dam built off the peninsula of Kamchatka would hold back the Arctic current, giving the Japan current a chance to warm up those waters, clearing away the perennial fogs of that part of the world, and making Vladivostok an ice-free port.

It was the Russians who, in the early twenties at the Genoa conference, proposed the joint international construction of a super-trunk electrical high-tension system uniting all the capitals from London to Peking. It would have made Eurasia one technological system, provided employment, warded off depression. If the victors of the other war had had the guts to do it, Hitler would now be an aging bum in some second-class Munich beer hall. But in those days Britain and France so distrusted each other that even the project of a Channel tunnel to connect Dover and Calais was abandoned after it had reached the blueprint stage. This is another job to be tackled as part of our own World Order.

About that World Order—what it will be, whether it will be—we shall have the crucial say. We've got to work up the captain psychology and quit being the spoiled brat who is afraid to play with the gang because he might get rooked. If we had taken a bold international line after the last world war, we might have been spared this one. Our isolationists from 1920 on can be saddled with a good share of the responsibility for Hitler and Hirohito and their planetary putsch.

We have got to shape our minds around to thinking on a world scale instead of in Possum Notch and Suburban Heights terms. This is a war of peoples, not of nations—of all the Joes for freedom against an enslaver with a cunning world-idea. Even if he is licked on land, sea, and air, he has still got to be licked on ideas. The victory is not achieved until we can substitute a better, more intelligent, more productive and democratic world-idea for Hitler's New Order and Japan's Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere.

Whether the United States can take its science and engineering and democratic way of life into this cosmic adventure, or let the world and us with it go to smash for lack of guts and brains, rests ultimately on Joe Doaks, the plain American. In the mass, Joe can make or break anybody. He has a proud background. There was a time—more than a century of it—when our forefather Doaks got a kick out of immensity and grand projects. He was that way because he had once taken a big chance, leaving the safe rut of European serfdom to brave the ocean in a small boat, to tackle the Indians and the wilderness. With practically naked hands he faced the unknown and made a great nation of a virgin continent.

He exulted in the job, and he flaunted his democracy in the face of old Europe as a revolutionary, liberating thing. His sense of revolution had nothing to do with the D.A.R. He felt it in terms of a man who had got hold of a bigger idea for organizing human life than any known before. He wanted the world to go democratic, and whenever a king fell off a throne in the Old Country, Grandpappy Doaks felt that he had pushed him.

This American came over with John Smith and the Pilgrims, lasted through Jefferson and Andy Jackson and the forty-niners. In Teddy Roosevelt he had a brief resurrection. He lives on in FDR—for the New Deal, whatever its imperfections, did not believe in crawling into a shell but in resuming the job of building up America— by government "boondoggling," since business boondoggling had quit doing it.

The time has come for Joe to be worthy of Grandpa Doaks the Builder. If Joe can take the mental offensive on this science-technology front, he will find himself, right in the middle of the war, with a "secret weapon" which will help beat the Axis. For if Joe develops his own New World Order blueprint, he will have a propaganda weapon capable of undermining Axis morale. It would give us an appeal to the enslaved peoples from Norway to Java, far more potent than the good-natured but vague words of the Atlantic Charter. It is one thing to promise four or fourteen freedoms. It is better if you get specific and say: "Look, when we win, this is the world we are going to make." A picture is worth ten thousand words? O.K., let's give underground Europe a snapshot of what we can and mean to do.

And don't overlook that these blueprints of the world we mean to put into peace production (three shifts around the clock, like for guns) are just what the doctor ordered for our own morale. At the moment we are still fighting a negative war—*against* something, not *for everything*. In so far as we fight for return to status quo, for the kind of jittery world we have lately had, it isn't an inspiring object for millions of families whose income has averaged below a thousand a year. That doesn't have to be, and we can't go through it again.

Among the lessons of this war, a minor one is that Hitler is a nasty beast. A more important lesson is that if we don't run our plant at capacity for butter and bounty as we are doing for guns, the bottom will fall out of the world again. But if we do run it, we can have those four freedoms plus two chickens in the pot, two cars in the garage, the kids in college, the family plane for those weekend vacations, and any other shots you care to call.

Joe's U.S.A. is a machine, the biggest machine in the world, even when hitting on only five cylinders. Hitting on all sixteen, it is capable of taking us anywhere—on the old basis, over the hill to the poorhouse; on the new, clear around the world and back. #

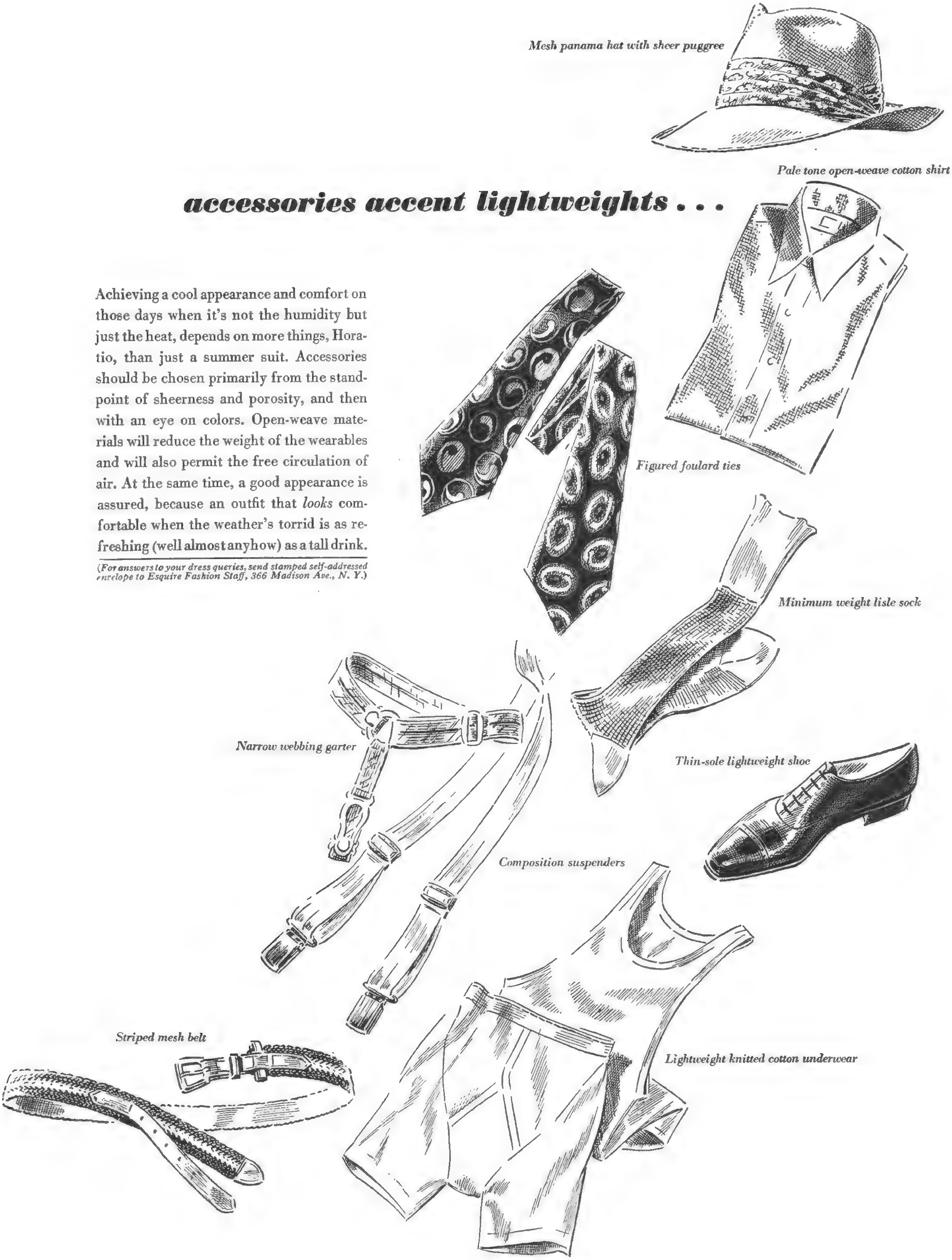
Poor Guy!

Console the Big League Manager,
His hair is turning gray,
A lot of Boys he classed A-1
The Draft Board classed 1-A!

accessories accent lightweights . . .

Achieving a cool appearance and comfort on those days when it's not the humidity but just the heat, depends on more things, Horatio, than just a summer suit. Accessories should be chosen primarily from the standpoint of sheerness and porosity, and then with an eye on colors. Open-weave materials will reduce the weight of the wearables and will also permit the free circulation of air. At the same time, a good appearance is assured, because an outfit that *looks* comfortable when the weather's torrid is as refreshing (well almost anyhow) as a tall drink.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Mesh panama hat with sheer puggree

Pale tone open-weave cotton shirt

Figured foulard ties

Minimum weight lisle sock

Narrow webbing garter

Thin-sole lightweight shoe

Composition suspenders

Striped mesh belt

Lightweight knitted cotton underwear

My Uncle Poldé

Continued from page 57

boys laughed at me, unaccountably I began to laugh with them. Inwardly for the moment I seemed to be quite calm. I felt lifted outside myself. There I stood, apart from the yelling boys, watching myself; Poldek Struna. I could see him—

"A comical figure indeed—his poor jaw bouncing up and down. with not a word coming out of him. Then this Poldek I watched laughed harder and harder. The boys began to gaze at him stupidly. Big tears rolled down his cheeks. Now I knew why God laughed, why people laughed. The stutterer! Looking so miserable, working so hard at something even a child could do; grinding his jaws, pursing his lips, bobbing his head—all to force out a few words. The Poldek I was watching laughed till he began to choke. And then he said, 'Oh, but it is funny!'

"And he spoke plainly.

"For a moment the boys and I, too, were struck dumb with amazement. Then I shrieked with the biggest laughter of them all. I knew of a sudden I would never stutter again. This was the secret God had kept from me: I had been put on earth to be laughed at, to be enjoyed.

"But I did not want to be laughed at for stuttering.

"That was the way it started. I goaded myself on and on with crazy stunts till I became known in every village through the valley. People laughed at everything I did, even when I forgot myself and tried to be serious. They began to laugh when they caught sight of me. Father cuffed me from morning till night, but if anything I got even more wild. I never stuttered now. I had learned to forget myself in the clown, who did not fear words. Soon I no longer needed any goading.

"But then one day when I was eighteen a great sadness swept over me. That was the greatest joke of all! What business did a fool have being sad? The neighbors pleaded, 'Why are you sad, Poldé Struna?' 'Have you fallen in love, Poldé Struna?' I began to laugh again, but this time my laughter was close to tears. In that one clear moment I had glimpsed that the clown was running away with me, destroying all that had been real in me. I had sold myself for a laugh. I was no longer Poldé Struna, but a stranger. I began to cry and the peasants slowly moved away.

"I did not know how to change myself back to Poldé Struna. I had learned not to fear words and syllables, so I did not stutter now. But I could not get back into the real Poldé Struna. It was the clown who spoke, who acted.

"I left for Trieste, where nobody knew me, as a clown or anything else. I stopped myself from laughing, acting foolishly. But this was worse, for now I had not even the comfort of being a clown. I was nothing. Not even the old unhappy, miserable Poldé.

"Then I met a man. He had been to America. I watched him, the way he swung his shoulders through the crowds, how he stared down with his eyes the petty officials who demanded from him a more fitting respect. I had given many names to this thing I saw he carried in himself. I wanted it. It showed itself in his walk, in the way he looked at you. He called it America.

"I decided to go to this land of miracles. I had heard stories of men who had gone there and lifted themselves up in spite of what they had been. Perhaps I could do the same: become another man, a better one. It was my last chance.

"So I came. And you see me now.

"A laborer sweeping floors, afraid to speak up for myself, afraid to become a real person though I want to, afraid to take the chance that will determine once and for all whether or not I'm really good inside. I had thought America would change me. I know now it is men themselves who must change, who must measure up to America's bigness. That is why they lift themselves up, to meet that bigness."

Uncle Poldé had finished. "It is late; you must go to bed."

The next morning I could say nothing to him when we met.

Impulsively, I knocked on his door that evening. He opened it. His shoulders were tremendously stooped, his arms hung at his sides. He stared at me with heavy tired eyes, then motioned me to come in, as though he scarcely expected me to. At the same time his eyes seemed to blaze in a way I had never seen before.

"Sit down on the bed, Pavlek, and let me talk to you. You are closer to me than anyone here.

"I'm grateful to you, Pavlek, and to your America, to you and your pride in being an American. But you were wrong when you said one needed to be born here to be an American. It is America that is born in men. It was in me a long time before I ever saw America. I could have been born in Poland, Russia, China; with a white face, black face or a yellow face; it would have been the same. Always America is there for anyone who has the strength to reach to it in himself. That is what I have learned here, watching the people in the streets, their ways of walking and talking, speaking up for themselves, measuring the America within themselves up to the bigness outside, and growing, growing. That is why I had to come here, to learn this."

The next few days Uncle Poldé was almost cheerful. He carried a secret smile on his lips. But soon he turned moody again, already discouraged, discouraged. He tried to explain himself to me. "Pavlek, where does one begin—?"

My mother invited him downstairs, to draw him out of his attic but he waited till it was dark before he took a short walk and came right back again. He was ashamed to face me. A gloom settled on our house.

My father began to feel sorry for him and tried to get him to talk, but Uncle Poldé dismissed each pleasantry with a dismal nod of his head.

We could not smile without feeling guilt. His sad figure forever intruded.

My brother related that at the factory the workers no longer chafed Uncle Poldé, but regarded him uneasily.

He covered us like a shadow.

Then, early one afternoon my brother came running home from work. He made straight for my mother, began to tell her something that had to do with Uncle Poldé.

We feared the worst.

My brother could hardly talk. Finally we made out that Uncle Poldé had clouted the foreman and left the factory.

"He was working," started my brother again, "when the man began to nag him. And for good reasons, too. Uncle Poldé's been working like a dreamer these last few days. The foreman gave it to him good and hard. He said things nobody decent would stand for. But Uncle Poldé did nothing. He listened. Then, of a sudden, as though something had been mounting up in him, Uncle Poldé lifted himself, stretched to his full height. He grinned from ear to ear so that his whole face was changed, and brought his fist down on the man's head, knocking him down, and then he strode out of the shop, with that grin still on his face."

When Tony finished my mother said nothing. She went into her room. Tony and I looked at each other.

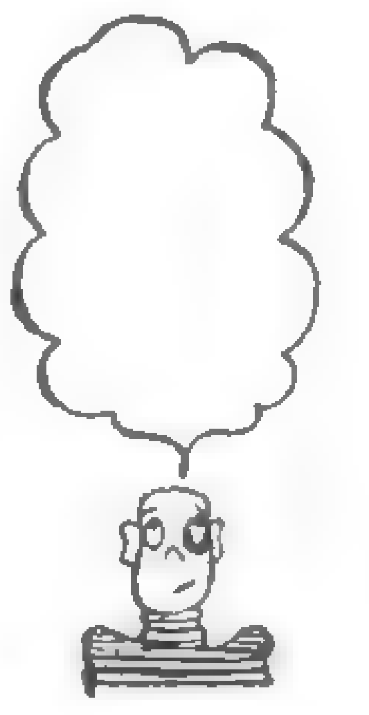
For the rest of the afternoon we waited for Uncle Poldé. My father returned from work and we had supper. There was little talk. No one knew what to say.

Finally, about ten o'clock, Uncle Poldé came in and went upstairs to his room. I followed him. He heard me coming and held the door open for me. "Come in," he said, a smile playing over his lips.

He was packing his belongings in the wicker basket he had brought with him from the old country. "It is done," he said. He strode across the attic floor, almost knocking his head against the rafters. It was the first time I had seen him stretched so tall. He glanced about him. "I'll need a bigger room," he said. ⌗

Real Life Story

So you want to know how I got this shiner, eh? Well, last week I was at the movies, and there's this scene where this smart little guy and a big guy are together, and the big guy says: "My girl likes dumb animals," and the little guy cracks: "She must," and then he walks away quick. And the big guy sits there grinning stupidly, and then finally—about a minute later, he gets it, and his jaw falls and you can see he is burned up, and the audience gets a big laugh on account of this big guy is slow on the uptake.



Well, a couple of nights later I saw another movie and there is another big guy and another little guy, and the big guy says: "Now, I can't think how I got here," and the little guy says "You mean you can't think period," and the little guy scrams, and the big guy sits there with a stupid smile while you can count up to fifty and then he gets it, and he is sore and all of us folks in the mezzanine get a swell snicker because this dope takes forever to get an obvious crack.

So the night before last I was at another movie and there is another big guy and a small guy and the big guy says: "I was out with my girl last night, and she lost her heel" and the little guy says "Did she find you again?," and makes his getaway, and the big guy wears the usual vacant-foolish look for a minute and a half, and then he gets it and scowls and we patrons chuckle on account of this big buster is so snail-brained.

Well, last night I am with Joe Fuller and I think of a crack at his expense and I make it and I am pretty small and Joe is very very big and—well—as I was saying before you so rudely asked me about that shiner—I think it is time Hollywood gave this slow-on-the-uptake gag a rest and made some sequences where the big guy is not only big but also lightning-quick on the uptake—like Joe Fuller for instance.

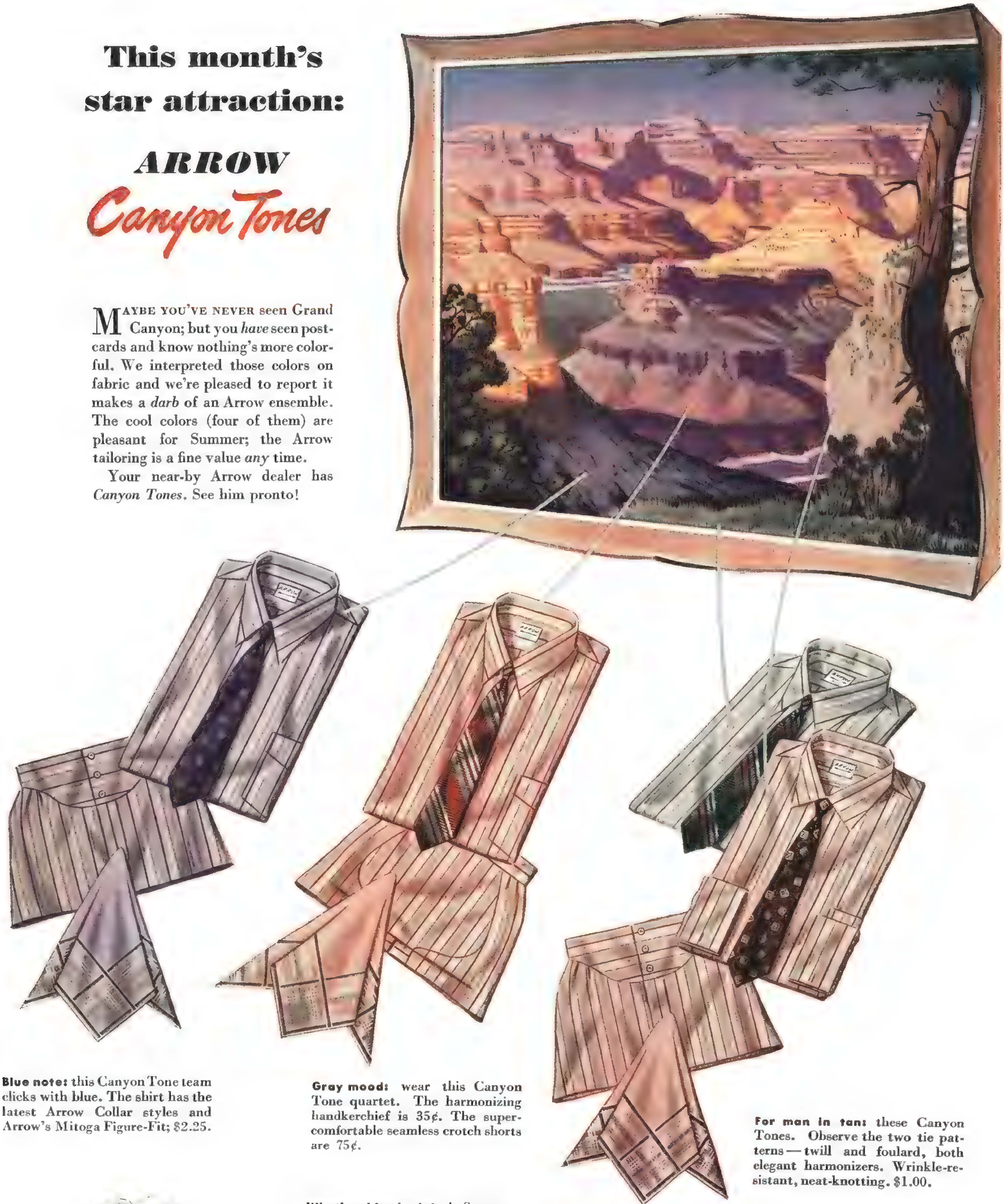
—Parke Cummings

This month's star attraction:

ARROW
Canyon Tones

Maybe you've never seen Grand Canyon; but you *have* seen postcards and know nothing's more colorful. We interpreted those colors on fabric and we're pleased to report it makes a *darb* of an Arrow ensemble. The cool colors (four of them) are pleasant for Summer; the Arrow tailoring is a fine value *any* time.

Your near-by Arrow dealer has *Canyon Tones*. See him pronto!



Blue note: this Canyon Tone team clicks with blue. The shirt has the latest Arrow Collar styles and Arrow's Mitoga Figure-Fit; $2.25.

Gray mood: wear this Canyon Tone quartet. The harmonizing handkerchief is 35¢. The super-comfortable seamless crotch shorts are 75¢.

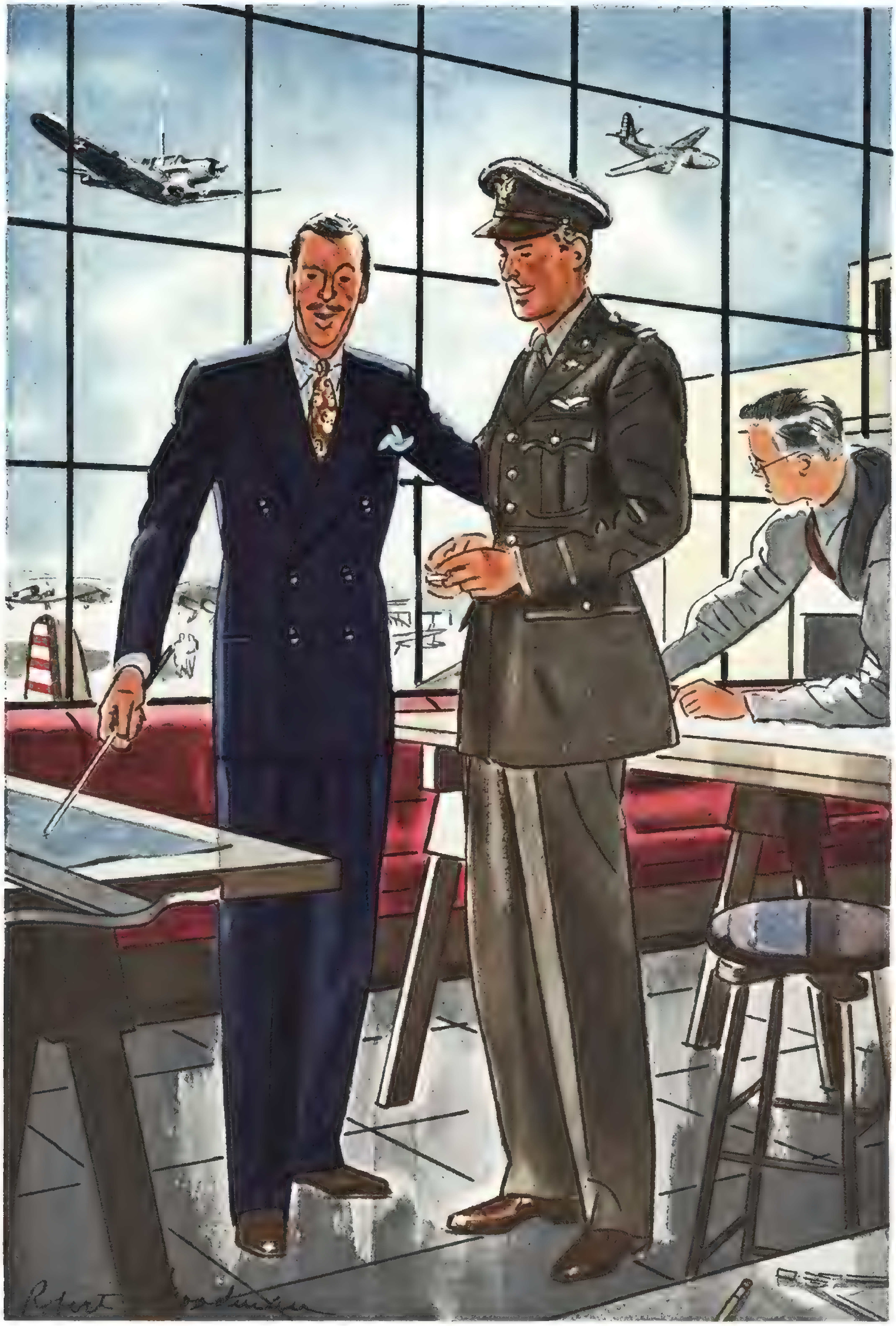
For man in tan: these Canyon Tones. Observe the two tie patterns—twill and foulard, both elegant harmonizers. Wrinkle-resistant, neat-knotting. $1.00.

What's white is right in Summer. Have a supply of Arrow Gordon Oxfords—in several smart collar styles. Like all Arrows, they're Sanforized-labeled: less than 1% fabric shrinkage. A new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit.

ARROW

Shirts • Ties • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Sport Shirts

★ BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS ★



harbor blue looking up

Shhh! You're in the drafting room of one of the larger airplane plants where men are working day and night laying out plans for those big silver fish with wings. In this corner we have the executive in Harbor blue, and the Army officer in Olive Drab; both looking over the new designs. The blueprints are military secrets, so please keep your eyes focused on the Harbor blue tropical worsted suit instead. It has lines as trim as a P-40, with welt pockets and a streamlined jacket with lapels which roll to the middle button. His cool shirt is blue and white striped madras, and the bright tie is a foulard. The air-minded executive is discussing the plans of his newest plane, but he might well be describing his tropical worsted suit. "Yep, this is a breezy number that'll carry you anything from ceiling zero to visibility unlimited!" And we, the ground crew, agree with him!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 89

abroad). However, I was invited to eat in the officers' mess, and so that's where I found myself.

Tomato soup came first; then there was fried fish, baked beans (colossally good, and I give you the real Army recipe at the end of the article), potato purée, parsnip purée, mixed salad with French dressing. There were excellent Parker House rolls, coffee, plenty of butter and cream, and a young lieutenant called Sorenson, who was just learning to be a mess officer, ran in at the end of the meal with some samples of his freshly made cookies. They were marvelous, light as a feather. The whole meal was far better than in a medium-priced restaurant. I found fault only with the tomato soup. This could be blamed either on the fact that the cooks had only started their course eight days before, or perhaps on the fact that I do not like tomato soup. If the first supposition is right, I ought to tell you that after one month's training a simple tomato soup is child's play for the boys.

I am very fussy about coffee yet I'd like to sing you a eulogy on Army coffee, which is really wonderful. It has a taste something like French or Italian coffee, is strong, and very black, as it should be. It has all perking-up qualities attributed to this lovely beverage. The Army (and Navy) coffee is bought by the Quartermaster Corps from one grower in Brazil; this accounts for its uniform taste all over the country, in every Army camp, on every ship, wherever American men in uniform might be defending the ideals of their country. To assure the uniform taste even more certainly, the Army has coffee-roasting schools where men are specially trained in roasting the bean to just the right taste and color. The excellence of Army coffee shows how far Uncle Sam goes in trying to accommodate his champions; for coffee drinking is a pleasure rather than a necessity.

I remember that when I served in another war and in the army of another nation, they, too, gave us "coffee" every morning. This dubious, dark looking liquid could have been called anything from mud to ink; it certainly did not taste like coffee. No sugar came with it, no cream, and it was accompanied by a piece of forlorn looking, sour tasting bread, that had no butter on it, unless we bought or stole some from whatever populace had not yet evacuated the battle area.

Only those who have seen and tasted the food in other armies can appreciate what wonderful food the American soldier is getting. Only by comparison can one learn the value of the American soldier's meals.

Do you wish to know what the midday meal consisted of in my—and almost any other European—army? A plate of soup with boiled beef and a piece of bread. The evening meal?—Bean or pea soup, and on extraordinary occasions, goulash. But in order to get goulash you practically had to sacrifice your life—this European specialty was as a rule given to soldiers the night before an attack.

In the U. S. Army today the boys get thirty-nine different articles of food daily, not counting vegetables and fruit! Of course, even here in America the Army food situation wasn't so good—during the Revolutionary War. There were only five articles of food given a soldier daily; meat, flour, beans, spruce beer, and milk. He had to cook them himself!

As summer draws to a close every amateur vegetable gardener in the country feels that his season has been a success. He has either (a) proved that he can grow A-1 crops or (b) proved his contention that you can't beat the corner grocery store.

Speaking about the fare in my European Army, I remember nostalgically a little episode that may come under the culinary heading. I was still serving in 1919 after the revolution in Hungary, at a time when the army had shrunk to almost nothing. We were fighting the Rumanians, and soldiers were at a premium—no one really wanted to wear a uniform any more; people were anxious to get back to civilian life. If you asked me why I kept on after the "real" war was over, I couldn't answer in precise terms. Perhaps on account of an adventurous nature, perhaps from sheer inertia. At any rate, we had difficulty with the cooks in our squadron; they were unbelievably bad. So when a pretty peasant girl in a certain village volunteered to come with us and cook our meals, we readily accepted, and dressed up the girl according to regulations, in tunic and breeches. She was not only pretty but cooked well. You should have seen the fellows swarming around the mobile kitchen, offering to bring water from the well, wring the neck of chickens that came out of "nowhere," and do all sorts of odd jobs that they had been dodging up to then! It was only natural that once romance came to our unit, it ran its full course—the lucky man was a beady-eyed, fresh-complexioned corporal, and the two were married by the regiment's pater.

I am trying to highlight for you the difference in culinary organization between a great and a small country. We never even dared to dream of such a thing as a school for army cooks; here in the United States the first School for Cooks and Bakers was established as far back as 1900. Colonel Phillips, who sacrificed some of his very busy time to me later on in the afternoon of my visit to the School, told me that he took the course in this same School in 1908. Now he is Commandant of the Quartermaster Corps Schools for Bakers and Cooks, Second Corps Area.

Incidentally, think what a splendid profession many thousands of men will have after the war is over! We must always eat, and these cooks, taught very thoroughly and scientifically by the Army, will have no difficulty whatsoever later in life.

I visited the storeroom, over which an Italian butcher and vegetable vendor from upstate New York presides. He knows all about all foods, having handled them ever since he was a child. This man is a lovely fellow, speaking fascinatingly bad English; he has no interest in the world except his storeroom, even though it is not really his at all, but Uncle Sam's. The place is spotless, if this is an adequate word for it. And it has every kind of food and condiment you can think of. The meats are scientifically kept, away from the crates of Hudson Valley Delicious apples, Iceberg lettuce, Extra Fancy Sunkist Oranges, young carrots, picture-like radishes, beautiful celery and parsley. The hams, bacon, salami and other smoked meats neatly hang from the ceiling as in the storeroom of a prodigious country family in better times. I counted six kinds of cheese and eight kinds of nuts and couldn't help remarking that I knew a mouse around my way who would be very happy here.

The Italian storeroom keeper, so addicted to orderliness and so in love with the soldiers' edibles, lost his pleasant expression. The contented smile vanished. He made a ferocious motion with his hand.

"I feex-a mouse plenty!" he exclaimed. I guess the mouse had better stay home.

Lastly I visited the classroom. About twenty students listened intently to Lieutenant Normyle, Commander of the Bakery Company, who was delivering an interesting lecture on the chemistry of cookery. The walls of the class room are covered with food and vitamin charts; the students sit at small but comfortable tables, the Governor's Island birds chirp merrily just outside the open windows; it was a perfect image of a storybook classroom. And when I was handed text books, the metamorphosis was complete.

I sat down at one of the little tables and started to peruse the books. But the material is so vast, there are so many instructions for any eventuality Army cooks may encounter, what with cooking on railroads, in trenches, abroad, etc., that I couldn't even attempt to tell you about the hundreds of methods. At any rate some of them are military secrets.

I should like, however, to give you a few of the very useful axioms made up by Colonel Phillips for his men: 1. Think and plan while you work. 2. Be observant. When you look at anything see it and then remember it. 3. Learn from the other fellow. 4. When given a job to do, don't ask questions but do the job. 5. Keep blood pressure normal by being calm and collected when going is hardest. 6. Don't let reprimands by your superiors get under your skin—take it as it is most likely coming to you—correct the deficiency—keep your mouth shut—and eliminate the excess steam by harder work and remember your good points show as well as the bad ones. 7. Always get what you pay for and see that the men you bought it for get it. 8. Don't take commendations seriously—the fellow who commends you possibly saw only your good points. 9. Don't talk about how good you are, but be good and everyone will know it without your telling them. 10. Don't eat between meals. 11. Skip a meal at least once a week. 12. Don't worry.

Here's that famous baked beans recipe; of course, it is meant for one hundred persons. It might be an interesting experiment to cut down the proportions and try it for just a few.

ARMY BAKED BEANS

18 pounds beans, dry
4 pounds bacon, sliced
1 pint molasses
1 pint catsup
2 ounces mustard, dry, or 6 ounces prepared
2 pounds onions, chopped
2 pounds tomatoes, fresh, or one can tomatoes (No. 3 can)

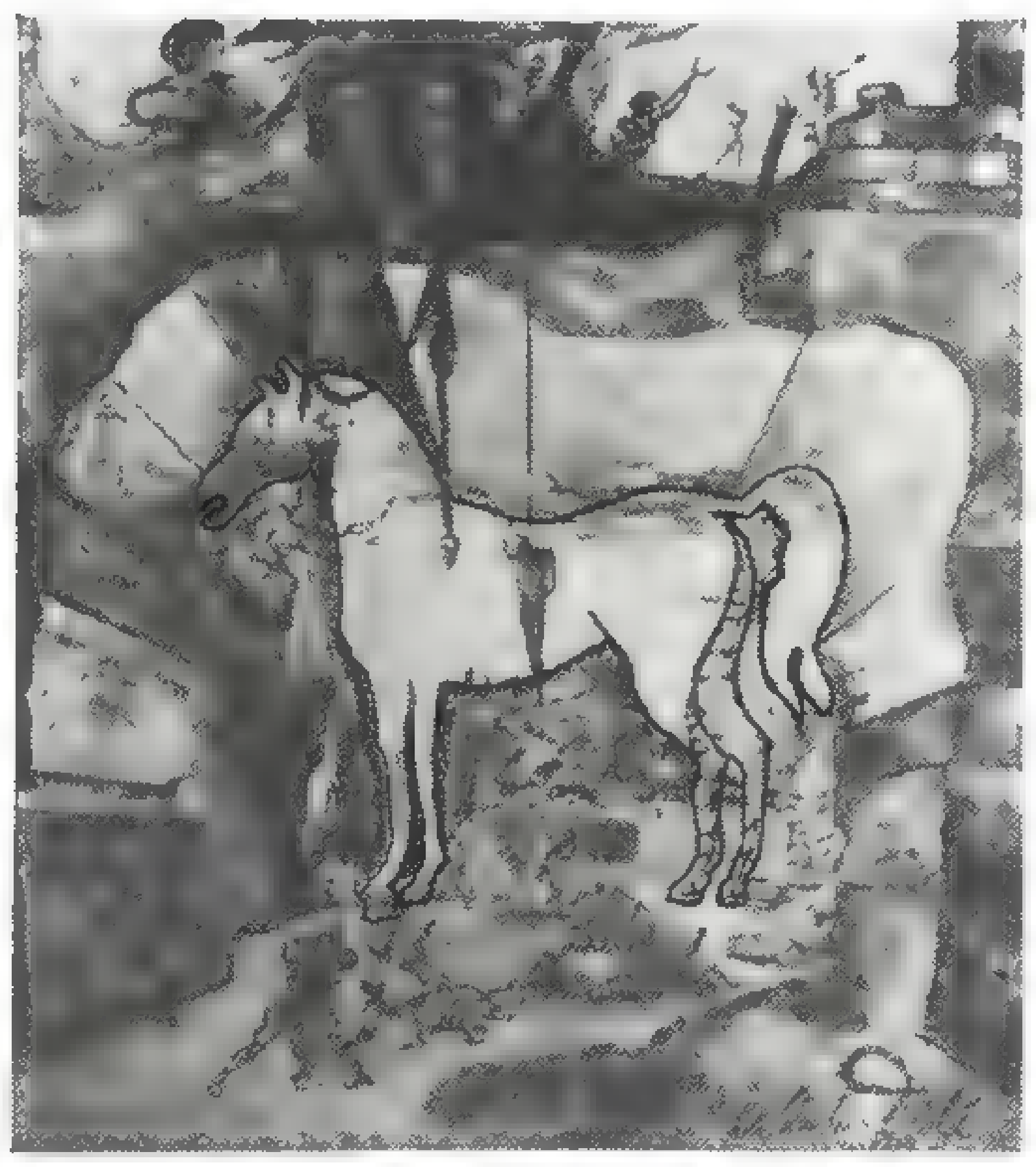
Wash and soak the beans for 4 hours overnight in cold water. Drain, place in hot water, and simmer for 2 hours. Drain and place beans in bakepan or covered earthen crocks. Mix in the chopped onions and tomatoes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Place sliced bacon on top of the beans. Make a mixture of the molasses, catsup, and mustard, adding a little vinegar if dry mustard is used, and pour over the beans. Cover the pan and bake in a slow oven (below 200° F.—24 counts) for 4 hours, or until tender. Serve hot.

In cold weather the soaking may be overnight, in which case the 2-hour simmering will not be necessary. In hot weather the beans may sour if soaked when a cool temperature cannot be obtained. When this condition is met with, beans may be baked as follows:

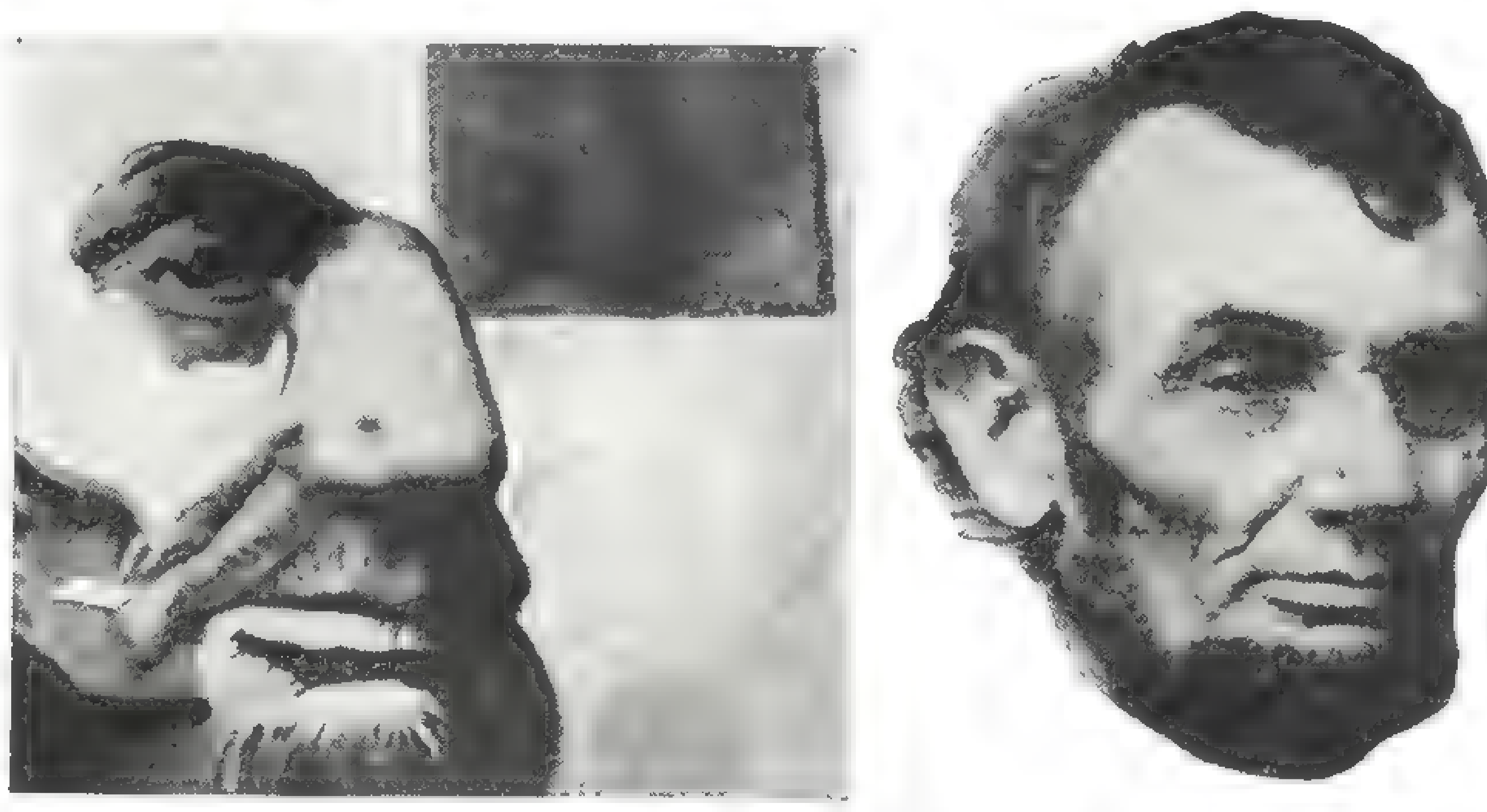
Wash the beans in cold water, drain and place in cold water; simmer 45 minutes, drain, and put beans in bakepan. Mix in chopped onion and tomatoes and season with salt and pepper. Place sliced bacon on top of the beans. Make a mixture of molasses, catsup, and mustard, and pour over the beans. Cover the pan and bake in a slow oven for 5 hours, or until tender. Serve hot.

I started last month's article with urging you to be patriotic, save on your food and buy War Savings Bonds. Now I end the department by further persuasion: eat less and buy War Savings Bonds. You'll feel a whole lot better. ##

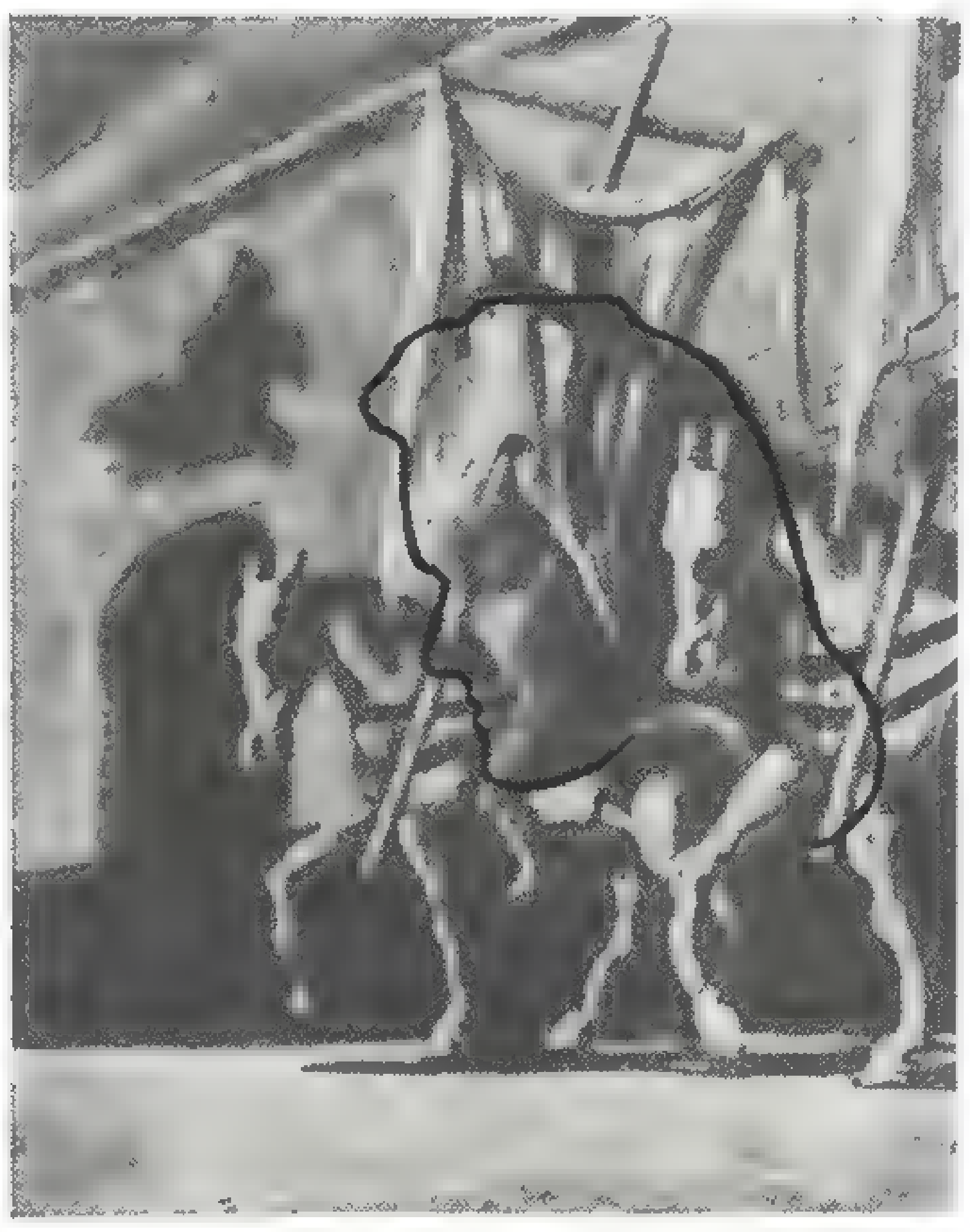
Solutions to Dali's Camouflage Sketches



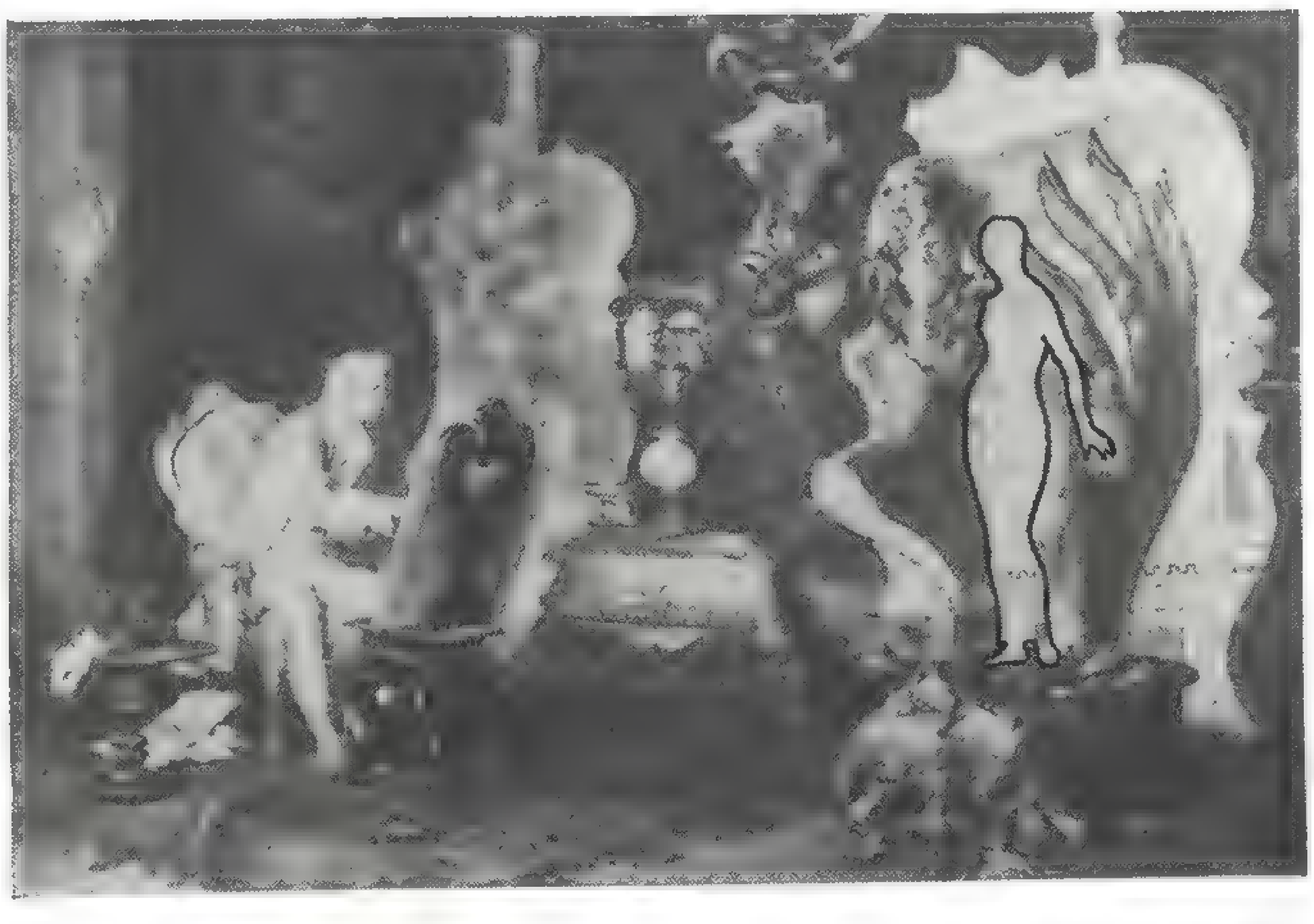
The scene of carnage *conceals the image of the Trojan Horse. The outline of the horse follows the contour of the gateway. The feet of the hanged man dangle just below the horse's chest.*



The seated woman *is really a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Her bonnet is the eye, her shoulders and back the nose.*



The Crusader *is the head of a woman. You will observe that the line of her forehead and nose follow the edge of the pole he carries.*



The artist *is painting a nude woman standing on the pedestal. Her left arm is formed by the space between the first two digits of the huge hand, and you can follow the rest of the outline from that starting point. Also note the three monks carrying a coffin (alternatively the face of an old man) directly above the lamp in the center of the picture.*

Total Camouflage for Total War

Continued from pages 65-66

the merest glimpse of the psychological significance of such phenomena. We see what we have some reason for seeing, above all what we believe we are going to see. If the reason or the belief is upset—we see something else. In this connection, visual reactions can be controlled. To borrow the radio terms, they can be beamed, or even jammed, by purely psychological effects. My long investigation leads me to believe therefore that psychological camouflage is no idle dream. It is a question of research and of laboratory experiment. The latter I shall not elaborate here, for reasons that will be readily understood, in view of my conviction that these are matters of utilitarian importance in the field of warfare.

The examples which illustrate this article do not represent my individual research in psychological camouflage, being more in the nature of diversions. They may serve, however, to orient the reader with reference to the fact that an image can be rendered invisible—without transformation—simply by surrounding it with other images which make the spectator assume he is looking at something else.

The double images of the Romantic period were not as highly developed as these. In the former, both images were visible at the same time; whereas in mine, one of the images may remain long unnoticed. In my double images, at first, I made a diplomatic compromise between the two, transforming them and making one coincide with the other. This is true of the Invisible Bust of Voltaire. On the other hand, in the two Crusaders, the photo of a woman's face is intact, not retouched in any way. It is only the magic exercised by the surrounding images which makes you think you are seeing, not a woman's face, but a warrior on horseback. The same method of isolation and analogy makes the head of the open mouthed dog disappear.

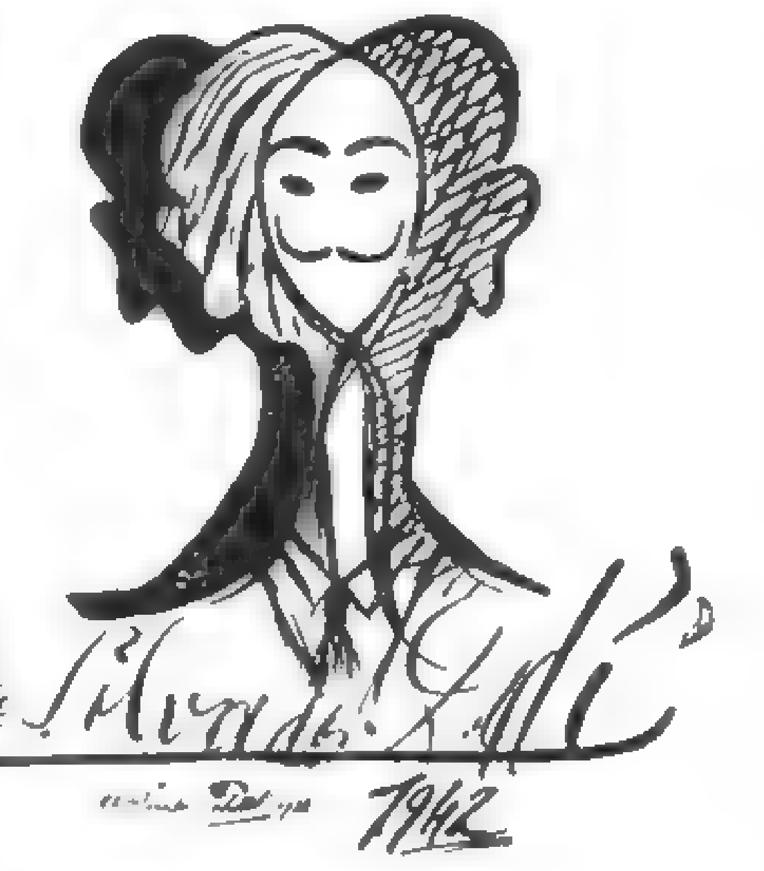
I have carried out similar experiments with real objects. My latest success in this line has been with the statuette of a horse placed inside a miniature theatre. The lighting, and the objects I have placed around the statuette render the horse completely invisible. Instead of a horse, the spectator thinks he is looking at the sky in a landscape.

I am a believer in magic, which in the last analysis is simply the power of materializing imagination into reality. Our over-mechanized age underestimates the properties of the irrational imagination, which seems impractical, and is in reality at the basis of all discoveries. When Laporte, in the XVth century, announced that he had found a way to cut glass so that everything seen through it was outlined by a rainbow—he himself thought it was magic.

Leonardo was often suspected by the Inquisition of being a magician. He was just that in reality—for in the long run the Inquisition made few mistakes. He was the advance inventor of all the machines in modern warfare.

"War of Production" sounds the note of reality for today, and tomorrow. But in our world, there is still a role to be played by magic. *Translated by Florence Gilliam*

Salvador Dali as sketched by himself



A Portrait of Salvador Dali

by Salvador Dali

Most Admired Old Masters: Raphael and Velasquez.

Most Admired Contemporaries: Picasso and I.

My Most Provocative Painting: "Debris of an Automobile Giving Birth to a Blind Horse Biting a Telephone".

Definition of Surrealism: Le surréalism, c'est moi.

Favorite Color: Absinthe green.

Most Pressing Project: To perfect for the United Nations a system of camouflage based on my radical theory of invisibility.

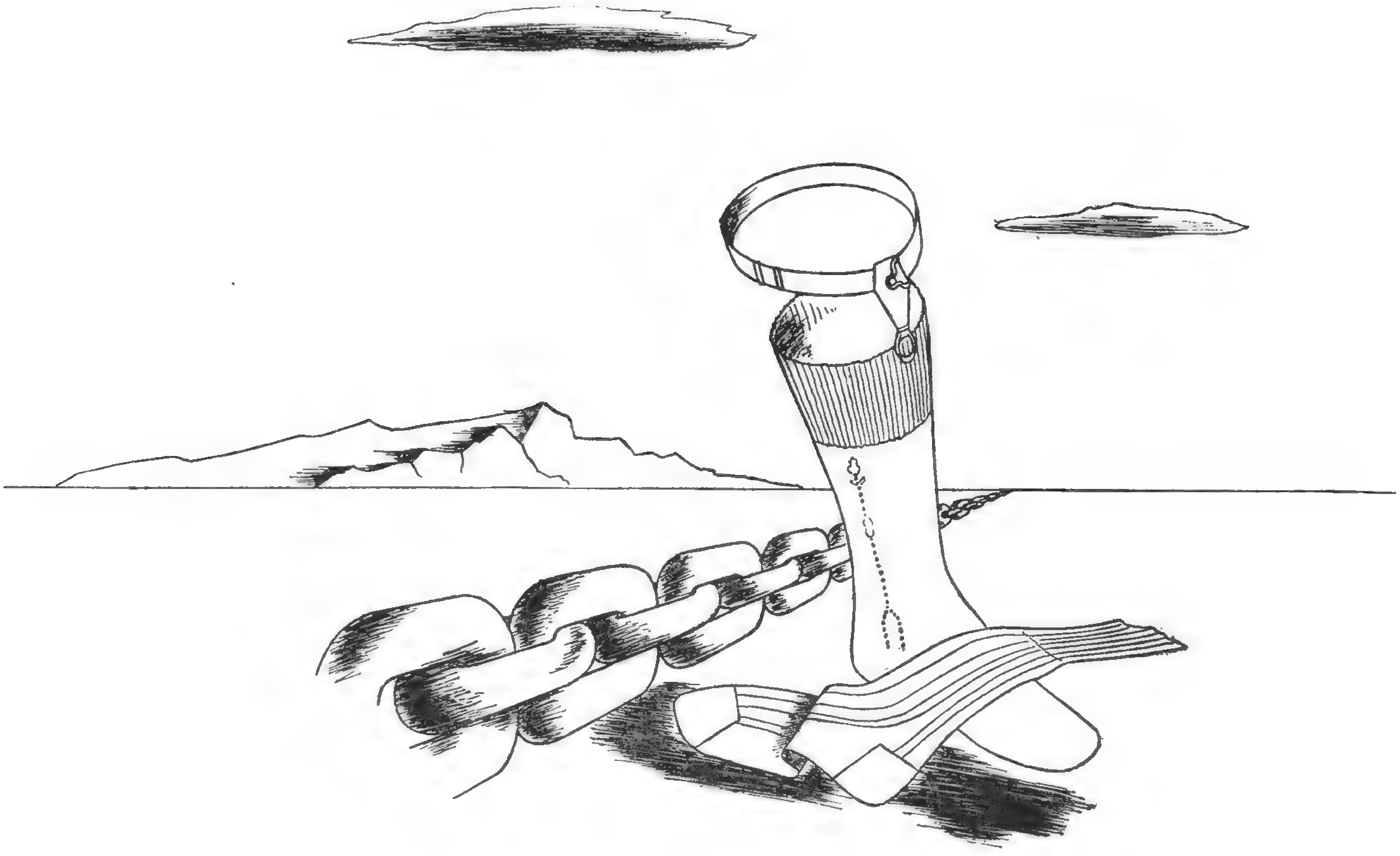
Favorite Exercise: Riding up—but not down—in an elevator.

Note to Architects: Your designs are too harsh, too mechanistic—you should cater to man's desire to return to his pre-natal abode by utilizing rounded, non-rigid forms and soft protective materials.

Thought in Passing: Aviation is the most spectacular expression of the sexual instinct.

Proudest Symbol: The sign on my sleeping chamber: "POET WORKING."

Chief Hope for the Future: A religious renaissance based on a progressive form of Catholicism.



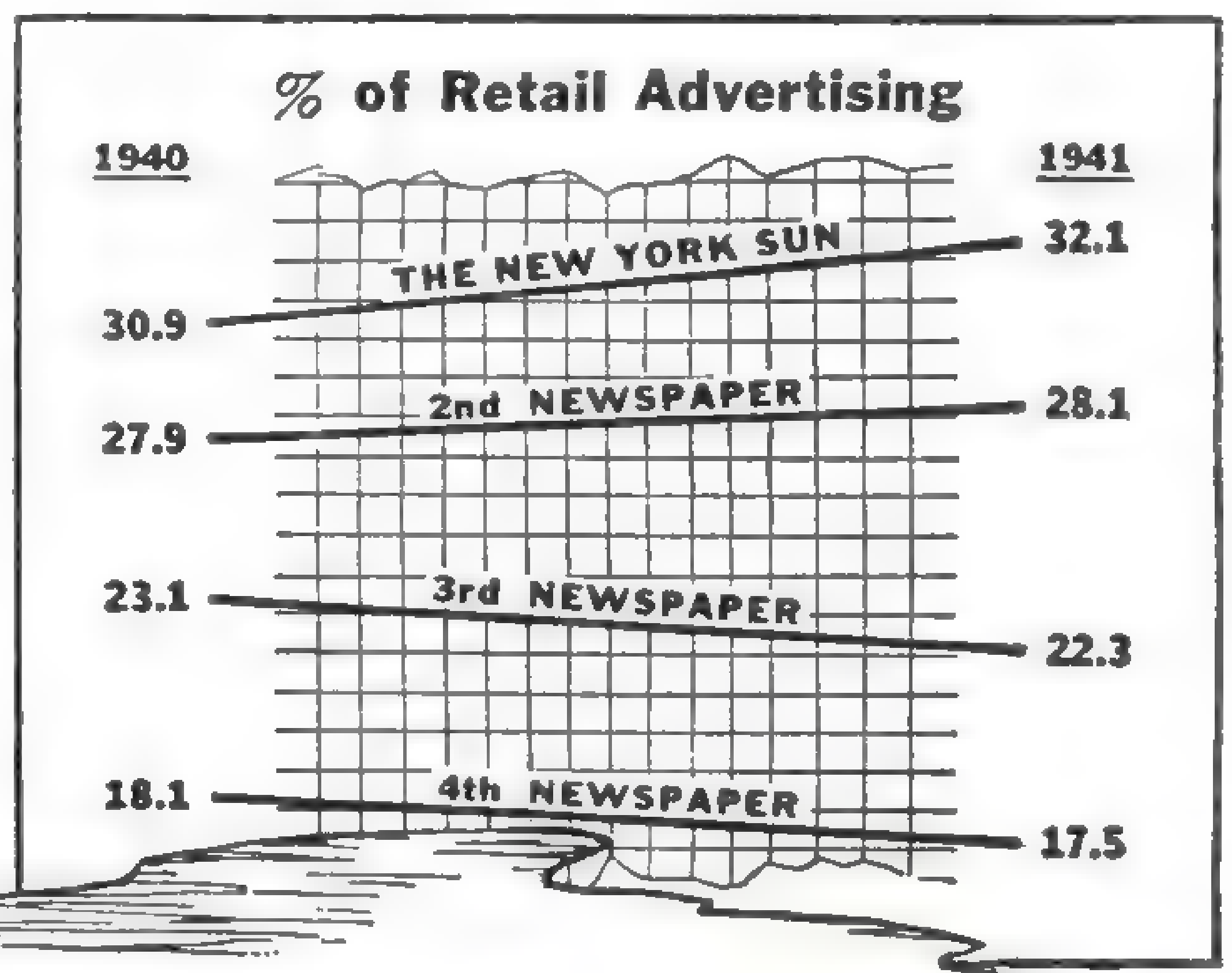
socks or solidarity

War and priorities may have upset your peacetime selling plans. But one thing is certain. Wartime consumers want to know how you're serving them and the nation now! Tell them!

Tell them about the socks or other products you can sell them. Tell them about your company's solidarity behind the war effort. Whatever your message may be, you've got an economic need and a patriotic incentive to tell it—and to keep on telling it! Readership's the thing you need. Without it your message is like an army without transportation—ineffective because it can't get where it belongs. Your message belongs in people's heads. Readership, particularly the kind you get in vital New York with The Sun, gets it there!

The Sun, one of the best read metropolitan dailies in America, has one of the highest ratings in readership of advertising among a representative group of the nation's leading newspapers!

This readership pays off in results. That's why in Retail Advertising The Sun for 16 years has led every New York weekday newspaper appealing to middle and better income groups. And why advertisers increased The Sun's share of this linage in 1941.



The Sun
NEW YORK

LEADERSHIP BECAUSE OF READERSHIP

REPRESENTED IN CHICAGO, DETROIT, SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES BY WILLIAMS, LAWRENCE & CRESMER CO.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM RITTER

Model Conduct

Interviews on men with America's most popular models

KAY HERNAN

That lovely head you see on the current Coty window posters, as well as in a couple of hundred other advertising guises, is Kay Hernan's. Easily one of the top ten models, Miss Hernan won the 1941 *Redbook* cover contest; her profile, along with that of Georgia Carroll, adorns the jacket of the model's bible, *The Powers Girl.*

Miss Hernan on Men: "Watch out, girls, here come the jitters! I know these days are hard on a man's nerves, but that's all the more reason he should make a special effort to keep from sliding off the edge of his chair. After all, one reason men go out on dates is for relaxation. Then why in the world don't they relax? Instead, they jump up every two minutes to go nowhere, they drum on the table with their fingers, they light one match after another. If they're not moving themselves, their eyes are roving all over the room. Some of the men I know seem to be getting more short-tempered and more brusque too. A date is only a date, but if that's what a man asks for, why doesn't he keep the whole date instead of just a part of it? He won't win the war by acting jumpy every time he goes out, but he will lose more hair—and probably his best girl."

Vital Statistics: *Name:* Kay Hernan. *Model Agency:* John Robert Powers. *Home Town:* Dallas, Texas. *Age:* 23. *Height:* 5′ 10″ with heels. *Weight:* 125. *Bust:* 35. *Waist:* 25. *Hips:* 36. *Hair.* Black. *Eyes:* Blue-green.

Yankee Made Easy

American tourists exploring New England interior have need of a handy dictionary

by WILLIAM E. WILSON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

AMERICANS visiting foreign countries have long been able to fortify themselves against the language difficulty with those little books entitled *One Hundred Useful Phrases* in French or Spanish or whatever the language might be. But for Americans who would travel or live among their fellow-Americans in New England, there are no such linguistic aids. In this eccentric region, where a "dropped egg" is not a culinary calamity and a deaf mute can pass as a brilliant conversationalist, strangers must proceed at their own risk.

At one of the first parties my wife and I attended after we moved to Rhode Island, an argument developed over the name of another family of Middlewesterners who had just come to Providence.

"I am sure their name is Moss," our hostess said.

"No, mother," her daughter corrected her quickly; "it isn't Moss. It's Moss."

Thereupon the whole gathering, excepting my bewildered wife and me, divided into two camps. One camp insisted the name was "Moss"; the other emphatically contended it was "Moss." Among the debaters, all of them Yankees, the distinction was quite clear and it lay between the names "Moss" and "Morse"; but it seemed to us that they were all saying the same thing.

Finally, to put an end to the dispute, I suggested waggishly that the name sounded like "Moss" to me; and immediately, to my great dismay, I found myself in the thick of the argument, one camp accepting me as a recruit in favor of "Moss," the other regarding me as an opponent of the cause of "Moss." To this day I have never found out which side I was on.

Such differences in pronunciation, of course, are not insurmountable. With patience and industry, an outlander can eventually detect the finer shadings in the speech of a man who says he is a graduate of "Hahvahd" and, in the next breath, inquires about life in "Indianner." Nor is it impossible for the stranger gradually to re-shuffle his vocabulary and remember that when a Yankee talks about "blinds" he means shutters and not windowshades; that a "spider" is not an insect but a skillet; that "tonic," in Boston, is nothing more medicinal than a bottle of pop; and that not all "gulls" have wings but may just as frequently have permanent waves and pretty legs. Once he gets over being embarrassed by waitresses who insist that the "tomaytoes" he has ordered are "tomahtoes," the average newcomer in New England can solve these elementary linguistic problems for himself. But at that point he will still have won less than half the battle, for there yet remains the much more difficult task of comprehending the things the Yankee does not say.

No doubt the best way to illustrate this baffling Yankee method of communicating ideas would be to insert here a dozen blank pages and let the reader ponder them, as one is called upon time and again, in New England, to puzzle over deliberate lulls in conversation. But my purpose can be served more economically—and perhaps almost as well—by the following brief, verbatim report of a conversation at a picnic I attended in Rhode Island last spring.

Said one Yankee schoolteacher to another; "What are you going to do this summer, Tom?"

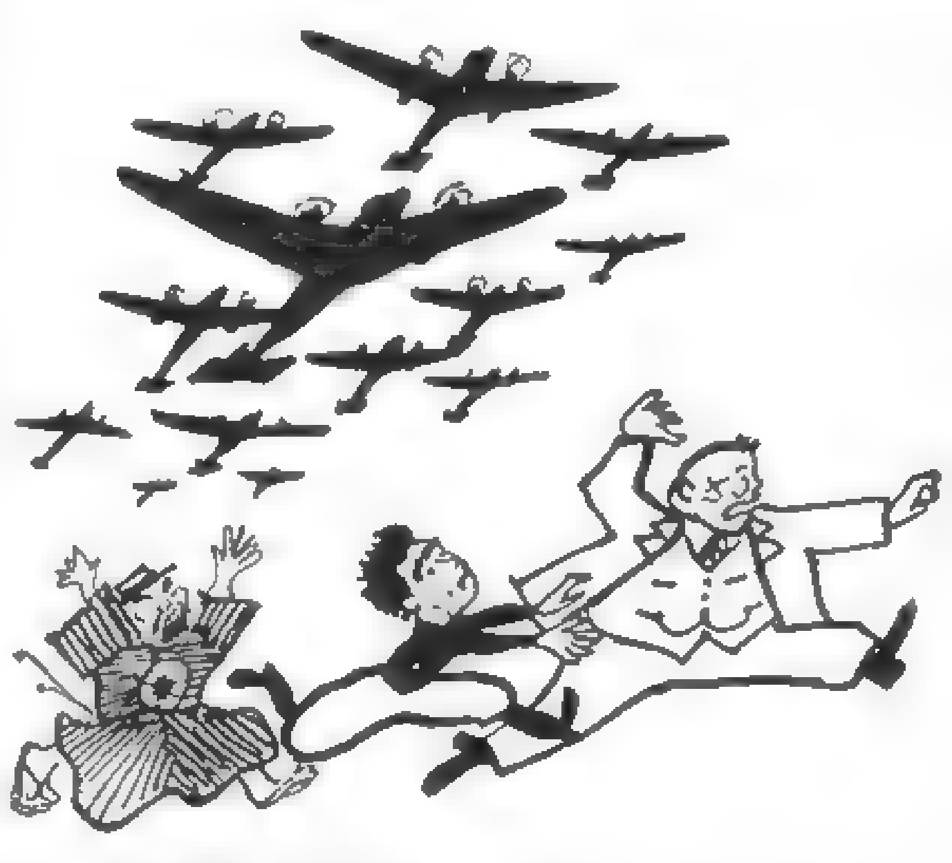
Replied the other, after the inevitable long silence that interlines all Yankee talk: "Well, I thought maybe I was going to starve, but now it looks as if maybe I won't." Later, the first teacher remarked to me: "It's nice about Tom's summer job, isn't it?"

"What summer job?" I asked, in astonishment.

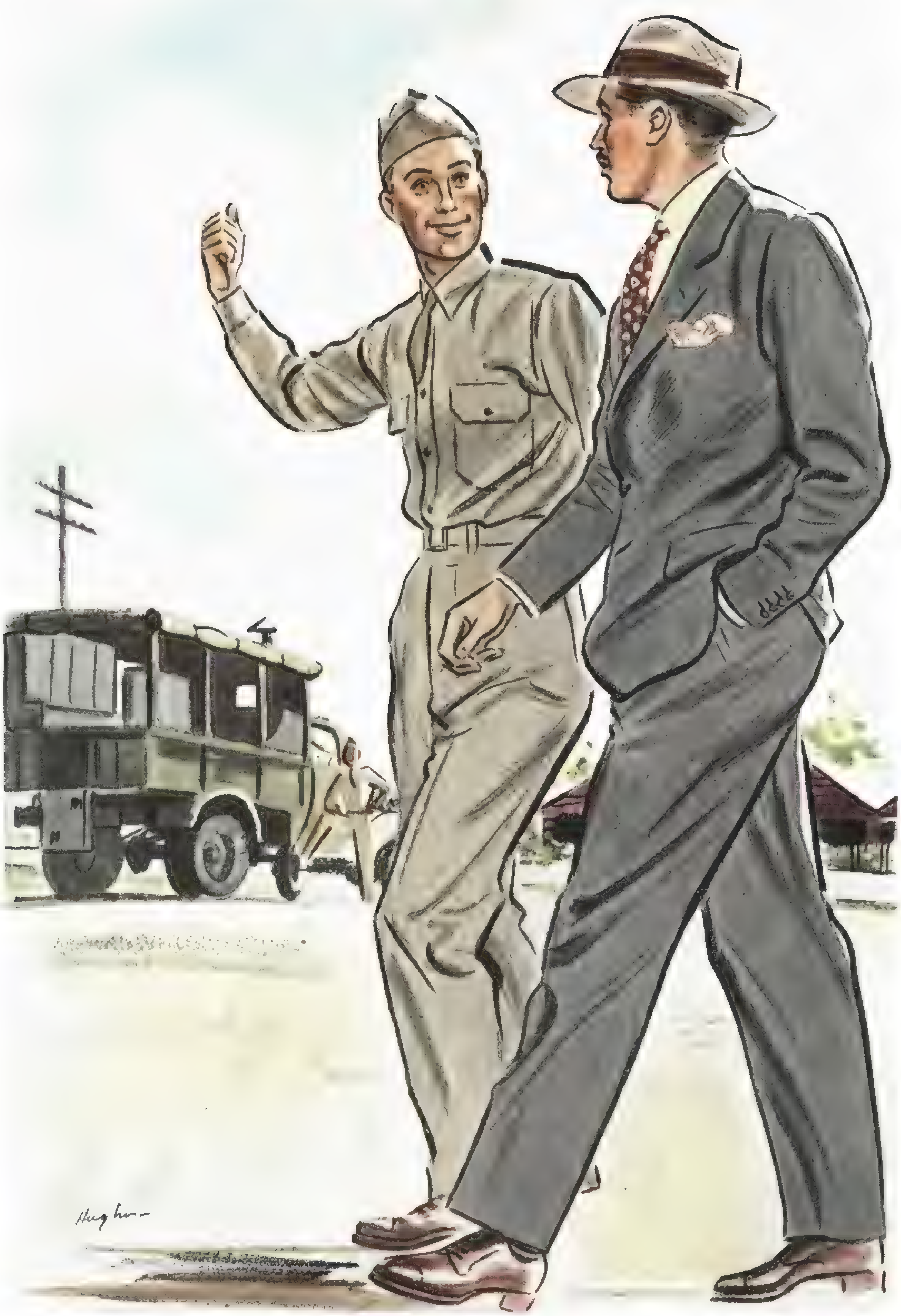
"Why, the job he was just telling us about!"

Perhaps these significant Yankee omissions are a matter of atmosphere, of certain ether waves to which my Middlewestern ears are not properly tuned. Perhaps they are a matter of facial expressions and gestures that escape me. Perhaps they are merely a matter of cabalitic timing, pauses of certain lengths meaning certain things. I still do not pretend to know. I only know that in every Yankee's conversation there is much more than meets the ear.

And perhaps that is why there are no such handbooks as *Yankee Made Easy* or *A Thousand and One Ways to Bandy Words with a Bostonian.* ᚐ



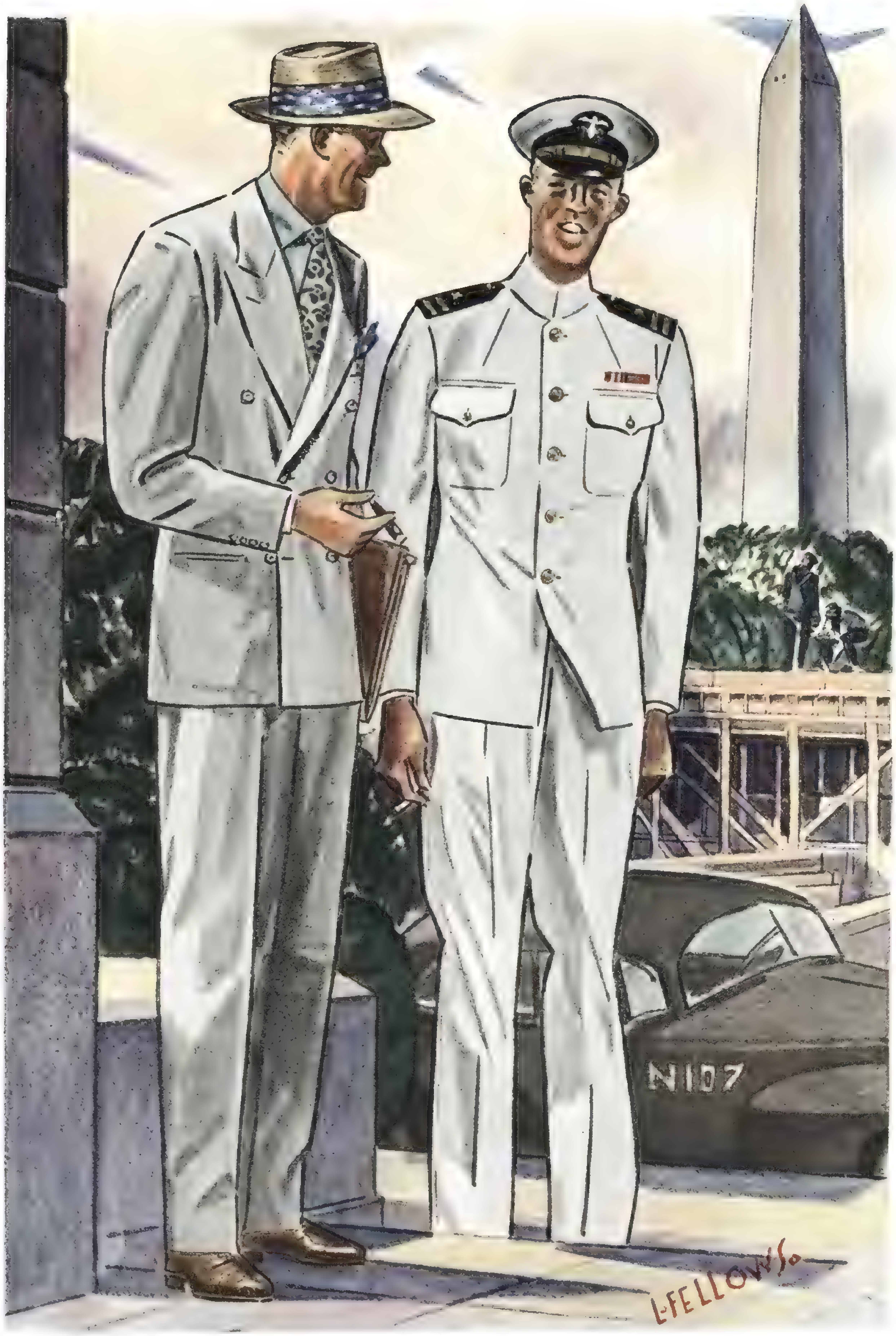
Ford's Willow Run bomber factory is beginning to turn them out fast. We don't envy the Axis folk who will have to look up and "watch the Fords go by."



filching on the home front

"... and that's the mobile chow wagon over yonder! ... Well, Pop, how do you like it? ... Didn't I tell you this Army life is the real business? ... How's everybody back home, Pop? ... Did anything ever come up in your Victory garden? ... Does Janie still go with Spike? ... That's some swell outfit you're wearing, Pop! ... What's the suit made of? ... Greatan mohair mixture? ... Haw! Haw! ... I thought they stuffed chairs with that! ... It looks nice and cool, though ... bet it holds its shape, too. ... Too bad I'm not around to borrow your clothes, Pop, or you'd never see that number! ... I'd have priorities on that Planter's Punch straw, too. ... Say, aren't you getting doggy these days? ... And where did you get the foulard tie? ... Why, that's the one I got for graduation! ... Aw! That's all right, Pop! ... you can have my checked Tattersall vest, too!"

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



white for civvies . . . white for service

These two men in white are taking time out for a smoke on the steps of a government building in Washington. The Navy lieutenant is wearing his regulation summer uniform, and his civilian buddy carrying the brief case has got wind of the fact that white isn't a color restricted only for June brides. His white suit, of Palm Beach, rayon or other lightweight summer fabric, has the shorter model jacket with a plain back, welt pockets, and no cuffs on the trousers. His very pale blue madras shirt and the foulard tie add local color to the outfit; the blue handkerchief is a companion-piece. The buff colored mesh panama hat decorated with a gay puggree is news enough for a congressman to write home about. His brown, straight-tip town last shoes have light soles. He's completely outfitted, but not yet satisfied. "Say there, sailor, how about lending me some of that gold braid?"

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 81

know plenty about the difficulty of fingering a dollar, regardless of what they may know about fingering a trigger.

The opinion of **Ken Kew,** KGLO, Mason City, Iowa, was:

> When speaking in a practical manner there's no doubt that athletes like Louis and Feller are of more value as front men than as front liners. Considering the amount of money that men of this type can draw for emergency relief funds, it would seem wrong to sacrifice the opportunity to make use of their money-making appeal.

Harry Caray, W K Z O, Kalamazoo, said:

> Using a Joe Louis or a Bob Feller for the purpose of raising money is all right up to a point, but there are too many mediocre performers in all sports being given commissions apparently because they are athletes. Unless this is not kept in check the entire sports world is going to be placed in an unfavorable light because of all these sports personalities getting "morale" jobs.

Bernard Helton, W A C O, Waco, Texas, continued in the same vein:

> I know that Louis and Feller do more actual good for the country raising money, but remember: Every mother who has a son on the firing line resents the fact that Louis, Feller, et al are back home in a position free from danger. The whole attitude toward sports may be changed to one of embitterment. Those people don't consider Louis, Feller, et al any better than their own Johnnies.

R. M. Hitt, Jr., Charleston, South Carolina, *News & Courier,* found:

> Too much emphasis is being placed on high pressure athletic programs for our fighting men. The normal Army routine generally proves adequate in building up a man physically and hardening him for the rigors of warfare. At the present rate, the Army and Navy soon will be so cluttered up with physical instructors there will be no uniforms left for combat officers. Let the civilians back home worry about raising relief funds. They always have. Besides, what is a few hundred thousand dollars in a relief fund when the nation is spending billions for war?

Jack Rathbun, W J H P, Jacksonville, Florida, forcefully expressed his viewpoint in these words:

> Actually a concensus of about 120 million Americans would run something like this: "If you're a ball player or a fighter you don't need to worry about gettin' killed in this war. Can you imagine Feller using that arm to toss grenades, or Joe Louis engagin' in a little close bayonet exchange with a couple of Japs? Not those guys! Those guys get the cushy jobs in the Army and Navy. It's guys like you and me that get killed!"
>
> And can you blame them for saying that? If anything is a leveller—war should be. England has a much more rigid caste system (caste isn't the word but it will do) than we have, but, the Lords, and Earls, and Baronets are fighting and dying every day for their country. They would, I think, refuse to be exhibited for fund raising and rightly so. Unless I miss my guess the entire country is becoming more and more nauseated with the movie and stage and sport stars who let their doubtful fame shield them from bullets.

Governor Ralph L. Carr of Colorado and **E. C. Schmidt,** Omaha, Vice President of the Union Pacific Railroad, were among those voting "yes" on this question.

QUESTION V

Aviation requiring special nervous and muscular sensitivities, what sport best contributes to proficiency in this vital new field?

	Sport
The public	Tennis 25.58%
Sportscasters	Basketball 20.32%
Sports editors	Football 18.59%
Aberdeen Proving Ground	Tennis 21.55%
Hunter Field	Tennis 22.03%
Bradley Field	Tennis 31.16%

Compare the answers of the army fliers with others' choices.

The showing of tennis may surprise many inasmuch as the net sport hasn't been given top billing on the aviation physical training programs. The swift, strenuous pace of tennis logically does mark it as a non-contact sport improving stamina and quickening reflexes.

Don Hill, W A V E, Louisville, Kentucky, stated:

> I am a private pilot with 200 hours experience. Also played in practically all sports in high school, college and as semi-pro. Today both flying and sports are my vocation and avocation. Being thus qualified to speak, it is my opinion that no sport contributes anything to the special nervous and muscular sensitivities of aviation.

Ray Michael, W R C-W M A L, Washington, D. C., said:

> Aviation requires special nervous and muscular sensitivities and I discussed this very same question with Commander Gene Tunney of the Marines about a month ago. After listening to his ideas and talking to other prominent sports figures, my conclusion is that a program of calisthenics plus regular road work constitutes the best means of conditioning an aviator.

Football was the choice of **Zipp Newman,** Birmingham *News,* who explained:

> I think a survey of football players in aviation will show that football is by far the best sport for conditioning men and training them for handling fighting planes. They got out of football just what they are required to put into flying planes—co-ordination, making quick decisions, and the old combative spirit.

After some research, **Budd Sweeney,** W H K C, Columbus, Ohio, settled on tennis. He wrote:

> After inquiring about the reactions of several outstanding aviators who are now engaged in war flying, the consensus of opinion is that tennis helps in muscle reaction, keen sight and a tendency for fast reaction.

Martin F. Musket, W E E U, Reading, Pennsylvania, spoke from experience, as follows:

> I pilot a plane myself, and one of the first things I discovered was that the co-ordination I learned in basketball and tennis helped me most. Flying involves not only nervous and muscular co-ordination, but the ability to focus rapidly on moving objects and form judgments on their speed and distance. Wartime flying, with its strategic maneuvering for position in firing zones, requires even greater sensitivity.

With good reasons, **Fred Maly,** San Antonio *Evening News,* cited the soothing and non-competitive sports of quail hunting, supporting his views as follows:

> Do you notice how many Texas aviators predominate in feats of heroism you hear about. Even FDR cited one, a Menard lad, Captain Hewitt T. Wheless, in his radio talk to the nation April 28. Now this lad was born and

Continued on page 136

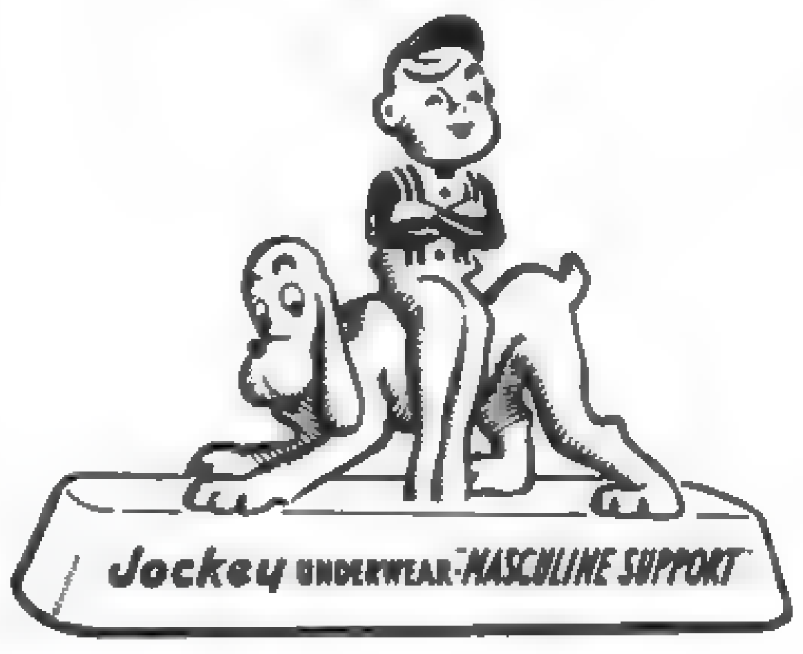
Jockey
THE FAMOUS BRAND OF SUPPORT UNDERWEAR

Keep Smiling
WE'LL STAY ON TOP

Look for this Symbol—it means 5 important things to you!

On the labels of your underwear, the Jockey boy is more than a symbol of trimness. He's your guarantee of getting the one and only Jockey Underwear, originated and manufactured by Coopers; and of getting five important features it holds for you. They are—

Jockey Short



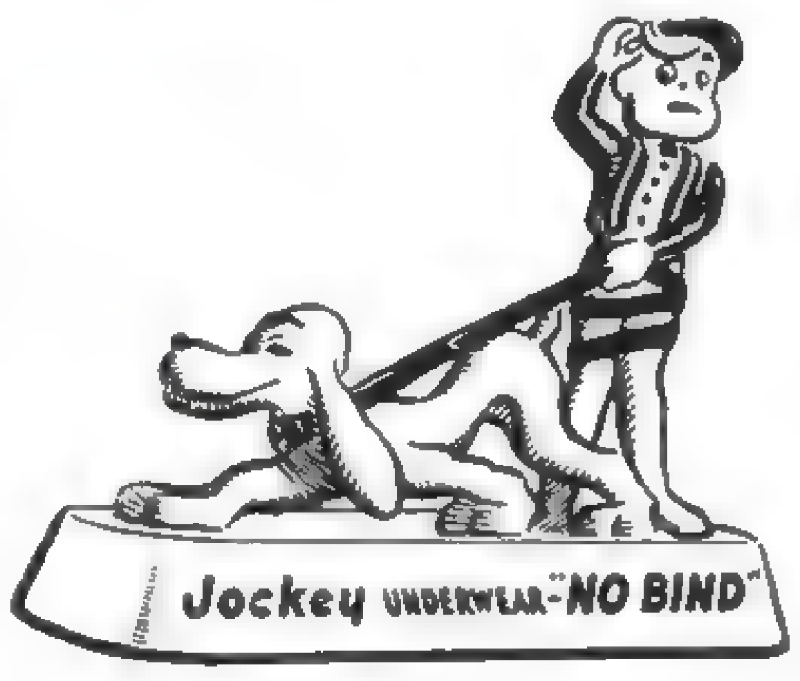
Masculine Support

Jockey is the world-famous brand of support underwear. The patented Y-front construction, groin seams, and elastic waistband give you mild, masculine support. It's the greatest improvement in men's underwear in a generation.

Jockey UNDERWEAR-"NO BUTTONS"

No Buttons

You don't have to worry about buttons when you wear Jockey. There's not a button anywhere! The special elastic waistband hugs the body gently; provides support from the belt.



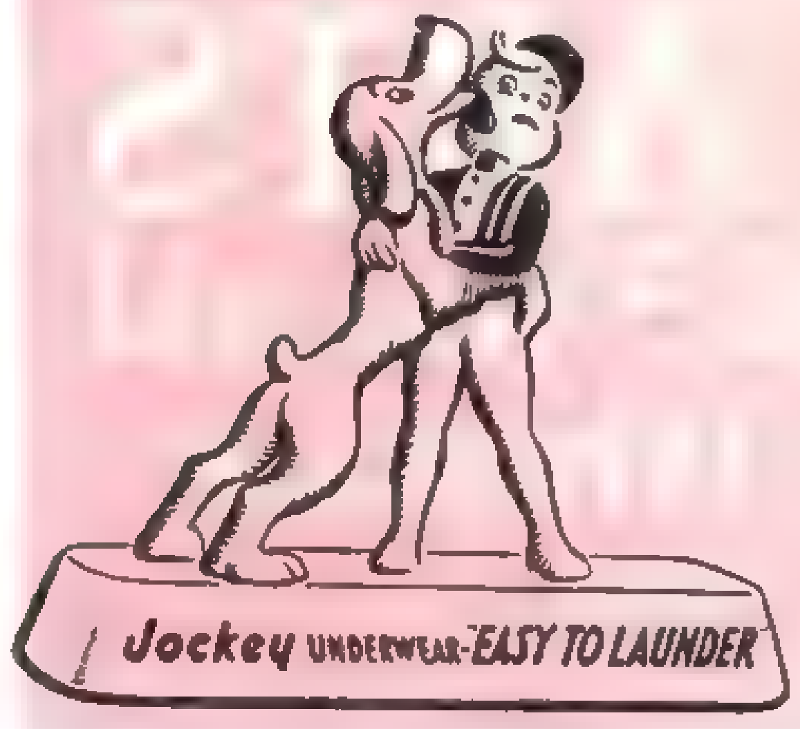
No Bind

Jockey is masculinized to fit the male figure. It doesn't creep, crawl or bind and is world-famous as the "underwear that ends squirming."

Jockey UNDERWEAR-"NO GAP OPENING"

No Gap Opening

The patented Y-front* construction on Jockey Underwear provides angled opening that positively will not gap. Horizontal cross-pull keeps it closed—helps give mild support.



Easy to launder

Jockey Underwear is made of knit fabrics . . . as easy to launder as a pair of silk stockings—and needs no ironing.

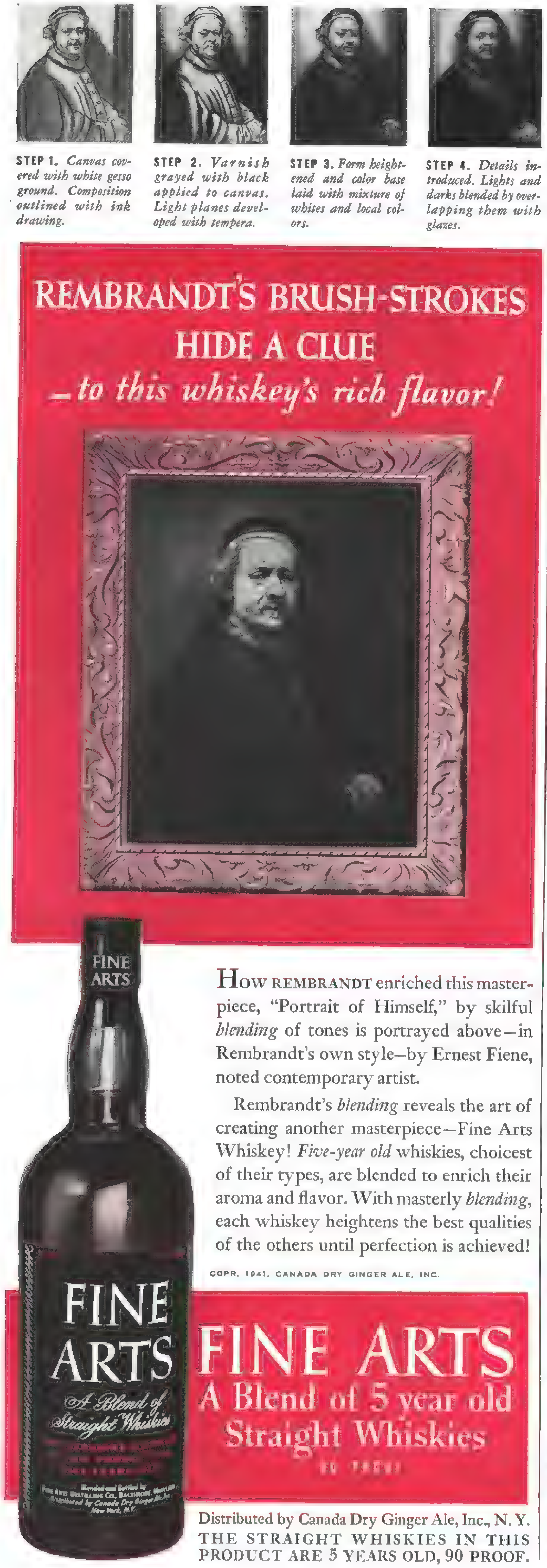
•

Two-piece . . . varied leg lengths . . . contoured shirts to match. Children's sizes down to four years. For widest selection of fabrics, visit "Quality Corner" at your favorite store. And always look for the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label. They're your assurance of satisfaction.

* ⅄—The Source of Support

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; In British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1



STEP 1. *Canvas covered with white gesso ground. Composition outlined with ink drawing.*

STEP 2. *Varnish grayed with black applied to canvas. Light planes developed with tempera.*

STEP 3. *Form heightened and color base laid with mixture of whites and local colors.*

STEP 4. *Details introduced. Lights and darks blended by overlapping them with glazes.*

REMBRANDT'S BRUSH-STROKES HIDE A CLUE
—to this whiskey's rich flavor!

HOW REMBRANDT enriched this masterpiece, "Portrait of Himself," by skilful *blending* of tones is portrayed above—in Rembrandt's own style—by Ernest Fiene, noted contemporary artist.

Rembrandt's *blending* reveals the art of creating another masterpiece—Fine Arts Whiskey! *Five-year old* whiskies, choicest of their types, are blended to enrich their aroma and flavor. With masterly *blending*, each whiskey heightens the best qualities of the others until perfection is achieved!

COPR. 1941, CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.

FINE ARTS
FINE ARTS
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
Blended and Bottled by Fine Arts Distilling Co. Baltimore, Maryland
Distributed by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc. New York, N.Y.

FINE ARTS
A Blend of 5 year old Straight Whiskies
90 PROOF

Distributed by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., N. Y.
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 5 YEARS OLD, 90 PROOF.

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 81-135

reared in the heart of Texas' finest stream fishing, deer and turkey shooting country. I happen to know that he did a lot of both when he was growing up.

Jack C. Strait, W C A R, Pontiac, Michigan, wrote:

Despite the Navy's program which I believe is for publicity and recruiting, most men in aviation with whom I have contact feel that athletics do not aid aviation. They say that sports generally make it difficult for men to pass rigid aviation physicals, and also they are "tightened up" physically if a man tries to mix the two at the same time. Non-strenuous precision sports such as golf, however, seem to aid some. I find, however, that even a table tennis game just before flying tenses my reactions.

The idea of **Edward B. Thompson** of Cincinnati seemed reasonable. He recommended fishing because "a relaxation after flying, rather than a stimulation should be of much more benefit to a flyer. Any sport which would continue the strain on the nerves and body would be a detriment." **Del Franklyn,** K D A L, Duluth, reported that: "One of the boys on our staff who has an instructor's license, Ellis Harris, names tennis, golf, table tennis, and swimming. Tennis is good to help harden muscles and give your eyesight and foresight a good test." **George Sutherland,** W F C I, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, named golf because of the "fine point of muscular coordination, timing, precision and mental command." **Frank Zahrt,** Laporte, Indiana, *Herald-Argus*, cited the "lean strong muscles in every part of the body developed by basketball. Cage players are constantly in an extreme nervous state and are therefore very alert. In basketball as in flying there is no time to be off guard."

QUESTION VI

Since other sports are continuing their championships, do you think the U. S. Amateur and U. S. Open golf championships should be reinstated next year?

The public	**Yes 89.33%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 91.96%**
Sports editors	**Yes 88.94%**
Aberdeen Proving Ground	**Yes 80.95%**
Hunter Field	**Yes 91.30%**
Bradley Field	**Yes 81.29%**

This is one subject to change without notice.

It is obvious from continued interest in the United States Golf Association's action in discontinuing its championships that the U S G A didn't click in selling the public on reasons for its cancellation. The U S G A maintained that so many ranking amateurs went quickly into war service that a national amateur golf championship this year would not be a valid championship representative of the game's best talent.

To have a legitimate open championship requires the presence of amateur stars, hence the open went out with the amateur, according to U S G A judgment. The U S G A in its deliberations early this year guessed that by mid-summer professional sports performances except by older men would not receive general public approval.

"On the basis of the experiences of the Royal Canadian Golf Association," wrote **Vincent D. Lunny,** *Montreal Standard*, "I say definitely the U. S. amateur and U. S. open should be restored. No useful purpose is served by curtailing such events. They should be conducted with proceeds being given to the relief funds." **Bob Leonard,** W S O Y, Decatur, Illinois, was sold on the new plan, however, saying:

"They're dropping something fine for something better for these times in the Hale America Tournament; so let's give them a hand."

QUESTION VII

Does the annual big league All-Star game indicate league superiority as well as the World's Series?

The Public	**No 69.53%**
Sportscasters	**No 80.00%**
Sports editors	**No 78.18%**
Aberdeen Proving Ground	**No 58.91%**
Hunter Field	**No 86.36%**
Bradley Field	**No 53.89%**

The All-Star games are classified by this vote as sprightly circus exhibitions proving mainly that the public likes a good show. The games likewise have proved that the ballplayers and magnates are not passionately in love with the bonus attraction. Because of the armed services benefit feature of the All-Star pastiming this year all of the players and club owners involved have welcomed the opportunity to bat up for the fighting fans.

"Only two teams out of the sixteen are represented in the World's Series," wrote **W. H. Anderson, Jr.,** Virginia, Minnesota, *Daily Enterprise*. "Thus the result is in only a very small way indicative of the comparative abilities of the seven remaining teams in each league. On the other hand, every club has one or more representatives on the field for the All-Star game, thus giving some actual basis for an all-around comparison." **Lloyd E. Armstrong,** Pontiac, Illinois, *Leader*, agreed because the All-Star game "shows not supremacy of one team but of the best players each league has to offer."

QUESTION VIII

Is it better relaxation for men in the service to participate in sports than to be spectators at first-class sports events?

The public	**Yes 69.68%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 75.23%**
Sports editors	**Yes 73.87%**
Aberdeen Proving Ground	**Yes 74.45%**
Hunter Field	**No 68.18%**
Bradley Field	**Yes 75.32%**

Those voters who have not toted a pack and a musket over the terrain or have otherwise sweated in military workouts this sort of weather are sure that the uniformed lads should find it more desirable to romp for relaxation than to plant hams on cushions and watch the other guys' antics.

Personally, we'd prefer to conclude the day's war work by having the general or the admiral haul to us a tray of long cool ones we could pour down our gullets while musing about what we'd be doing if Hedy were only here with us in the gloaming.

Peter J. Urban, Perth Amboy, New Jersey, *Evening News*, took the grandstand slant, saying:

I'm of the opinion that the tremendous amount of energy a service man exerts throughout his daily routine makes him a tired individual at the end of the day. Consequently, I'm of the belief that he would much rather see a good sporting exhibition than take part in an athletic contest himself.

Horatio Winslow, the author, said: "You don't need professional athletes to keep you on your toes. If I were again a member of a regiment I'd rather see a series of inter-regimental bouts than anything Joe Louis has done since the second Schmeling match."

QUESTION IX

Do you believe that correct form is as important a factor in fishing as in other sports?

The public	**No 52.35%**
Sportscasters	**No 57.27%**
Sports editors	**No 58.90%**
Aberdeen Proving Ground	**Yes 62.43%**
Hunter Field	**Yes 72.73%**
Bradley Field	**No 61.84%**

Maybe you can answer this one for yourself when you're trying to untangle a line from overhanging boughs.

If you don't agree with the verdict take it up with a fish and be sure of the right answer.

"The guy who keeps his line wet the most will catch the most fish," wrote **Dick Freeman,** *Houston Chronicle*. "Patience is the No. 1 requisite." **Ben B. Gross,** Columbia, Pennsylvania, *News*, reported: "That form is not a factor in fishing was established locally with the opening of the trout season when boys and girls using just rods and line hooked fine fish while the experts who practice casting throughout the off-season went scoreless."

Roy Lee Harmon, Beckley, West Virginia, *Post-Herald*, explained:

Form in fishing is especially important, although the guys who never wet a line think fishing is just a chronic disease of lazy men. With artificial lures the fellow who can cast where he looks, the man who has accuracy, gets the most fish. No self-respecting bass gets too anxious to hit a plug if it has been splashing up the water for fifty feet in each direction.

A neat little trick was propounded by **Ted Hodge,** WNLC, New London, Connecticut, who related:

I voted "No" for the following reason: Some years ago I was fishing for bass in Ohio, in the company of some very expert anglers. We had waded a few feet into the water and were waiting, each of us patiently, for a bite. After a few minutes I became restless and started to whistle. "Hey, *you!*" my companions yelled. "*Can* that whistle. You'll scare all the fish away." So I unpuckered my lips, only to feel a sharp tugging which nearly took the pole out of my inexperienced hands. The result was a 7 pound beauty, the first and best catch of the day. The tune I charmed those Buckeye bass with was: "Study in Brown." Try it sometime!

QUESTION X

With England curtailing sports additionally since the rise of Sir Stafford Cripps, do you think America should follow suit?

The public	**No 97.38%**
Sportscasters	**No 99.12%**
Sports editors	**No 94.19%**
Aberdeen Proving Ground	**No 89.50%**
Hunter Field	**No 95.45%**
Bradley Field	**No 59.87%**

This vote is overwhelmingly for continuance of American sports to the fullest degree compatible with wartime conditions. When defense requirements dictate, American sports should be promptly curtailed without quibbling, so the bulk of comment goes on this question.

As long as American sports can provide entertainment without encouraging loafing or complacency in wartime it will have approval of the public. Possibly of some significance is the sports editors leading the non-combatant groups in the vote for American sports curtailment, even though only 7.02% of the sports writers so voted.

Ira Seebacher, *New York Morning Telegraph*, declared:

For many reasons, geographical, denseness of population, etc., England's time and opportunity to relax must be more closely controlled and limited than in this country. After all, a twenty-mile strip of water is all that separates the British from the enemy. Large crowds would make targets so inviting they have to be discouraged even though England loses certain benefits that would otherwise accrue. These benefits are definitely along the lines of sustaining civilian and military morale. It should be understood that England's sports program has been curtailed not because the value of such a program isn't recognized, but because prevailing conditions make it necessary to take every precaution possible.

Also supporting the American way was **Harvey L. Southward,** *Lynn Item*, who said:

Sports are necessary in war as well as peace times as a balm to offset mental worry arising from the war. Sports give athletes in camps recreation and professional baseball, college football and other athletics also provide news for the boys in active war service. I have found that nearly every young man in the service with whom I have talked feels that Ted Williams should stay in baseball, and that Joe DiMaggio and big league baseball give them topics of conversation to relieve the monotony of camp or ship life. To curtail sports would have a doleful effect on these men who like to hear news from home.

Harry Keck, *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*, urged eliminating the "high pressure sports for big gate receipts; encourage and expand recreation programs." ⋕

ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL AT AVIATION CAMPS

	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII	VIII	IX	X
Geiger Field, Spokane, Wash.	No 60.61%	"Superlative" 98.43%	Yes 86.15%	Yes 69.67%	Tennis 19.12%	Yes 92.42%	No 71.64%	Yes 76.12%	No 51.52%	No 83.82%
Daniel Field, Augusta, Ga.	Yes 63.38%	"Superlative" 92.19%	Yes 88.59%	Yes 77.68%	Tennis 21.24%	Yes 85.91%	No 50.71%	Yes 78.87%	Yes 67.65%	No 83.34%
Davis-Monthan Field, Tucson, Arizona	No 72.29%	"Superlative" 92.96%	Yes 88.09%	Yes 71.60%	Tennis 23-75%	Yes 78.05%	No 60.49%	Yes 79.76%	No 50.59%	No 91.57%

"*Jim never wears shirts on hot days. He doesn't want them ruined by under-arm perspiration. Some one should tell him about Arrid.*"

Men who take pride in good grooming know it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor *and* also prevents shirt stains caused by perspiration.

No wonder thousands of men all over the country have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant.

It is the *preferred* masculine deodorant for these 5 important reasons:

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.

2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.

3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.*

4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*

5. *Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.*

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10¢ store or department store. 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ a jar.

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

Blue Print for War Wit

Continued from page 37

to bolster his own morale and did the same thing for an entire nation.

Incidentally, one of Old Bill's lessons might be of value to any service man who is trying to kid himself by joining the experts in estimating the probable length of the war. "How long you up for?" inquires Bairnsfather's soldier of a companion. "Seven years." "Yer lucky. I'm duration."

No *Dere Mable* has attained wide popularity so far in this war, but one will. The notion that bad spelling is essentially comical is as firmly implanted in the American as the idea of the Englishman that puns are excruciatingly droll.

It was the Civil War that brought the first vogue of this particularly Yankee form of humor, with Artemus Ward as its greatest practitioner. One of the classic anecdotes of history is of Abraham Lincoln calling his cabinet together at a critical juncture, reading them an Artemus Ward effusion that tried the solemn men sorely and then, having relieved his own tension with laughter, calmly telling them of his intended Emancipation Proclamation.

The bad spelling wit of the Civil War era, which also produced Petroleum V. Nasby and Josh Billings, was still funny in Spanish War days when George Ade varied the formula slightly by substituting eccentric punctuation for poor spelling. Lt. Edward Streeter, with his letters to *Dere Mable* achieved enormous popularity with it during the first World War and the method has had distinguished followers in peace, too, as witness the late Ring Lardner.

Bad spelling remains the standard fare of the many strictly soldier publications in this war. Already there are more than 120 army papers, most of them mimeographs in the various training camps and among the lot may be the forerunner of another *Stars and Stripes*, the organ of the A.E.F. of 1918 which for brilliancy has never been excelled. First it will be necessary to dig up a few new Alexander Woollcotts, F.P.A's and Harold Rosses to give it zest.

The right tip for conducting a global war, we presume, is: "Keep your eye on the ball."

These soldier publications run true to traditional form. The accent is on sex humor, japes at superiors, the food, kitchen police with the inevitable potatoes, mud, ill-fitting garments. Most of the slang, even, is reminiscent of the past but there is continuing evidence of that creative spirit which makes "American" the liveliest of all languages. This article is intended as no glossary of war slang but a few of the newest bits will bear repetition.

Baldie—Army haircut.

Dit da man—radio operator.

Weather-krock—meteorologist.

Gasoline cowboy—member of an armored unit.

Doodle bug—tank.

Popsickle—motorcycle.

Honey-wagon—Garbage collection truck.

Gigolo—soldier who gets many phone calls.

Gas-house—saloon.

Flying the wet beam—following a river.

Flying the iron beam—following a railroad.

Gravel-agitator—fancy for Stone-crusher, who is an infantryman; in the last war he was a mud-tracker, while doughboy was a hangover from the Civil War.

Allied to the alleged humor of bad spelling is that occasioned by the strange, to us, arrangement of letters which constitute the words of some foreign languages. Breaking down under the unusual temptations intrinsic in Russian, Greek and Japanese spellings, especially of proper names, many civilian wits have joined the army-camp editors in heavily overworking this department of war humor. It is to be doubted if this particular form of jest will ever be better done than by Bob Burdette, away back when:

"A Russian sailed over the blue
  Black Sea
Just when the war was growing
  hot,
And he shouted, 'I'm Tjali-
  kavakeree—
Karindabrolikanavandorot—
  Schipkadirova—
  Ivandiszstova—
    Sanilik—
    Danilik—
  Varagobhot'!"

There is a liaison of laughter. Humor has great value in cementing alliances, the wisecracks of Winston Churchill as an instance. When you laugh with, not at, a formerly alien people, both feel friendly. A tolerant attitude accomplishes much; recognition that most of the gruesome jokes directed at bullfighting could be quickly transposed into prizefight or football wit, will go a long way toward creating good neighbors.

When a New Jersey undertaker made the press services with a sign in his window, "Japanese

Continued on page 140

DON'T LET INHALING WORRY YOU

ALL SMOKERS SOMETIMES INHALE—BUT YOUR THROAT NEEDN'T WORRY!

There's a cigarette that is *proved* better for you . . . even when you do inhale!

Read these facts reported by eminent doctors who compared the leading popular brands . . . that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED *MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING*—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED *MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG*—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

Real *protection—added* to your enjoyment of PHILIP MORRIS' finer tobaccos. No worry about throat irritation even when you inhale!

FOR VICTORY
BUY
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WAR
SAVINGS
BONDS
STAMPS
CALL FOR
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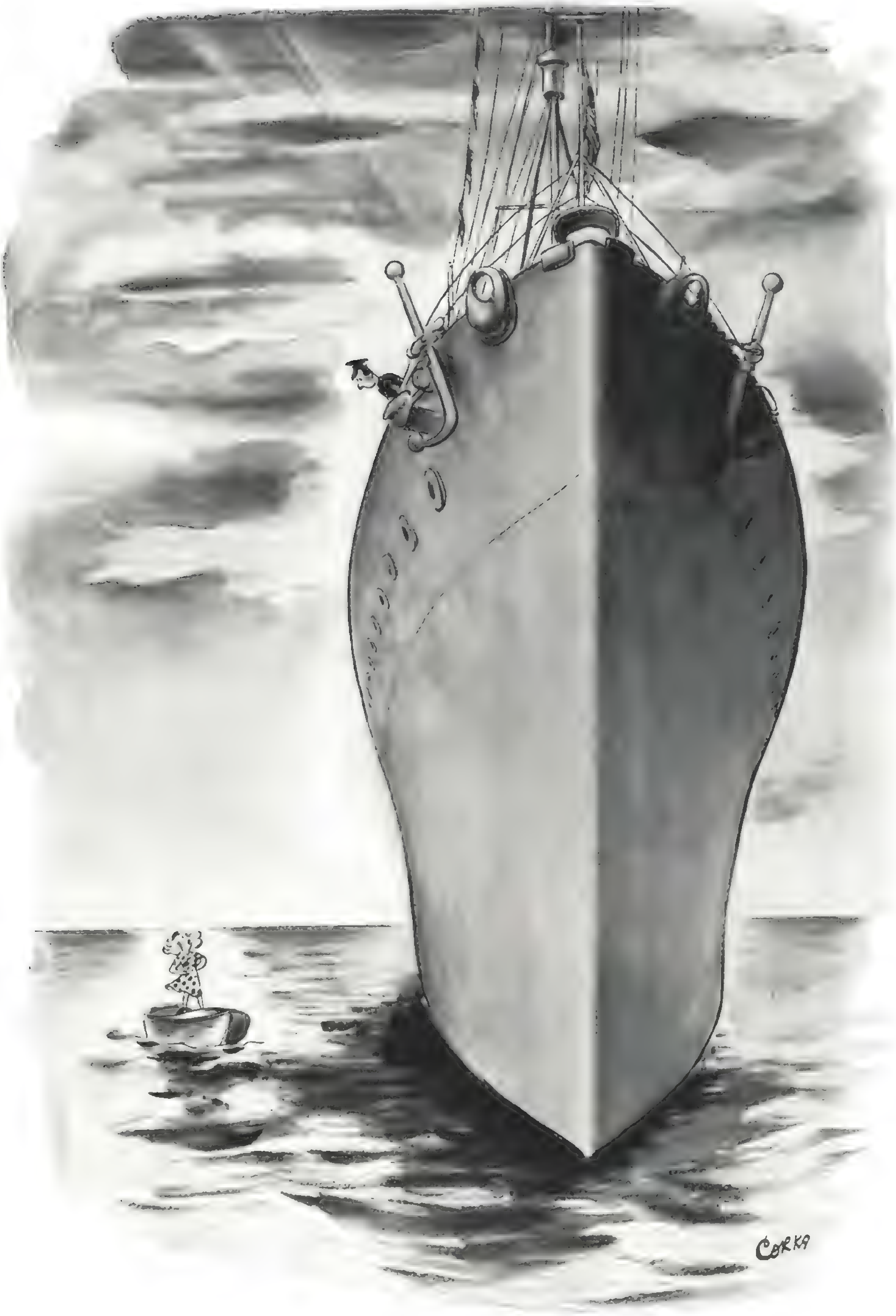
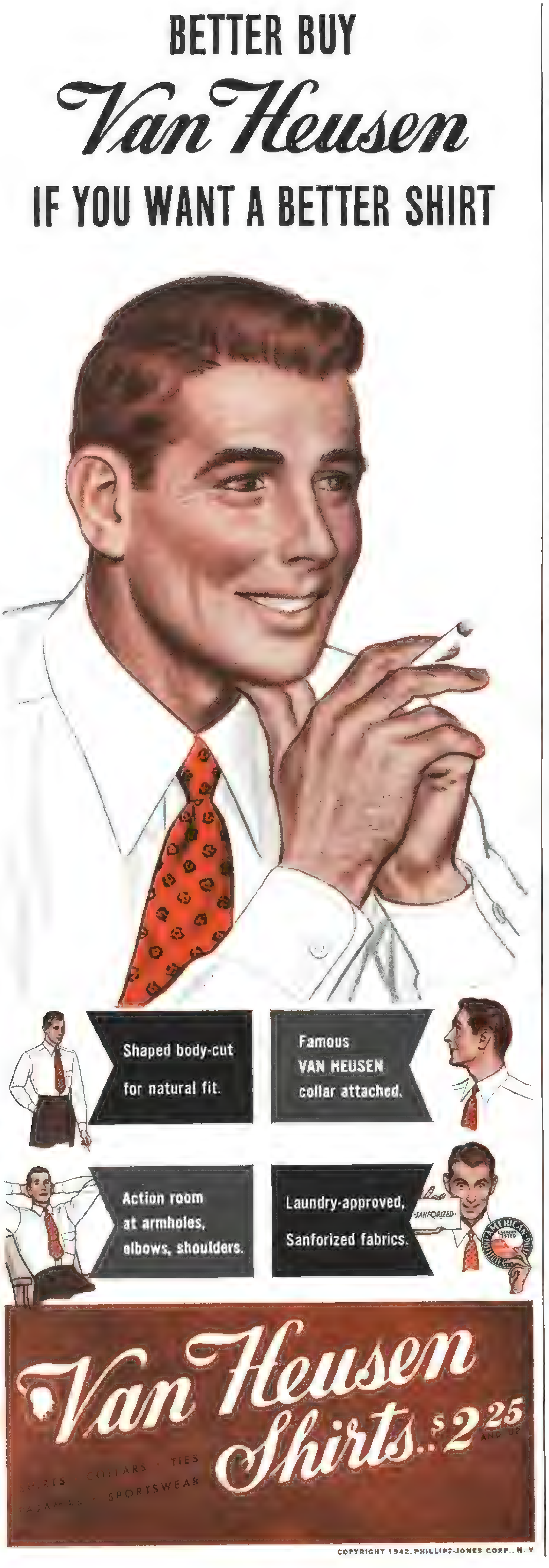
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S *FINEST* CIGARETTE!



"Whaddayuh mean 'he's not in' !"



BETTER BUY

Van Heusen

IF YOU WANT A BETTER SHIRT

Shaped body-cut for natural fit.

Famous VAN HEUSEN collar attached.

Action room at armholes, elbows, shoulders.

Laundry-approved, Sanforized fabrics.

SANFORIZED
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING TESTED

Van Heusen Shirts.. $2.25 AND UP

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PAJAMAS · SPORTSWEAR

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Blue Print for War Wit

Continued from pages 37-138

Business Welcomed Here," he was but repeating with a little less finesse the biting wit exemplified at the Grand Guignol in German-occupied Paris which hung out the notice, "Visitors to Paris Cordially Welcomed Here," the name of the current play being *The House of the Slow Death.*

That such sardonic touches are more evident than ever before and much to be encouraged for the improvement of war wit, does not alter the fact that there are certain time-honored gags for both service men and civilians, without which no war would be complete.

Speaking generally, it must readily be confessed that less subtlety marks humor during days of national stress. Exaggeration then seems much funnier than the more refined form of understatement; incongruity must be broader: mild embarrassment for our side must be intensified to utter discomfiture for the enemy; parodies are poorer; derision is shriller. There must be a carrying to extreme of Charlie Chaplin's formula: "It is funny to see someone else placed in an embarrassing situation."

Several of these worthy gags which never have failed yet are the feminine susceptibility to uniforms; fake telegrams to or from hated rulers; most Negro jokes; ancient war attitudes still prevalent despite new war machines.

Of the latter, the traditional swagger of the military man always is fair game, though as Kipling long since pointed it, he becomes Mr. Atkins when the guns begin to roar. Puncturing over-blown balloons of official dignity has been popular from Plautus, the old Roman who wrote a skit about it two thousand years ago, down to yesterday when a joke writer repeated the essence of the jest: "I am a West Pointer." "You look more like an Irish Setter to me."

Bearing out the statement which introduced this screed, that most war humor is as sad as war itself, there are abundant examples; here are three heard in one day:

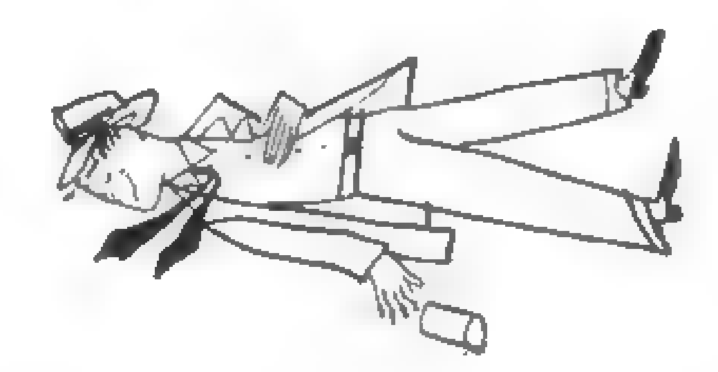
"The American Navy likes whiskey, the British Navy likes gin, the Italian Navy sticks to port."

"I told my girl I killed an enemy with my right hand and she kissed my hand; what a sap I was I didn't tell her I bit him to death."

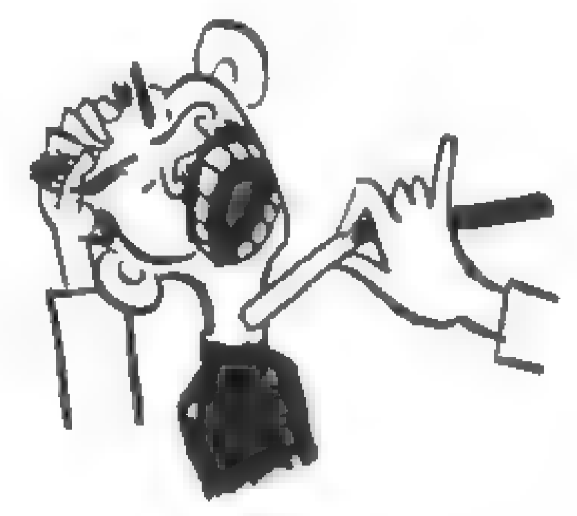
"If the first shot misses me, the rest will all fall short."

That sort of thing is inflicting needless pain upon a people already sufficiently distressed. Except upon the theory that one pain brings forgetfulness of another, it is inexcusable.

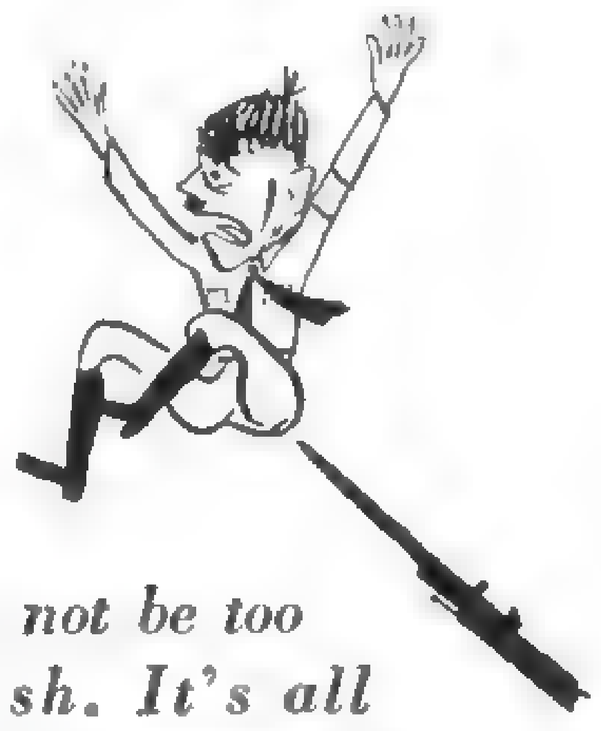
Humorists, cartoonists and gag writers have an exceptional opportunity which never would have come to them in peace time. For in the final analysis all wartime humor is just peacetime humor revised in locale and accent. Let them pick out good jokes before they do their revamping and they will perform an essential service. ⧺



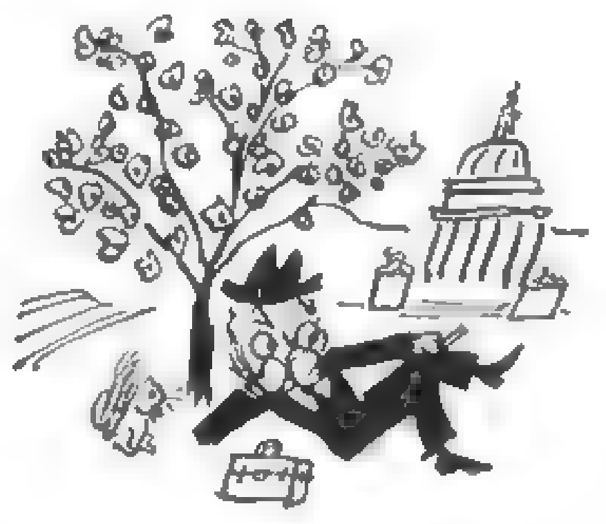
The quick blackout is nothing new. The Mickey Finn has been with us for years.



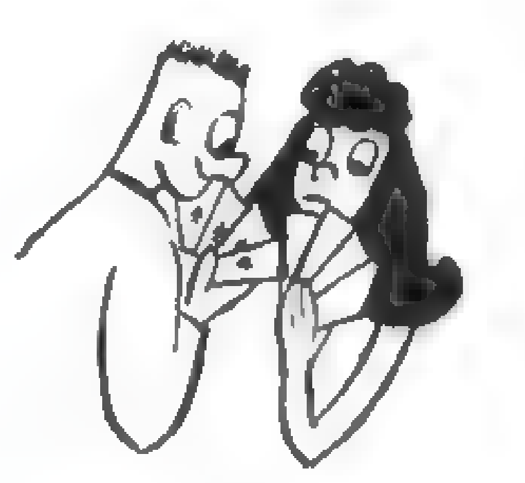
It would be O.K. by us if the Japs got a Burma-shave.



Let's not be too selfish. It's all right to conserve sugar, but we must make sure that Hitler gets his lumps.

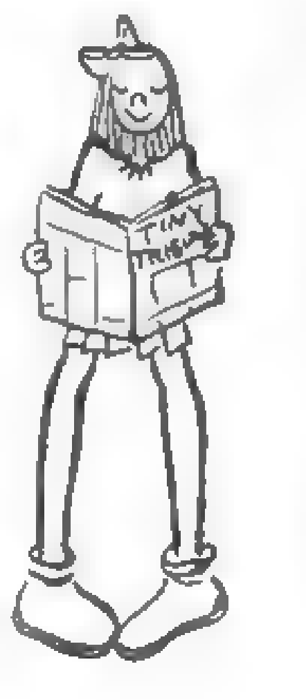


Washington: First in war, first in peace, and last place in the world to find a hotel room.



They aren't making gin for the duration, but gin rummy still seems to be going strong.

Wall Street authorities say that speculative buying is practically at a standstill. In short, there's a shortage of both paper and paper profits.



New Pennsychusetts Has Everything

Continued from page 95

itself as "The State That Has Everything," apparently oblivious that Pennsylvania is working the other side of the street with "The Keystone State Has Everything." Simultaneously the Chatham (New York) Chamber of Commerce makes both of them look a bit silly with a pamphlet "The Village That Has Everything." After all why waste your tires on a whole state if you can get the same thing in a village.

Indiana describes itself as the "Land of a Thousand Lakes"; Wisconsin raises the ante with "The Sportland of Ten Thousand Lakes." And lovers of alliteration can choose among "Wonderful Wyoming," "Marvelous Minnesota," "Utah the Unique" and "Relax in Rhode Island."

To get really critical though as a prospective tourist (though not such an all-out one as our 48 cards would imply) we do have a couple of quarrels. One is with those states which get out literature to please the taxpayers rather than the tourists; which divide the state up meticulously into sections like homestead leases and allot so much publicity per acre whether the acres cover cornfields or National Parks. New York particularly is an offender, devoting almost as much space to the Western New York cow and hay crop as to the Adirondack State Park.

And then we have a quarrel, too, with states which think that tourists are principally maiden school teachers from New England (with their nephews) who travel about looking at battle monuments, author's graves, and houses in which Washington slept. Tops here goes to Kentucky (The Blue Grass State) which recommends a visit to the "Dr. Ephraim McDowell and Jane Todd Crawford Memorial marking the site of the world's first ovariotomy operation." That's not what tourists want, gentlemen; if they did they would carry encyclopedias with them, and they don't.

On the more positive side, we thank Montana (The Land of Shining Mountains) for adding a new word to our vocabulary, "dudine" (dude, f.); North Carolina (Variety Vacationland) for convincing us that Virginia Dare is the first white child born in America and not exclusively a drink; and Kentucky for sending us maps of 13 cities, thus formally recognizing that what a tourist really wants to know about a city is how to get out of it, and not whether or not it manufactures carpet tacks, aluminum castings, abrasives, or fiestaware.

But now to call the roll, state by state, 45 of them, for a total of 16 pounds 9 ounces of reading matter (on the bathroom scales) and 3,705 glorious pictures. And, oh yes, one last suggestion: better visit Tennessee first, as we get it, the TVA is rapidly inundating it.

Alabama: Offers highway patrolmen who will help fix your car if it breaks down. This is unique; better snap it up, before it is withdrawn.

Arizona: Gets off to a bad start with a chapter heading "Historic Arizona" followed immediately by a sub-heading "Pre-historic." Make up your mind, Arizona.

California: Loses to Florida in the sweepstakes by 36 pages of literature, 9c postage, and 20 pictures of gals in bathing suits.

Colorado: Informs you that there are now 7,000 inmates in its state reformatories, penitentiary, hospital for the insane, training school for mental defectives, and home for neglected children. Take your choice, folks; which will it be this vacation?

Connecticut: Sends signed testimonials from satisfied patrons: Raymond Fosdick who likes the inspiration; H. I. Phillips, the blue-fishing; Hendrik Van Loon, the tolerance; and Lily Pons, Gene Sarazen, Eva LeGallienne, Deems Taylor, and Faith Baldwin, the nearness to New York. Here, here what are you selling, Connecticut or New York?

Delaware: Affirms that Wilmington has 1,344 fire hydrants. Goodness, where do you park?

Florida: "Florida is bathed in the passionate caresses of the southern sun, laved by the limpid waters of the embracing seas, wooed by the glorious Gulf Stream . . ." and, the booklet neglects to add, raped occasionally by a hurricane.

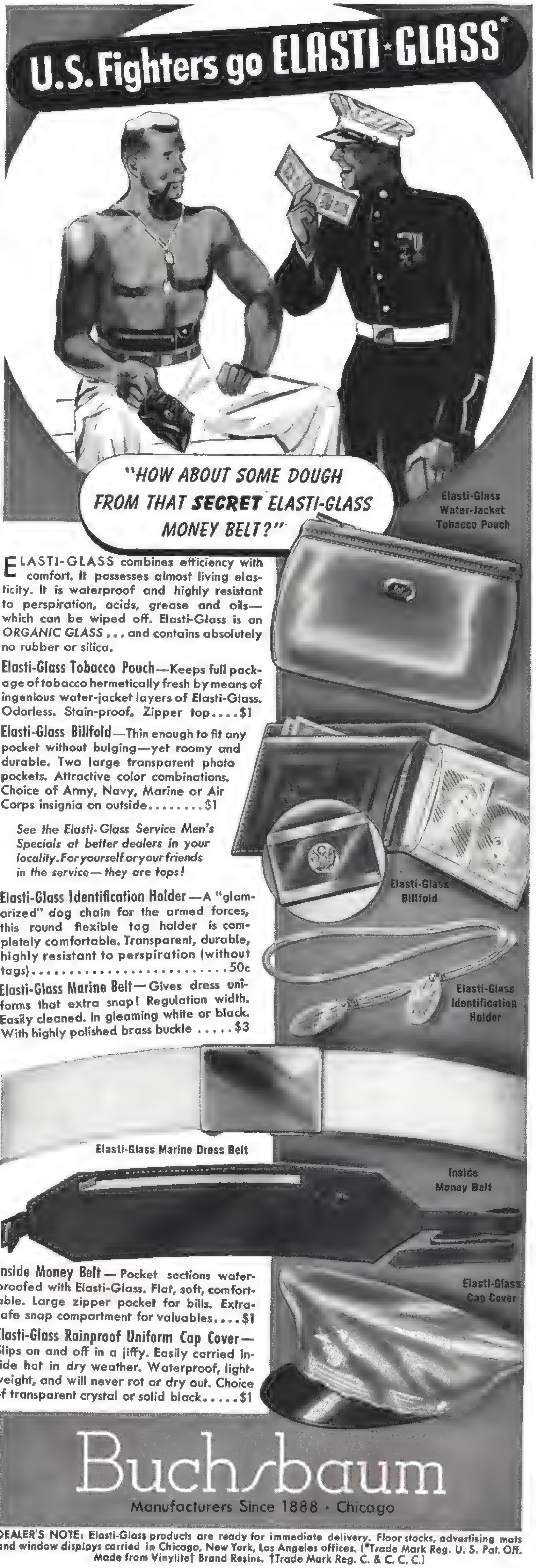
Georgia: Georgia fascinates with an earthen mound 57 feet high, 156 feet long, and 66 feet wide, a project which would have kept 1,000 Indians busy for an entire year. So you see work relief wasn't something the Democrats invented after all.

Idaho: Encloses a map put out by the State and a booklet put out by the Conoco Oil Company with an index to a Conoco map that isn't enclosed. Personally, we think the state should call a quick meeting in the governor's office and make up its mind as to whether giving out tourist infor-

Continued on page 142

Consolation

It's a good thing all the war songs that have been written haven't turned out to be smash hits. It would have called for an army of well over 3,600,000 musicians to play them.


U.S. Fighters go ELASTI·GLASS*
"HOW ABOUT SOME DOUGH FROM THAT SECRET ELASTI-GLASS MONEY BELT?"
Elasti-Glass Water-Jacket Tobacco Pouch
Elasti-Glass Billfold
Elasti-Glass Identification Holder
Elasti-Glass Marine Dress Belt
Inside Money Belt
Elasti-Glass Cap Cover

ELASTI-GLASS combines efficiency with comfort. It possesses almost living elasticity. It is waterproof and highly resistant to perspiration, acids, grease and oils—which can be wiped off. Elasti-Glass is an *ORGANIC GLASS* . . . and contains absolutely no rubber or silica.

Elasti-Glass Tobacco Pouch—Keeps full package of tobacco hermetically fresh by means of ingenious water-jacket layers of Elasti-Glass. Odorless. Stain-proof. Zipper top....$1

Elasti-Glass Billfold—Thin enough to fit any pocket without bulging—yet roomy and durable. Two large transparent photo pockets. Attractive color combinations. Choice of Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps insignia on outside........$1

See the Elasti-Glass Service Men's Specials at better dealers in your locality. For yourself or your friends in the service—they are tops!

Elasti-Glass Identification Holder—A "glamorized" dog chain for the armed forces, this round flexible tag holder is completely comfortable. Transparent, durable, highly resistant to perspiration (without tags)..........................50c

Elasti-Glass Marine Belt—Gives dress uniforms that extra snap! Regulation width. Easily cleaned. In gleaming white or black. With highly polished brass buckle $3

Inside Money Belt—Pocket sections waterproofed with Elasti-Glass. Flat, soft, comfortable. Large zipper pocket for bills. Extra-safe snap compartment for valuables....$1

Elasti-Glass Rainproof Uniform Cap Cover—Slips on and off in a jiffy. Easily carried inside hat in dry weather. Waterproof, lightweight, and will never rot or dry out. Choice of transparent crystal or solid black.....$1

Buchsbaum
Manufacturers Since 1888 · Chicago

DEALER'S NOTE: Elasti-Glass products are ready for immediate delivery. Floor stocks, advertising mats and window displays carried in Chicago, New York, Los Angeles offices. (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Made from Vinylite† Brand Resins. †Trade Mark Reg. C. & C. C. C.)

"STILL SMOKING THOSE OLD-FASHIONED CIGARETTES, ADMIRAL?

Go modern— Smoke REGENT

MODERN as a PT boat, sir...that's Regent! Not a dated "shortie" like the brand you're smoking, but a streamlined King Sizer that's 20% longer—gives you much more cigarette for your money!

Yes, Admiral, and Regent's taste is refreshingly *new*—because of two things. Its tobaccos are *specially selected* for finer flavor...then they're made extra mild by Multiple-Blending—a modern way of blending that only Regent has!

And cast your weather eye at Regent's oval shape, sir! Modern, eh? Right. And Regent's crush-proof box ends the mess of crumply paper packs...keeps each cigarette firm and fresh. So go modern, Admiral...get Regent...and you'll get *more* smoking pleasure!"

COSTS NO MORE THAN OTHER LEADING BRANDS

REGENT
CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
The only modern cigarette with ALL the modern features!

New Pennsychusetts Has Everything

Continued from pages 95-141

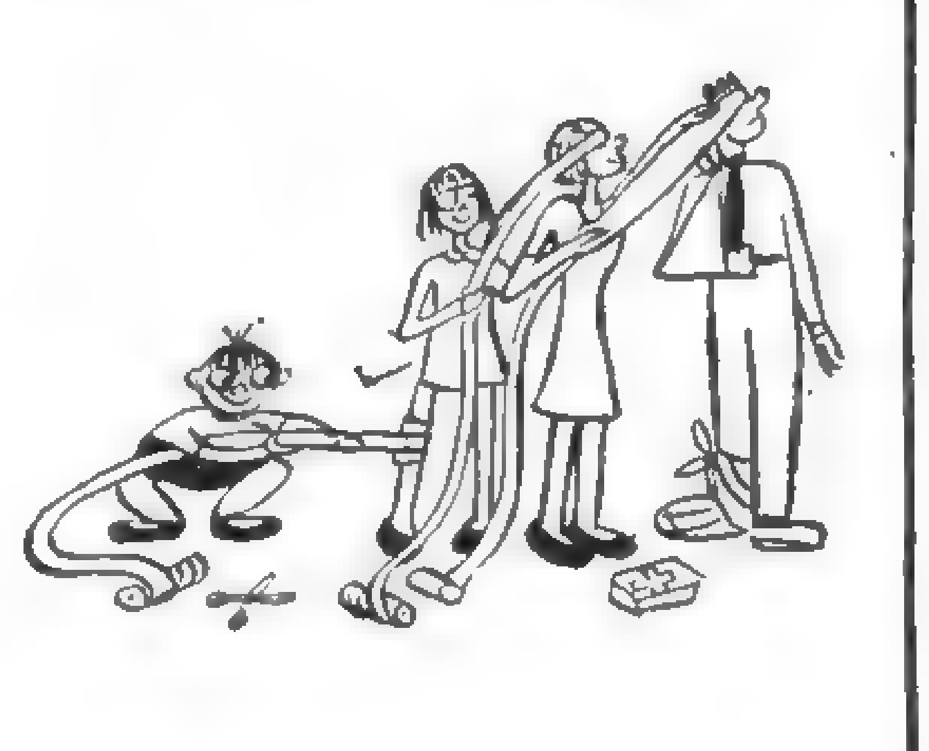
mation is a field for government or private enterprise.

Illinois: Gets a certain macabre pleasure out of enticing tourists to Starved Rock, where a band of Illinois Indians preferred to perish from lack of food and water rather than surrender to the enemy Potawatomis, whose name they could not pronounce. Repetition of this tragedy seems to have been forestalled by recent opening of the Starved Rock Restaurant.

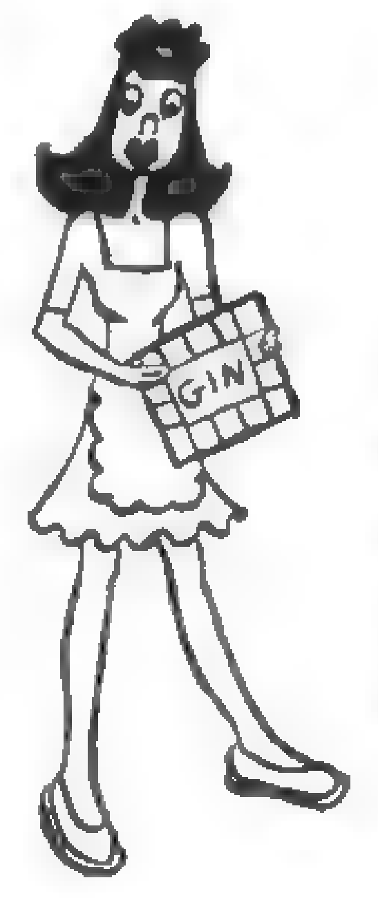
Indiana: From Indiana comes a green-and-white folder entitled "101 Reasons Why You'll Have a Good Time in Indiana" and listing therein 138, thus leaving it up to you to make your own selection. Personally, we'd skip as not likely to add to our happiness: "No. 76. Hanging tree used in pioneer times to hang criminals."

Kansas: One answer to William Allen White's "What's the matter with Kansas?" is that it sends you a 9½ by 4 inch folder in a 12 by 8½ inch envelope. Another is that it still clings grimly to the largest cavalry school in the world.

Kentucky: "Come to Kentucky; the latchstring is always out" is Kentucky's slogan. Our bets are it doesn't apply to the U.S. Gold Repository at Fort Knox, which, in the pictures anyway, looks all tangled up in latch strings.



Some of us can do our bit by administering first aid to victims of first aid courses.



Dim Dolly wants to know where she can get gin ration cards.

Louisiana: Has a $1,000 property tax exemption on houses, three year tax exemption on new homes, 10-year tax exemption on new industries—in peacetime—and a Mardi Gras. Spends 12 cents postage on you, but who it taxes to get it, we can't imagine.

Maine: "Portland Headlight is 116 Miles Nearer Europe Than Any Other American Port" boasts Maine. If we were Maine, we'd keep still about it.

Massachusetts: "Play Where America Was Born" urges Massachusetts. Okay with us, but watch out for historical markers; you can get a nasty fall if you stumble over one.

Michigan: If you want to know about Michigan, you better find out quietly from a friend. If you ask the State Publicity Bureau, the Bureau apparently tips off all the hotels in the state by short wave. It'll end your beautiful and long lasting friendship with the postman.

Minnesota: "After all," says Minnesota, "good American families come to Minnesota for the lakes and the forests"; just in case its philosophy is all wrong though, the state doesn't show either a lake or a forest on the front cover, but a gal in a bathing suit.

Mississippi: "Down the floating stairway of the past come the princesses of the ante-bellum South, sleeping beauties, awakened . . . but with dreams unbroken. Open gates and generous façades welcome the visitor . . ." There, now do you *still* want to go to North Dakota?

Missouri: Sends you a beautiful diagram of a small-mouthed bass designating the dorsal fins, the caudel peduncle, the pectorals, the mandibles, the nares, and the operculum. Great stuff, if you've a youngster just starting a biology course.

Montana: "Some Montana roads are rough, dusty, and muddy at times," says Montana. Okay, Diogenes. You may go home now.

Nebraska: "Here *was* found the bones of many prehistoric animals" says the Nebraska folder, frightening away scores of good folk from Boston. (The italics are ours.)

Nevada: Not a word about divorce. Says merely: "Customs and traditions of the old rough-and-ready West, of which Reno is an integral part, were not easily laid aside, and for this reason the tolerance of gambling and liberality of thought and action, typical of early-day mining camps has been retained as a part of the modern setup." Euphemistic, isn't it?

New Hampshire: "Fragrant May nights," "rain drumming drowsily on the shingles of a roof," "the smell of cut brush withering in the sun," "the cheerful warmth of country inns," "the Argosies of August clouds"—that's New Hampshire. It does mention the White Mountains—but only by moonlight.

New Jersey: As we get it, nothing is more beautiful than New Jersey's picturesque, rolling countryside, its pine-scented trails, its wide, sandy beaches, its sky-blue lake waters, and its complete lack, even on clear days, of any personal income tax.

New Mexico: Our only argument with New Mexico is over a sentence which reads: "Bottomless Lake State Park has fine swimming facilities." For some people maybe; but for us, no, not with *that name.*

New York: Broadminded no end. Sends a picture of the home of that great leader of anti-tourism, the author of *Home Sweet Home*, John Howard Payne.

North Carolina: Offers the chance to hear a tobacco autioneer in person and presumably decide for yourself whether: (1) They sound that way. (2) They don't. (3) Your radio needs fixing.

North Dakota: "North Dakota Highways for Defense" says North Dakota, thus scaring us away completely; if the Army wants 'em, they can have 'em; we don't like the picture of ourselves chugging through the badlands at 5 m. per h. behind a column of Army trucks.

Ohio: At last, an historical site that really deserves marking: the Gnadehutten Monument, a shaft put up to mark the site "where 90 Christian Indians were massacred by the *whites* in 1782."

Oklahoma: Plugs the world's largest multiple arch dam (not to be confused, we gather, with Arizona's "world's largest multiple dome dam"), oil derricks, waterfalls, the Will Rogers Memorial, and a "scenic curve on Route 77" that the New York Highway Department would have disposed of years ago.

Oregon: Has discovered in a burst of research by the Highway Department that Winnipeg is only 48 hours from Oregon; a discovery that isn't likely to pay its way since Winnipegians unfortunately can't go scuttling off to other countries with their good (less 13 p.c.) Canadian money these days.

Pennsylvania: Sends you practically a life-size map of the state that you couldn't open up in any vehicle smaller than the Byrd snow-cruiser. You can repaper the living room easily.

Rhode Island: Flaunts a motto which for a state sending out publicity material hits a new high in appropriateness: "Hope."

South Carolina: Once called the "palmetto state" by the Indians; now called the "iodine state" by the whites because they get enough iodine in South Carolina food to avoid goitre. Bring back the Indians!

South Dakota: Uses the current mid-west drought to good stead by affirming that South Dakota "has more sunshine than any state in the union." That, gentlemen, is dry humor.

Tennessee: "Beside the world's largest aluminum plant stands the shop of the village smithy where the ring of the anvil is heard" says Tennessee. Maybe, but we bet by now he's working in the aluminum plant at $78.50 a week, and the anvil is getting mildewy.

Texas: "Texas has been under six flags" affirms Texas. Out looking for the tourist who before the war went to the Balkans, if you ask us.

Utah: Utah seems to be principally Salt Lake City which has a seagull monument (only monument to wild bird life in the world), a Governor's reception room inlaid with gold, and streets 132 feet wide if you still have tires.

Vermont: Resourceful Vermont: it hasn't any seashore so it invites you "to New England's only inland state;" it hasn't any high mountains, so it notes that "Vermont peaks are uniformly clothed with verdure . . . friendly mountains . . . not stark and barren."

Virginia: Proffers the country's most fascinating tourist achievement: historical markers with key numbers. By glancing at the key numbers and looking in a guide book, the tourist can find out what the markers say without slowing down; obviously a milestone in American progress.

Washington: "In addition to being an interesting tourist attraction, the Puget Sound locks are also very useful in Seattle's commercial life," says Washington. After getting the spectacle completed, it must have been a surprise to find it useful.

West Virginia: Somehow thinks it important that the General Federation of Women's Clubs meets in New Jersey; the tie-up is that you can drive across W. Va. to get to N.J., which is O.K. if a state wants women drivers that bad.

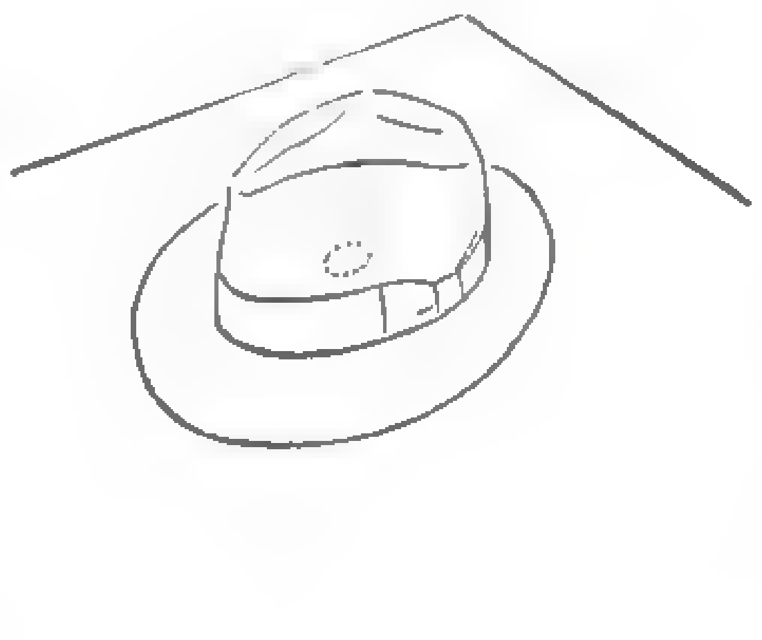
Wisconsin: "Canoeing among the lotus blossoms; whatever your vacation desires . . . even 'boy meets girl' . . . Wisconsin will give them happy endings." Laying itself open to a breach of promise suit if you ask us.

Wyoming: Invites you to bring a pick and crowbar and go angling for fossilized fish; they have a whole mountain of them, 45 million years old. Which, it occurs, is a lot better than 45 hours old, if you're dealing in dead fish. ⧻

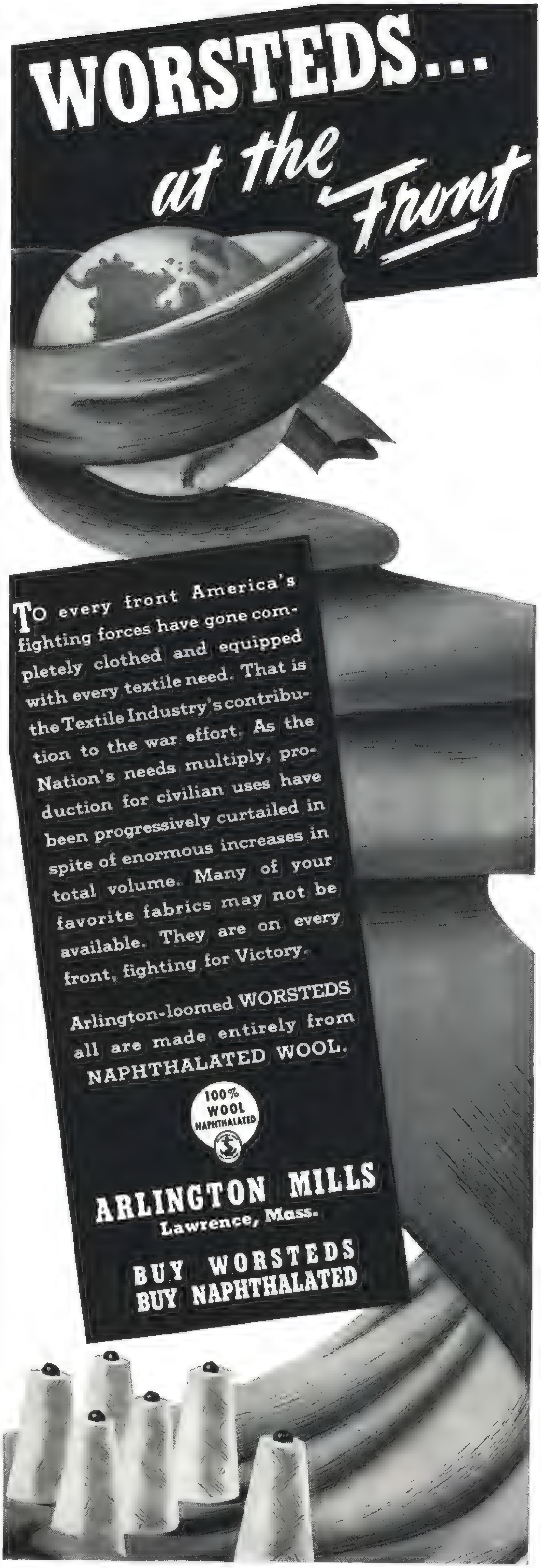
Checkpayers

Good for One Free Drink at the Nearest Bar

The Wager: That you can pick up a coin placed under a hat without touching the hat.



The Payoff: Make some mysterious motions over the hat, rap on the underside of the table and announce that the coin has disappeared. Your friend will lift the hat to check up—and *then* you can pick up the coin as per the original wager.



TO every front America's fighting forces have gone completely clothed and equipped with every textile need. That is the Textile Industry's contribution to the war effort. As the Nation's needs multiply, production for civilian uses have been progressively curtailed in spite of enormous increases in total volume. Many of your favorite fabrics may not be available. They are on every front, fighting for Victory.

Arlington-loomed WORSTEDS all are made entirely from NAPHTHALATED WOOL.

ARLINGTON MILLS
Lawrence, Mass.

BUY WORSTEDS
BUY NAPHTHALATED

DOBBS
Hats
Jolly Rounder
BACHELOR BLUE
MEN TELL
OTHER MEN
"It's the Finest!"

Many men have always wanted a softer, lighter—yet smarter and more serviceable hat . . . Dobbs Jolly Rounder is that dream come true! Eye it. Touch it. Its rich, lustrous suede-like surface is the outward sign of its superb quality. When you buy a Jolly Rounder you not only buy a smart hat but you also buy *distinction!* Everywhere men circulate these days, the good word is traveling, "Jolly Rounder is the finest. It's the Dobbs!" $7.50

Other Dobbs Lightweight Hats $5 to $40

DOBBS Fifth Avenue HATS

New York's Leading Hatters Retail Store: Park Avenue at 53rd Street

AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Esquire on the Record

Best Sellers

Permanent *Transient*

RCA Manufacturing Company, Inc., Camden, New Jersey

Permanent

Symphony No. 1, in E Minor, (Sibelius); Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. Victor M-881

Symphony No. 1, in C Minor, (Brahms); Arturo Toscanini, NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-875

Negro Spirituals; Dorothy Maynor, Soprano, and Unacc. Male Choir. Victor M-879

Macbeth (Shakespeare); Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson; (Acts, I, II, III, & V). Victor M-878

Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor, (Tschaikowsky); Vladimir Horowitz, Arturo Toscanini, NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-800

Die Götterdämmerung-Siegfried's Rhine Journey and Funeral Music (Wagner); Arturo Toscanini and NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-853

Waller on the Ivories; "Fats" Waller. Victor P-109

"Moanin' Low"; Torch Songs by Lena Horne; Lena Horne and Orchestra. Victor P-118

Songs of the Service; Victor Military Band Conducted by Leonard Joy with The Four Clubmen. Victor P-117

Organ Reveries; Dick Liebert. Victor P-104

Transient

Easter Parade; My Buddy; Sammy Kaye. Victor 27811

Remember Pearl Harbor; Dear Mom; Sammy Kaye. Victor 27738

Deep In the Heart of Texas; The Lamp of Memory; Wayne King. Victor 27808

Moonlight Cocktail; Lullaby To a Sweet Papoose; Joe Reichman. Victor 27810

Someone's Rocking My Dreamboat; I Don't Want to Walk Without You; Artie Shaw. Victor 27746

The Marine Hymn; The Caissons Go Rolling Along; Victor Military Band Conducted by Leonard Joy with The Four Clubmen.

Moonlight Cocktail; Happy in Love; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11401

The Lamplighter's Serenade; Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11474

1942 Turkey in the Straw; Here I Go to Tokio Said Barnacle Bill, The Sailor; Carson Robison with Orchestra. Bluebird B-11460

I Said No; Deep in the Heart of Texas; Alvino Rey. Bluebird B-11391

My Little Cousin; Commodore Clipper; Vaughn Monroe. Bluebird B-11488

Day Dreaming; A String of Pearls; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11382

Heim's Music Store, Inc., 268 Main St., Danbury, Connecticut

Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor, (Tschaikowsky) Vladimir Horowitz, Arturo Toscanini, NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-800

Strauss Waltzes, Album of (Johann Strauss) Arthur Fiedler; Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor M-445

Symphony in D Minor (Cesar Franck) San Francisco Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux. Victor M-840

Organ Encores; Dick Liebert. Victor P-40

Clair de Lune, (Debussy); Victor Concert Orchestra. Victor 36228

Moonlight Cocktail; Glenn Miller Bluebird B-11401

I Don't Want to Walk Without You; Vaughn Monroe. Bluebird B-11399

Miss You; Bing Crosby. Decca 4183

Blues In The Night; Woody Herman. Decca 4030

Tangerine; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 4123

Somebody Else is Taking My Place. Sammy Kaye. Victor 27757

A String of Pearls; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11382

I'll Pray for You; The Andrews Sisters. Decca 4153

Decca Records, Inc., 50 West 57th Street, New York, New York

Porgy and Bess; Todd Duncan and Anne Brown; Eva Jessye Choir. Decca Album 145

Songs of Inspiration; Adia Kuznetzoff. Decca Album 303

Jerome Kern Songs; Gordon String Quartet. Decca Album 293

Swinging the Classics; Hazel Scott. Decca Album 212

Rosario and Antonio; Songs and Dances of Andulacia. Decca Album 271

This Is My Country; Fred Waring. Decca A-310

Lily of Laguna; Bing Crosby and Mary Martin. Decca 18278

Summertime; Leo Reisman. Decca 18282

Sleepy Lagoon; Meredith Wilson. Decca 18286

Piano Solos; Alec Templeton. Decca A-314

Sambas; Frank Marti. Decca A-312

Cumberland Valley Music Company, 116 Main Street Harlan, Kentucky

Music of Victor Herbert, Vol. II; Nathaniel Shilkret, Victor Salon Group and Victor Concert Orchestra. Victor C-33

Ave Maria (Johann Bach); Jeannette MacDonald. Victor 2049

Fire-Bird Suite, (Strawinsky); Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-291

A String of Pearls; Benny Goodman. Okeh 6590

Somebody Else is Taking My Place; Russ Morgan. Decca 4098

Moonlight Cocktail; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11401

Just Kiddin' Around; Artie Shaw. Victor 27806

Best Sellers *(continued)*

Permanent	*Transient*
Ambassador Radio Co., 695 S. Vermont St. Los Angeles, California	
Clair de Lune, (Debussy); Kostelanetz. Columbia 7361-M	*I Don't Want to Walk Without You;* Harry James. Columbia 36478
Blue Danube, (Johann Strauss); Stokowski and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 15425	*Who Wouldn't Love You?;* Kay Kyser. Columbia 36526
Concerto No. 1, in B Flat Minor (Tschaikowsky); Artur Rubinstein, John Barbirolli, London Symphony Orchestra. Victor 7802	*Moonlight Cocktail;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11401
Thais-Meditation, (Massenet); Mischa Elman. Victor 7392	*We're the Couple in the Castle;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11397
Jalousie, (Gade); Boston "Pops" Orchestra; Arthur Fiedler. Victor 12160	*Story of a Starry Night;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11462
	I Said No; Alvino Rey. Bluebird B-11391
	Trumpet Rhapsody; Harry James. Columbia 36160
Adams Music Company, 529 Main Street, Peoria, Illinois	
Overture 1812, (Tschaikowsky); Rodzinski and Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Columbia MX-205	*Moonlight Cocktail;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11401
Symphony No. 1, in C Minor, (Brahms); Arturo Toscanini, NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-875	*Jersey Bounce;* Benny Goodman. Okeh 6590
Concerto No. 1, in F Sharp Minor, (Rachmaninoff); Rachmaninoff and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra; Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. Victor DM-865	*Tangerine;* Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 4123
	I Don't Want to Walk Without You; Bing Crosby. Decca 4184
	One Dozen Roses; Dick Jurgens. Okeh 6636
	Breathless; Merry Macs. Decca 4265
Dreibelbis Music Company, 67 West Park Street Butte, Montana	
Dance of the Hours, (Gioconda; Ponchielli) Arthur Fiedler; Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor 11833	*Somebody Else is Taking My Place;* Benny Goodman. Okeh 6497
Blue Danube, (Johann Strauss); Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425	*I Don't Want to Walk Without You;* Dinah Shore. Bluebird B-11423
Light Cavalry Overture (von Suppe); Boult and BBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor 11837	*A String of Pearls;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11382
Symphony No. 4, in A Minor, (Sibelius); Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-160	*Always In My Heart;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11438
	Shrine of St. Cecelia; Sammy Kaye. Victor 27691
	Fooled; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11416
Lefter Music Shop, 20 Sixth Street North St. Petersburg, Florida	
Tales From the Vienna Woods, (Johann Strauss); Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425	*Moonlight Cocktail;* Glenn Miller Bluebird B-11401
Rosenkavalier Waltzes; Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 18390	*Tangerine;* Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 4123
Afternoon of a Faun, (Debussy); Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 17700	*Jersey Bounce;* Benny Goodman. Okeh 6590
Liebestraum, (Liszt); Victor Symphony Orchestra. Victor 35820	*A String of Pearls;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11382
Finlandia (Sibelius); Eugene Ormandy and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 17701	*Lamplighter Serenade;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11474
	Anniversary Waltz; Wayne King. Victor 27741
	Grieg's Piano Concerto; Freddy Martin. Bluebird 11430
Cooperative Music Co., 1603 W. Columbia Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.	
Concerto in A Minor (Grieg); Wilhelm Bachaus, pianist. Victor M-204	*Sleepy Lagoon;* Harry James. Columbia 36549
Concerto No. 1, in B Flat Minor, (Tschaikowsky); Vladimir Horowitz, Arturo Toscanini, NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-800	*Skylark;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11462
Bolero (Ravel); Arthur Fiedler; Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor M-552	*Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11474
Symphony No. 1, in C Minor, (Brahms); Arturo Toscanini, NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-875	*Jersey Bounce;* Benny Goodman. Okeh 6590
Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1, in A Major, (Enesco); Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-830	*Moonlight Cocktail;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11401
	I Don't Want to Walk Without You; Harry James. Columbia 36478
	She'll Always Remember; Dinah Shore. Bluebird B-11500
	Somebody Else is Taking My Place; Benny Goodman. Okeh 6597
	Who Wouldn't Love You? Kay Kyser. Columbia 36526
	Story of a Starry Night; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11462

Dentiphobia*

does this to well groomed men
* Nervous worry over exposed "teeth" on Zippers...

Hurry—take the cure!

WALDES KOVER·ZIP†

The only fabric-covered invisible zipper!

Some faces are nice to look at—but *not* the "face" of a zipper. For zippers should be used but not seen; their metal "teeth" should be kept well hidden.

One zipper keeps its "teeth" invisible—Waldes Kover-Zip. This *modern* zipper has an exclusive fabric-cover that forms an integral part of the zipper itself. It blends with your suit's material . . . "seals" the trouser-fly with a smooth, "custom-tailored" seam that remains invisible whether the fly gapes or not! You enjoy all the modern convenience of a zipper—plus the advantage of knowing your zipper is secret!

One more thing: there's a lot of satisfaction in the name, Waldes Kover-Zip. For every Waldes Kover-Zip is guaranteed to outlast the life of the garment!

Manufactured exclusively by Waldes Koh-I-Noor, Inc., Long Island City, N. Y.

Ordinary Zippers have exposed metal teeth that can't be completely hidden.
Waldes Kover-Zip is the only fabric-covered zipper that gives you a seamline fly closure.
WALDES
THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY

†Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Waldes Kover-Zip for home sewing, too . . . . at your favorite notions counter in all leading shades and sizes, for every purpose.

MARLBORO PREDICTS

By night...drama! Slender drapery. Swathed hips. Lightly sandaled feet. Festivities, *now rarer*, must be more memorable.

MARLBORO PROVIDES

Cigarette luxury *at a tiny price.* Superb tobaccos . . . *plus* the immaculacy of Marlboro Ivory Tips—firm, smooth, *utterly soignée.*

Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
PM & Co
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
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IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

So Still the World

He felt that he was having hallucinations or lunching among uncommunicative ghosts

by OSCAR SCHISGALL

• FICTION •

Because my friend Arnold is now deaf he is training himself in lip reading. He watches lips wherever he goes—in the streets, in subways, in restaurants.

A few weeks ago he sat down for lunch in a crowded place in down-town New York—one of those grill rooms where men gather not only to eat but to talk business. Arnold glanced at the table at his left for his customary practice. Three men sat there, but they weren't talking. They looked at one another stolidly.

Arnold waited a while, then thought, *Curious; why don't they speak?*

He looked at a second table, at a third. A feeling of bewilderment crept over him. He looked all over the restaurant. Everywhere he saw the same thing; men staring at one another in silence. Not a lip stirring . . .

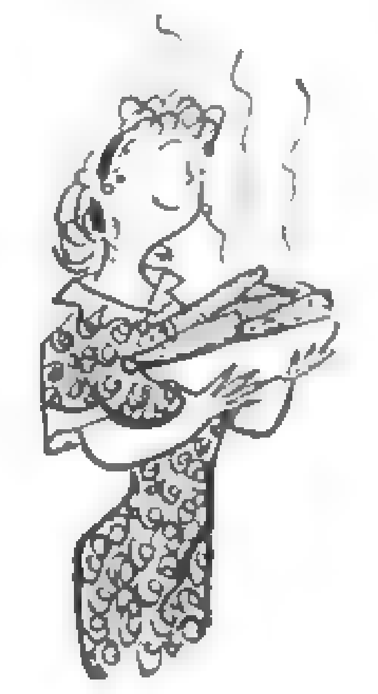
Arnold couldn't believe it. He watched newcomers enter—scores of them in groups of two and three. He could have sworn all were talking until they reached the door. As soon as they settled at tables, however, they became silent. They ordered food by pointing to the items on the menu, refusing to speak even to the waiters, and then straightened to sit dumb. It was that way for ten minutes, fifteen, twenty. Not a lip moving . . .

Arnold began to squirm with the idea that he was having hallucinations. Human beings simply didn't behave like this. Hundreds of people sitting here, and not a soul talking! He thought of asking the waiter for an explanation, but that involved a written reply. It would focus attention on his deafness, and he was too sensitive about himself to do such a thing. Instead, he gulped down his lunch and got out of that tomb; got out quickly as if he'd sat down to eat in a company of ghosts.

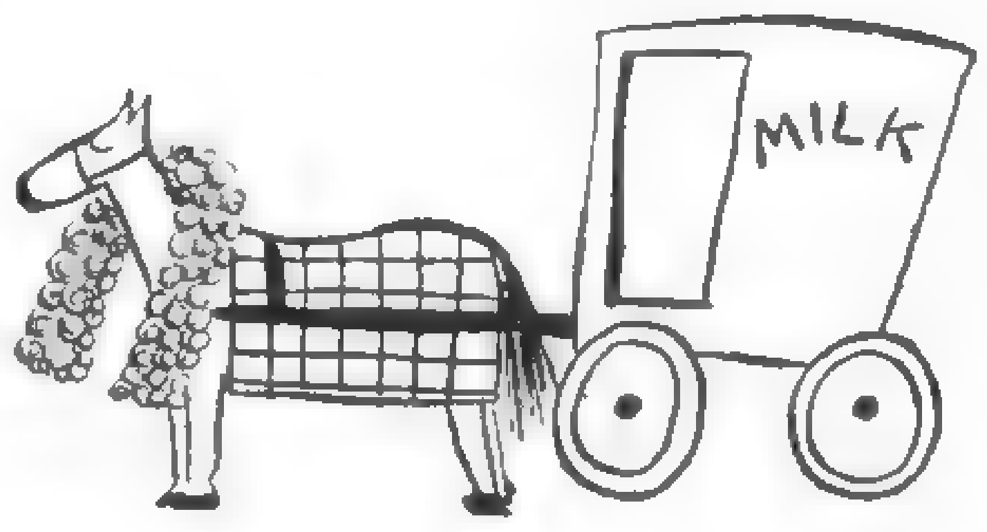
Back in his office he worried and fretted about it for an hour. Then, if only to share his anxiety about himself, he confided in his secretary.

To his astonishment, the girl smiled. On a slip of paper, in her usual way of communication, she wrote an assurance that he had neither suffered hallucinations nor been at a convention of mutes.

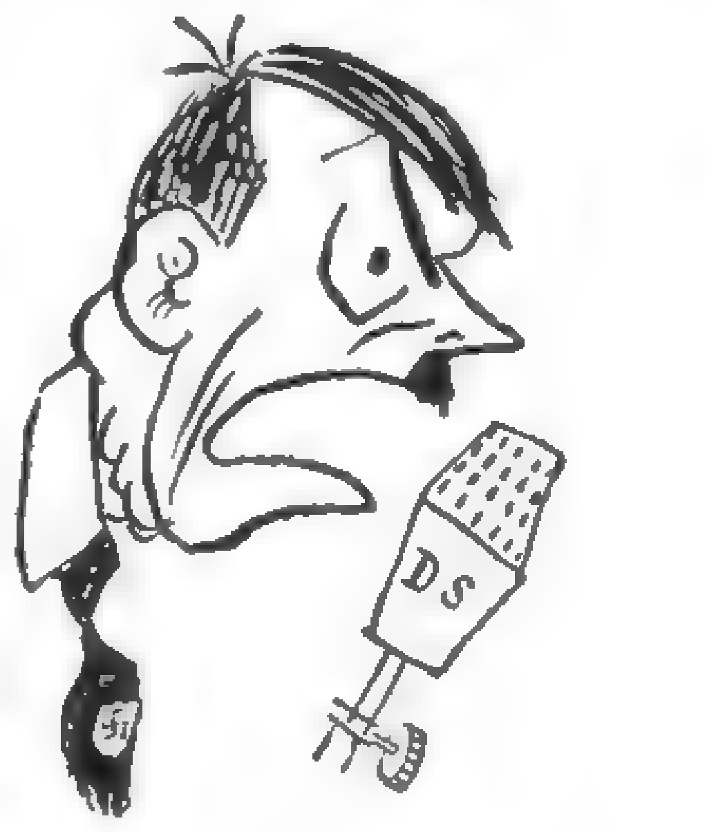
"What happened in your restaurant," her pencil informed him, "happened in many other places today. From twelve-thirty to one the restaurant's radio must have broadcast the President's address to Congress, and everybody in the place sat silent, listening." ⌗



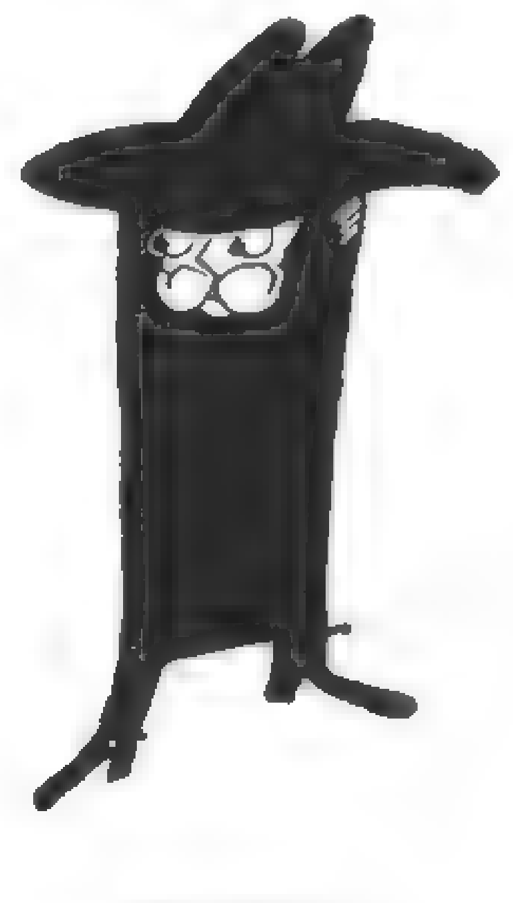
There's nothing better than corn fresh right out of the garden—unless its the host who spares us that remark when he serves it to us.



You can't convince us that horse-racing is doing its duty during this war. We've bet on too many nags that ought to be put to work hauling delivery wagons.



With the pennant races virtually decided, fifteen prominent personages are now predicting astonishing feats next year. These consist of fourteen major league managers and a guy named Hitler.



Fable

Once there was a spy movie in which the most suspicious-acting character didn't turn out to be an American counter-espionage agent in disguise.

The Sedentary Cannoneers

Continued from page 40

garrisoned Lille which was the base of one of the French armies that sought futilely to relieve beleaguered Paris. The cannoneers received new guns in 1875 and in 1896 went through another reorganization in which age limits of sixty-five years for field officers, sixty for company officers and fifty for enlisted men were established. This had been a sore spot in the organization. Being a member was so much fun that few men ever wanted to retire.

The World War found the whole organization, eighteen officers and some 524 men, called to active service and sent to man guns in the frontier forts. Lille was not defended and was the largest French city occupied by the Germans. Some cannoneers were taken prisoner in the fortress of Maubeuge. Others fought gallantly at Verdun. There were so many casualties that only two officers and eighteen men reported for the first cannoneers' gathering after Lille's liberation in 1918.

Others drifted back later but there were so few that some of the Lille municipal authorities thought that the cannoneers would be glad to disband and relinquish their privileges and considerable property to the city. The cannoneers enlisted the aid of Marshal Franchet d'Esperey, lawyers and public opinion and were soon operating as of yore, their files filled with sons, grandsons and great grandsons of old members. In 1936, the organization published new regulations which drew favorable comment from a Captain Duvignac in the *Revue d' Artillerie.*

In 1939, the cannoneers mobilized with the other French forces and were engulfed in the French disaster of 1940. Lille and Northern France again fell into German hands and the story of the Sedentary Cannoneers seemed at an end.

But an organization which has defied Marlborough and been decorated by Napoleon does not easily die. A few months ago, some young men appeared before General de Gaulle and somewhat boastfully offered "four and a half centuries of artillery experience" to the Free French cause. They were some of the not-so-sedentary Sedentary Cannoneers of Lille. #

This Weapon in Your Hand

Continued from page 17

about freedom, and both of them had queer notions about it.)

Until the war is won, everything we have enjoyed will be turned to the uses of war. And what will help us most? The instruments of mass communication: the movies and the radio and the popular press; Superman will sell war bonds and Hollywood will create morale and the cliff-hanger in radio may yet be worked over for bringing the actualities of combat home to us. We have the greatest instruments of communication in the world, because we have believed in them, ever since the days of the yellow press we have believed that whatever we had to say should be said to millions, whatever was best should be shown to millions. On that basis we were on the way to create new democratic arts; and, as we were interrupted, we are using the skills we invented to show us what we are fighting for. We are fighting for the right to spread comic strips (as well as culture); we are fighting because we want to go to a highbrow movie or a slapstick comedy—and no propaganda in either one—in 1946 or so. We are fighting because our government has not taken over the book business and forced all of us to read F.D.R.'s State papers; we are fighting because Cordell Hull has *no* personal newspaper, and General Marshall has no personal photographer; we are fighting because we may be foolish, but we *are* free. We are free to have fun—and it's worth fighting for.

At this point, I'm through. I hope I have said what everyone knows—perhaps what many of us have forgotten. There is nothing new to say about liberty—but the old things have to be said again and again. Therefore, if I still have a few inches of space available, I will quote from "a recently published book":

"I have used the phrase 'creating enough liberty'—as if the freedom of man were a commodity; *and it is.* So long as we think of it as a great abstraction, it will remain one; the moment we *make* liberty it becomes a reality: the Declaration of Independence *made* liberty, concretely, out of taxes and land and jury trials and muskets.

"Liberty, like love, has to be made; the passion out of which love rises exists always, but people have to *make love*, or the passion is betrayed; and the acts by which human beings make liberty are as fundamental as the act of sexual intercourse by which love is made. And as love recreates itself and has to be made, in order to live again, liberty has also to be re-created, or it dies out. Whatever lovers do affects the profound relation between them, for the passion is complex; whatever we do affects our liberties, for freedom rises out of a thousand circumstances; and we have to be not only eternally vigilant, but eternally creative; we can no longer live on the liberty inherited from the great men who created liberty in the Declaration of Independence. All that quantity has been exhausted, stolen from us, misused; if we want to survive, we must begin to make liberty again and proclaim it throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof; and it shall be a jubilee unto them." #

PEARL HARBOR 3 TIMES A MONTH!

What would it do to you, inside . . . to your heart . . . if Pearl Harbor happened again, and again, and again—happened three times every month? Could you ever become hardened to such criminal taking of brave life . . . could you ever shrug your shoulders and say, "Accidents will happen"?

Never?

Well, that's exactly what you're doing now . . . and every day. For all around you is disaster as great as that of December 7th, taking a toll three times as great as Pearl Harbor's every *single month.* Yet you are complacent . . . or unknowing.

If anything but ice water runs through your veins, this message is for you: We *dare* you to read *"Death Takes No Holiday"* in the August issue of Coronet magazine. We challenge you to read Michael Evans' masterful article without being physically, emotionally stirred to action. Stay away from it if you're afraid of brutal, almost-sickening facts . . . stay away if you're not willing to accept your share of guilt in America's greatest tragedy . . . for *"Death Takes No Holiday"* is soul-stirring, eye-opening, powerfully gripping.

Only once every few years is there published a piece of writing so outstanding, so all-important that the entire nation reads, and heeds. *"And Sudden Death"* was one of those articles. Now Coronet brings you *"Death Takes No Holiday,"* the *"And Sudden Death"* of industry—with all its drama, all its fearful truth, and even more vital because of its importance to our war program.

Whatever you do, wherever you are, don't fail to read *"Death Takes No Holiday"* . . . in the August issue of

CORONET

MAGAZINE

Coming . . . July 24th

A treasure in old-time bourbon—yours at a moderate price.

Those in the know-ask for

OLD CROW

Along this tree-shaded path, Col. James Crow used to walk to his old spring house which is still used today in distilling Old Crow.

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AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

BOURBON OR RYE

Synonymous with good taste and hospitality for generations, Old Crow today is enjoyed by increasing millions because it's sensibly priced, without sacrifice of quality

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • 100 Proof

National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N.Y.

MacArthur in Sports

Continued from page 27

on the teams that he really knew the men better, in most cases, than their respective coaches. He knew the name, height, weight and class of all the players, what they had done in past performances and what they could be expected to do in future contests. It was his custom, while Superintendent, to attend baseball practice regularly the last few weeks of the season. As Superintendent, he also always accompanied the basketball and baseball teams to Annapolis for the games with the Navy.

One year in the Navy game at the Point he was extremely eager for the Army to beat the Navy. The game was all tied up in the ninth. MacArthur was rooting like a plebe. Finally, in the eleventh, Army scored a run to grab the game.

The eager Cadets rushed onto the field to hoist the Army players on their shoulders for a snake dance. Hans Lobert, the Army coach and now manager of the Phillies, got a black eye when an enthusiastic Cadet unintentionally struck him. The Cadets had knocked MacArthur under the bleachers. Later when MacArthur went over to congratulate Lobert on the victory, he remarked: "Where did you get that black eye?" He roared when Lobert told him. "But look at my shins," he added, pulling up his trousers and revealing his bruises. Then he and Lobert both had a good laugh over the whole thing.

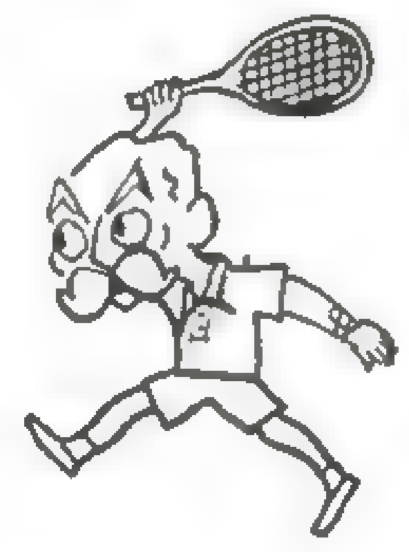
Every Monday morning, MacArthur and Lobert used to get together in a huddle and go over the data they had on the team that was to oppose the Army nine next. Then they would compare notes on the strategy to be employed, just like a big league ball club in a club house session before a game.

While many more official persons than the baseball coach cooled their heels in the reception room waiting an interview with him, MacArthur would be discussing baseball with Lobert. His favorite team was the New York Giants in the hands of the late John McGraw.

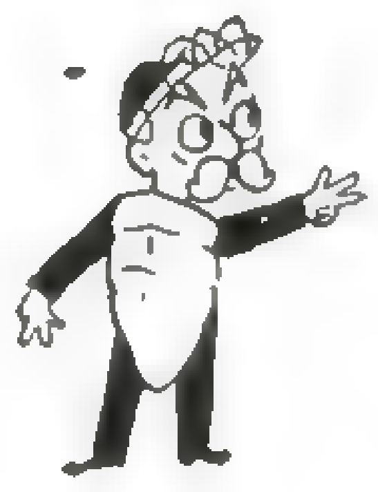
Even today MacArthur could give John Kieran a close touch in athletic facts and figures. He can reel off on a moment's notice the record of every outstanding prize fighter. He has read and re-read the rule books of the various sports.

He has always kept himself posted on the latest developments and changes in the world of sports. And as in sports the game is always to *win*, not merely to tie, or to lose gracefully, he has always played to *win*.

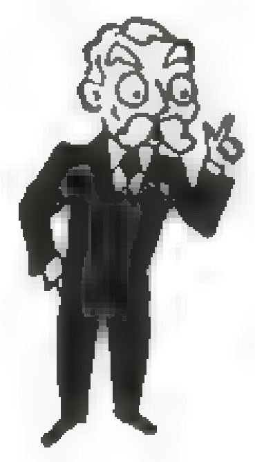
MacArthur has never tried to make any secret of this phase of his code of ethics; for while taking defeat without complaint or alibi is one of the prime rules of good sportsmanship, it is not the way to win games or wars. And whatever his immediate goal, General MacArthur never sets out to "lose gracefully" but always to "win decisively," which is important



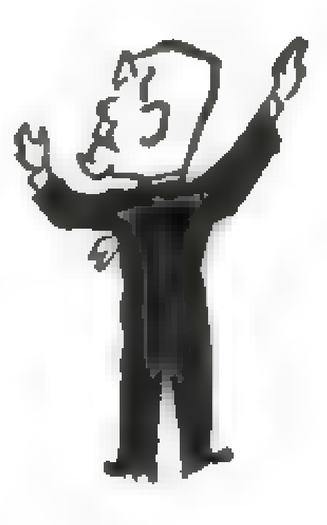
The world is going to be a different place after the war. Economic systems will change, countries will be altered, political repercussions will be colossal, and they might even hold an open tennis tournament.



The baseball fan who refuses to throw back captured baseballs now gets a dirty look from the umpire. Here is retribution at its best, and it would only be fair if the ump went further and yelled: "Kill the fan!"



Adolph will never make a successful movie director. He thought he was making a short of the Russian campaign, and here it is a continued serial.



Everybody pitched in and did their bit when it came to singing "Deep In the Heart of Texas."—On the theory, presumably, that many handclaps make light work.

Esquire on the Record
CAMPUS CHOICE

Campus Record Shop
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
Madison, Wisconsin

Moonlight Cocktail; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11401
A String of Pearls; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11382
Jersey Bounce; Benny Goodman. Okeh 6590
Skylark; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11462
Somebody Else Is Taking My Place; Russ Morgan. Decca 4098
Mandy Is Two; Bing Crosby. Decca 4249
Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27782
One Dozen Roses; Dick Jurgens. Okeh 6636
I Don't Want to Walk Without You; Harry James. Columbia 36478
Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing in a Hurry; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 4122

House of Walsh
WILLIAMS COLLEGE
Williamstown, Mass.

Skylark; Gene Krupa. Okeh 6607
Somebody Else Is Taking My Place; Benny Goodman. Okeh 6497
Jersey Bounce; Benny Goodman. Okeh 6590
Royal Flush; All Star. Columbia 36499
A String of Pearls; Benny Goodman. Okeh 6590
A String of Pearls; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11382
Thanks for the Boogie Ride; Gene Krupa. Okeh 6506
This Love of Mine; Stanley Kenton. Decca 4037
Moonlight Cocktail; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-11401
Easter Parade; Harry James. Columbia 36545

and good news to America.

On one occasion while he was head of the Military Academy he took a third-string football substitute under his wing and gave him the benefit of his knowledge of the game. Before the season was over that third-stringer had landed a place on the starting eleven, not because MacArthur requested it but because the man had earned it. Another time, MacArthur interceded in a row between the Army football coach and the rival coach over the choice of officials for a certain game. MacArthur insisted that the opponents make the selection.

It is a well-known part of honored American sports lore when as President of the American Olympic Association he told the boxing squad manager who threatened to withdraw at Amsterdam because of unfair officiating: "You must remember, sir, that Americans do not quit!"

At one Army-Navy football game, shunning the cozy and weatherproof seats set aside for the Military Academy Superintendent, General MacArthur squatted on the players' bench, and, according to Colonel Charlie Daly, who was coaching the team, gave the players "such an exhortation that they far surpassed themselves that day."

So intense was and is his interest in athletics as a means of developing keener minds and stronger bodies in our soldiers that General MacArthur, even had he tried, was unable to divorce his name from sports. After his three-year tour as West Point Superintendent he became Third Corps Area Commander. The Corps Area football team, which he fathered faithfully, gained a reputation as one of the best Army football teams in the entire nation.

It was only natural then that in 1929 when the President of the American Olympic Association died suddenly that MacArthur should be drafted to lead the United States athletes in the Olympic Games being held that year in Amsterdam. He drove, and that word is not used loosely, our athletes to victory.

Always an admirer of athletes, always eager to have them about him, on his staff, it was logical to expect well-known athletes to be with his forces in the South Pacific.

The valiant Lieutenant General Jonathan M. Wainwright, who succeeded MacArthur in command in the Philippines, followed MacArthur by three years as First Captain at West Point, highest military honor a Cadet may achieve. General Wainwright was an outstanding polo player at the Academy, and also a crack rifle marksman.

Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell, named by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to command the two Chinese armies operating with the British in Burma, was one of the Military Academy's best all-around athletes. He played on the football team, captained the cross-country team and was a member of West Point's first basketball team, which he helped induce the authorities at West Point to form and authorize. He later served as coach of the hockey team during a tour of duty (1906-1910) as a member of the faculty.

Captain Colin P. Kelly never earned an athletic letter at West Point, but was active as a 145-pound class boxer and a quarter-miler. Major Thomas Trapnell played football at the Point and was outstanding in that famous 1926 Army-Navy 21-21 tie game

Continued at top of page 150

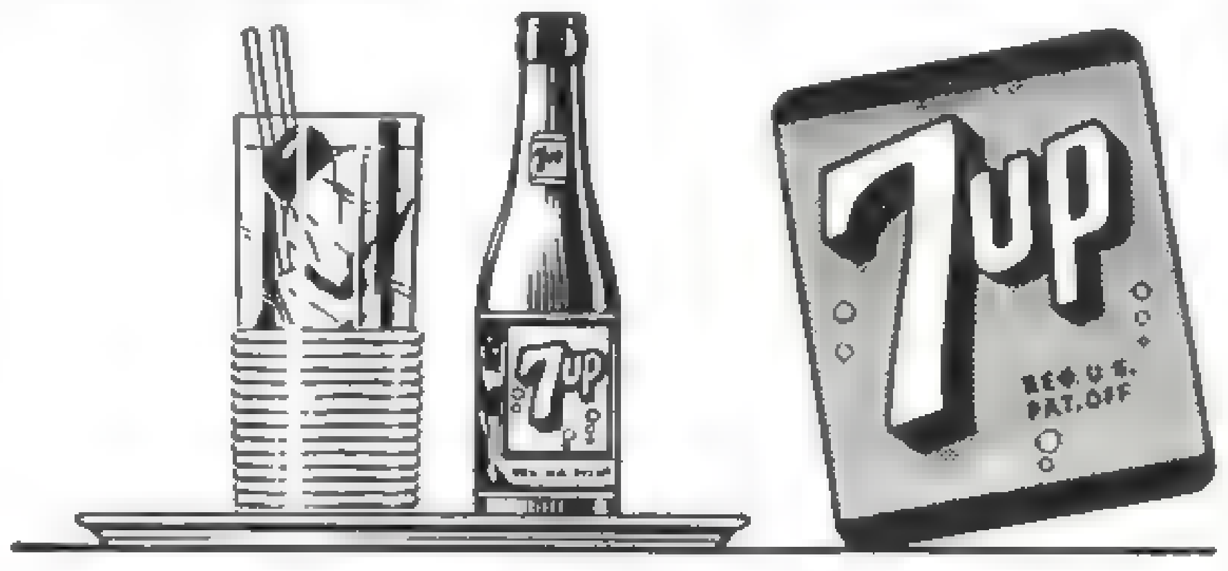
SUGAR, YOU'RE NOT IN IT!

Not in *this* swell Collins*
—it's made with 7-UP

Just imagine—it took sugar rationing to bring many people face to face with one of the great taste thrills of all time—the 7-UP Collins. And what a break for them—discovering this swell drink!

THE 7-UP COLLINS*
WITH GIN OR RUM
1 Jigger of Gin or Rum
1 Ounce of Lemon Juice
¾ Glass of Ice
Fill glass with 7-UP, *slowly*, without stirring. Garnish with a cherry—and *sip*. Boy, is *that* ever a treat!

Tall, cool and delicious, the 7-UP Collins is summer refreshment, super-superb. As you've probably guessed, it saves your sugar, too. And it's so-o-o easy to make!



for a "Rainy Day"...
first..
Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps!
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Buy an Alligator!
ALLIGATOR
RAINWEAR
At Better Dealers Everywhere!

SAY ACHMED — THIS IS ALMOST AS COMFORTABLE AS WALKING ON DU-FLEX SOLES

In peace or war all soles from Avon are made of the highest grade materials available and put through processes exclusive with Avon craftsmen. Use AVON Soles for the duration.

DU-FLEX RUBBER SOLES

For 30 years Leaders in Quality

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MacArthur in Sports

Continued from pages 27-149

at Chicago's Soldiers Field. Lieutenant Colonel Emmett O'Donnell was another standout Army football player around Trapnell's time. Alex Nininger was also active in track at West Point.

Colin Kelly, of course, was the first American hero of the war, leading the bombing attack that sunk the Japanese battleship *Haruna*. Trapnell was decorated for stalling the enemy in the early days of the fighting in the Philippines by burning a truck on a bridge under heavy enemy fire. O'Donnell has been twice decorated since the outbreak of the war—once for damaging a heavy cruiser and its escorting destroyer, and again for destroying four Jap fighter planes and bombing two transports. Nininger, a 1941 graduate, was killed in hand-to-hand fighting, as, with rifle and hand grenades, he destroyed several enemy groups in foxholes and enemy snipers on Bataan. He was wounded three times before finally being killed, and despite his wounds continued his attacks. Incidentally, he had asked for this combat duty since at the time he was assigned to a company not then engaged in hostilities.

As General MacArthur, with his immaculate nobility, has proved the value of athletics in the life of a soldier, these brave men, living and dead, have and shall continue to prove that from the "fields of friendly strife" arise the heroes of the war. ‡‡

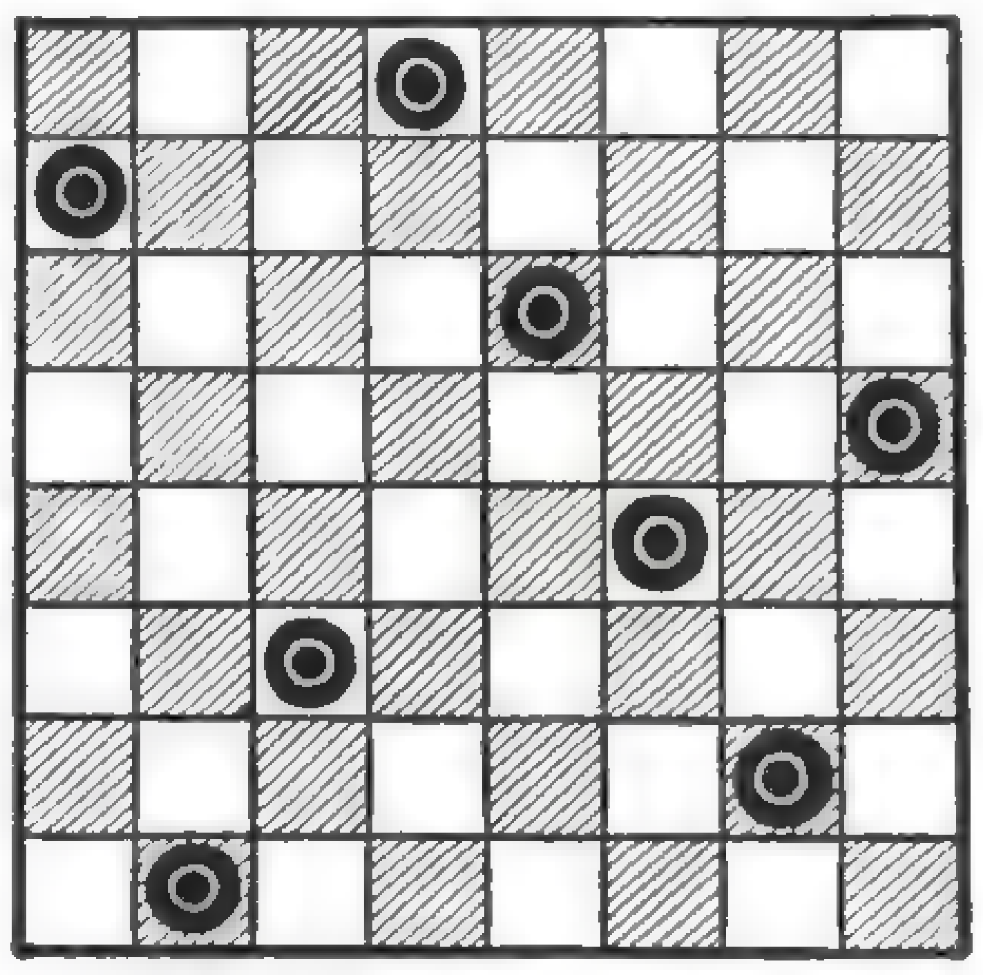
Fun with a Checker Board

Continued from page 84

Answers to Problems

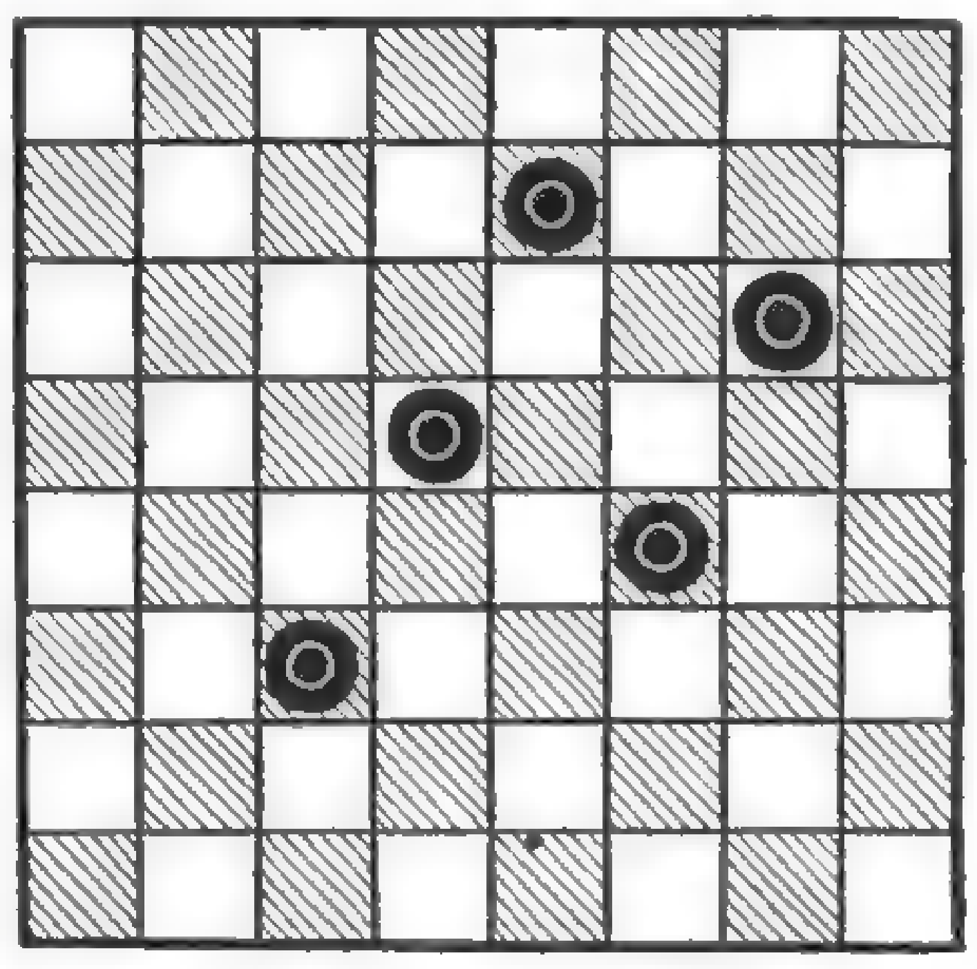
Problem 1

You can get eight checkers on the board without having any two on the same line horizontally, perpendicularly or diagonally.



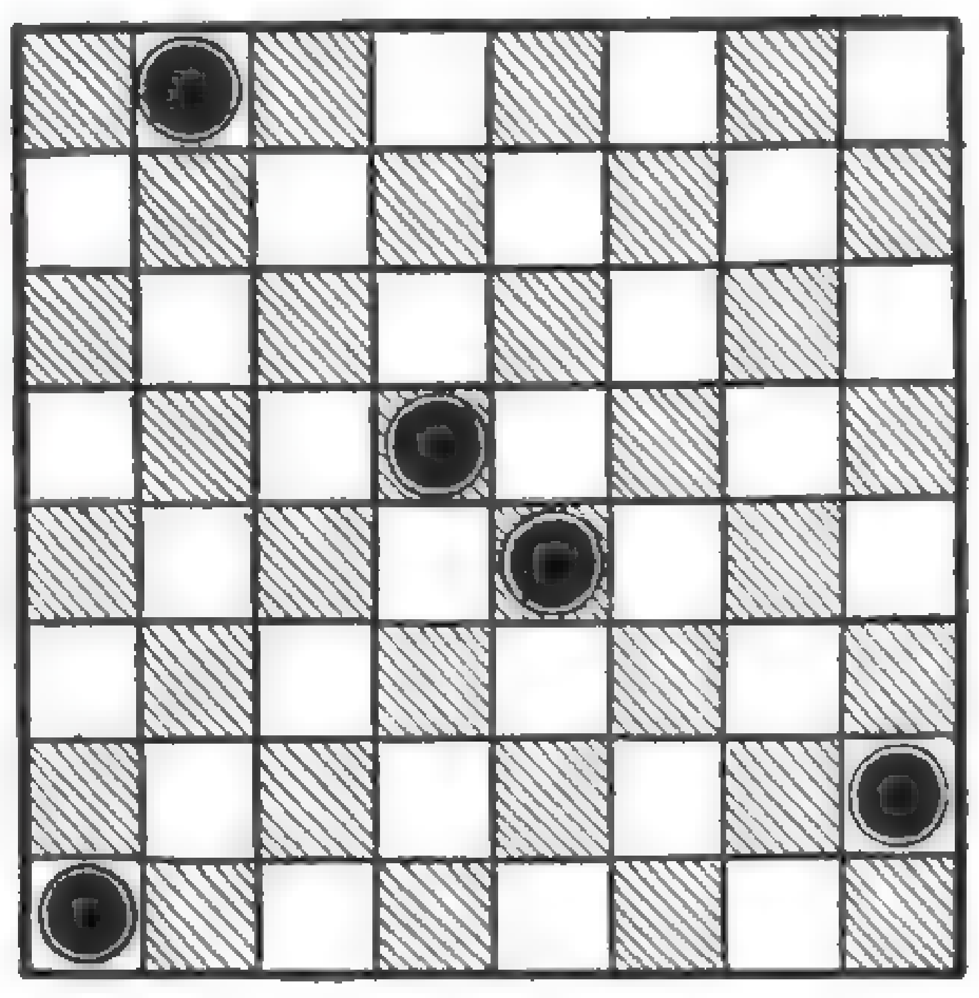
Problem 2

A minimum of three additional queens can be added, making five in all.



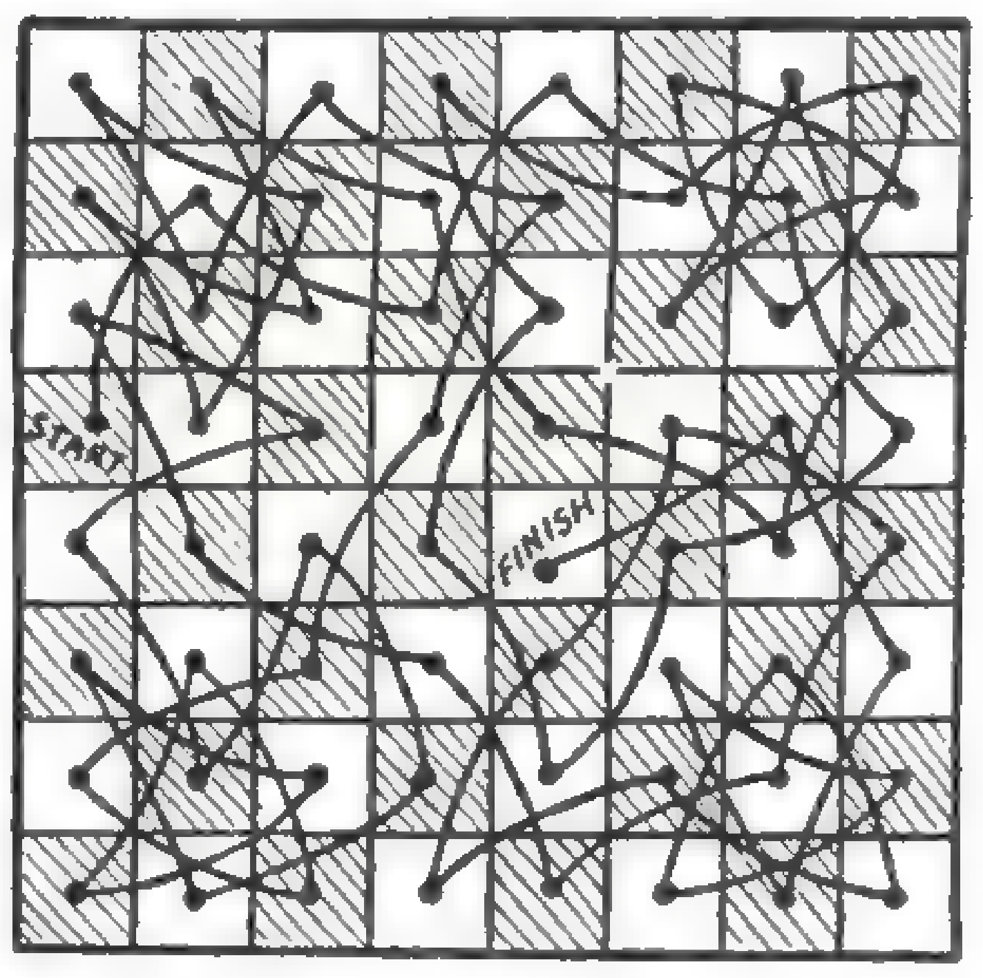
Problem 3

A minimum of five queens is possible.



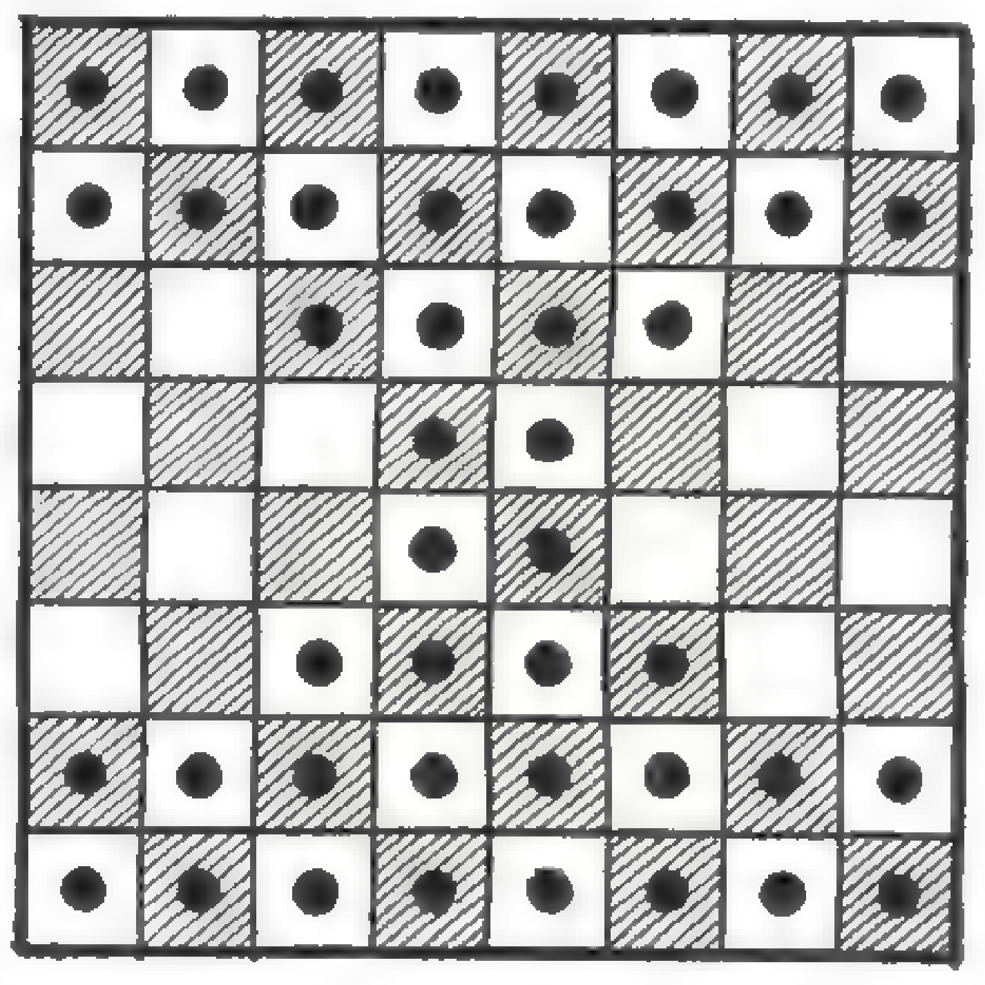
Problem 4

Perhaps you would like to memorize the moves for this one?

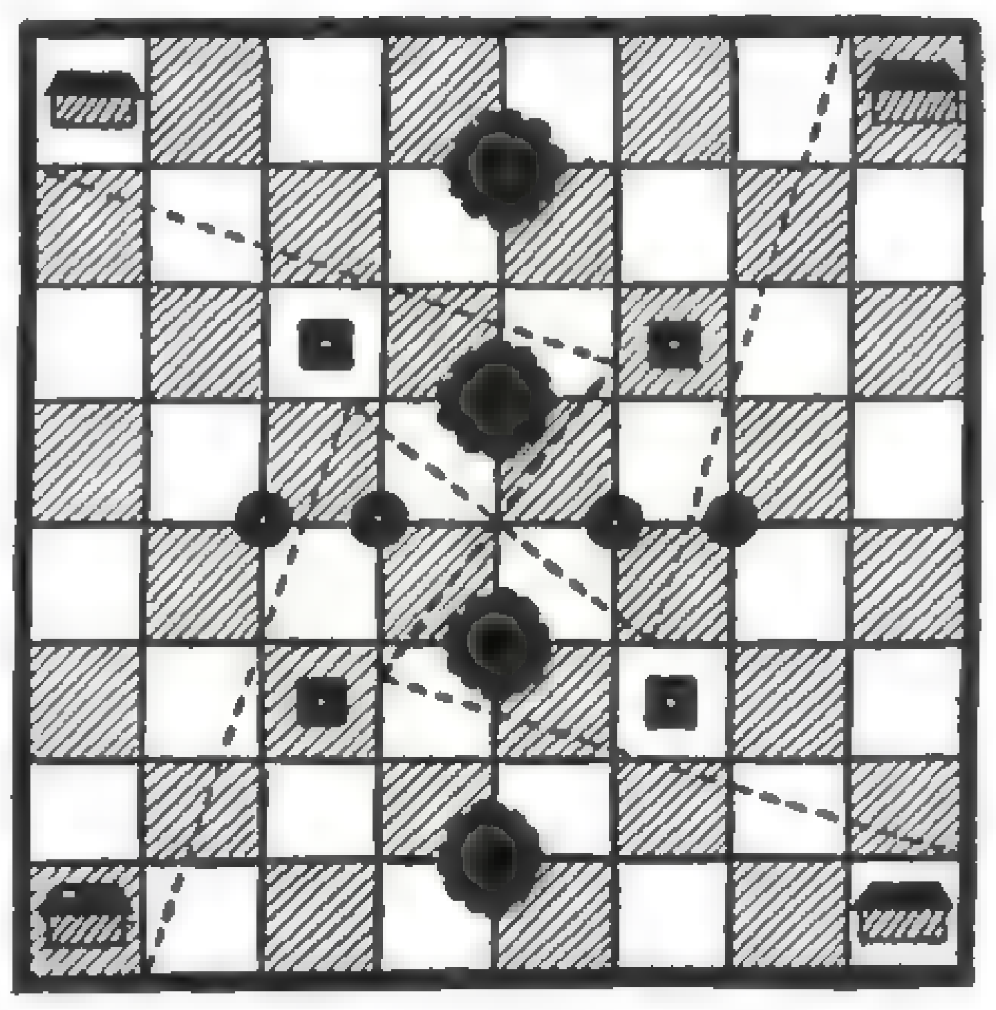


Problem 5

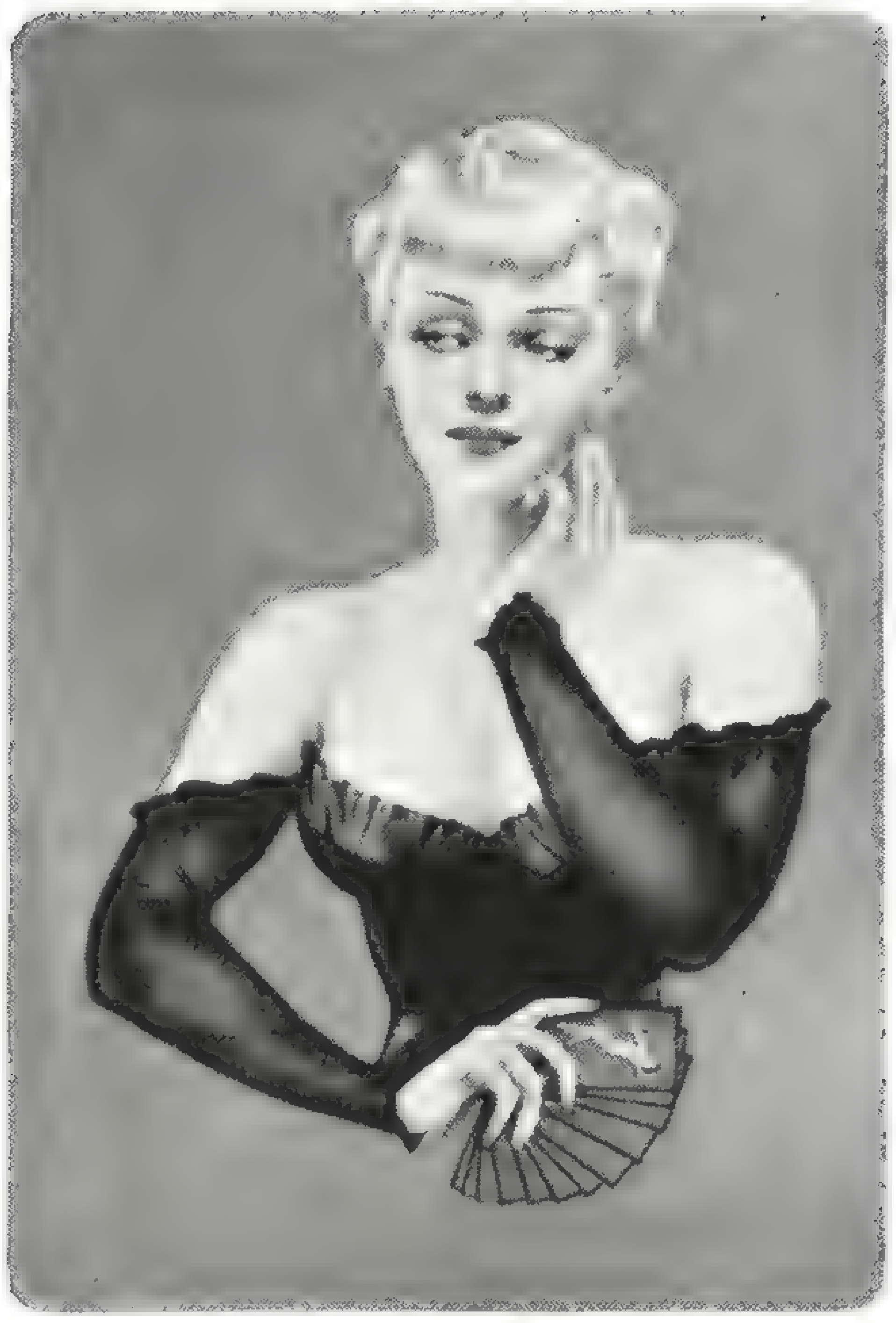
You can make eight rows of checkers with eight checkers in each row using only 44 checkers, viz: four horizontal, two diagonal and two perpendicular rows, thus:



Problem 6

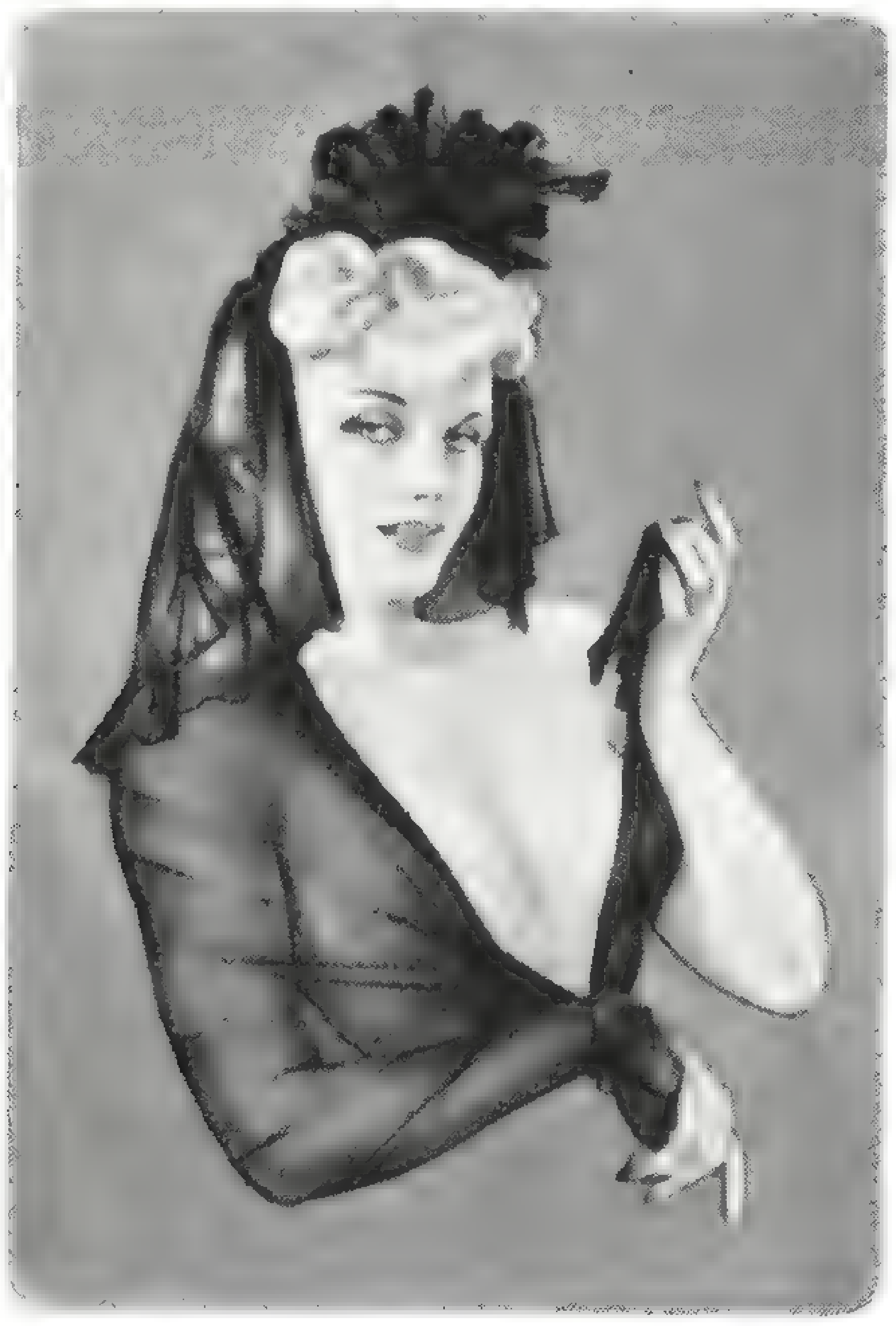


for men in the service, the gift of gal . . .



"A" DECK
(in color)

actual size



"B" DECK
(in color)

. . . is the best gift you can send—especially if it's the glamorous Varga gal you nominate as your best-wishes carrier. As queen of the Varga Dollar Decks, she comes in a form (and whatta form!) both functional *and* fascinating. Her breath-taking beauty is just what soldier, sailor, marine and coast guard ordered for shaking the stars down into their own womanless posts . . . and the expertly designed playing cards she adorns can't be topped for taking it in the roughest, toughest of card sessions. Indelibly printed on strong two-ply stock, coated with a glass-like cellulose that makes them moisture-resistant and easily cleanable with a damp cloth, the Varga Dollar Decks are guaranteed to outlast several decks of ordinary cards.

Ask any man in uniform how high card-playing rates in the armed forces . . . watch any man's eyes brighten at the mere sight of the beautiful Varga girl . . . and then you'll know why the Varga decks are perfect for passing pass-less evenings on the post or whiling the whiles between shore-leaves.

keep him smiling by sending a pair of the Varga Dollar Decks to a man in the service, and we'll match your gift with these two Free specials:

1. A complimentary copy of Esquire's Compleat Card Player—a 62-page booklet packed with rules and tips on winning play for the nation's favorite card-games—from poker and solitaire to the new double-dummy bridge and gin rummy. An absolutely free copy of this handy booklet, made to sell for 50 cents, will be included with every pair of Varga Dollar Decks you order.

2. A beaut of a red-white-and-blue card, designed especially for announcing your gift to a Service Man. We'll pen your name on the card, mail it to arrive with the Varga decks and the free copy of Esquire's Compleat Card Player, and your favorite supporter of Uncle Sam will get an A-1 present, with your compliments!

Clip the coupon below and send for your Service Gift today! Better order a deck or two for yourself, too, while you're at it—the Varga Dollar Decks are fast becoming the toast of the civilian corps, as well as of the Army, the Navy and the Marines!

⅓ actual size

Esquire's Compleat Card-Player

½ actual size

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Sure, I want to keep 'em smiling in the Services! Here's my gift order for the new Varga Dollar Decks of playing cards—moisture-resistant and cleanable. With each gift package, send your special service-man's gift card inscribed with my name . . . and with each order of double-decks, send a copy of Esquire's Compleat Card Player —*absolutely free!*

I understand that if not completely satisfied with these cards I can return them and that my original purchase price will be refunded.

I enclose $_____in full payment for the following order:
Send_____pairs of both decks (in double-box) @ $2 per pair
_____A decks @ $1 per deck _____B decks @ $1 per deck

To______________________________
Address______________________________
City________________________ State________
Gift card should read:________________________
From______________________________
Address______________________________
City________________________ State________

Balance Sheet on Bataan

Continued from page 18

strategy of a delaying action in the Philippines followed by a decisive naval encounter in the Northern Pacific. We decided, instead, to hold the Philippines, basing as much of our fleet as was available on Singapore and Manila, and attempting to confine the Japanese fleet to its own waters and the China Sea. Meanwhile, we hoped, the real issue of the war would be decided in Europe, and Japan could easily be attended to after Hitler's hash had been settled.

In keeping with this new Pacific strategy, a desperate attempt was made during the second half of 1941 to make the Philippines impregnable. Gen. Douglas MacArthur, who as military adviser to President Manuel L. Quezon had been building a Philippine Army, was called back into active duty and placed in charge of the United States Armed Forces in the Far East. Secretary of War Stimson announced that the Philippines had top priorities on army supplies. Ships loaded to the gunwales with tanks and fighter planes and munitions were rushed across the Pacific to Manila. Newspaper correspondents in Manila were allowed to cable back news of the arrival of the largest single contingent of American troops ever to land in the Philippines. A large number of flying fortresses were secretly flown to Clark Field, near Fort Stotsenburg on Northern Luzon. The Army took over Pier 7 in Manila, "largest covered pier in the world," and stevedores worked day and night to handle the flow of war goods.

Even more important for the defense of the Philippines was the incredible windfall represented by the Philippine Army. Working against a 1946 Philippine independence deadline, General MacArthur had trained from 20,000 to 40,000 young Filipino soldiers each year, returning them to civilian life after six months in Philippine Army camps. By the middle of 1941, he had in the neighborhood of 150,000 trained men in the Philippine Army reserve, all subject to call for service in the United States Army. By a mere scratch of President Roosevelt's pen, these troops were made available to the United States. As rapidly as equipment arrived, MacArthur swore his Filipino soldiers into the United States Army.

If this great pool of manpower had not been available, the garrisoning of the Philippines would have been a colossal job. With our shipping badly strained by the Battle of the Atlantic, and with isolationists screaming their heads off at the mere mention of transferring American troops to foreign shores, the sending of even a single additional division of American soldiers to the Philippines would have been virtually impossible.

Exactly how strong our defenses in the Philippines were when Japan struck is, of course, something which only the War Department knows. Whether Manila could have been held if our fleet had not been caught off guard at Pearl Harbor is a question which probably never can be answered.

General MacArthur seemed to think the trick could be turned, for shortly before the war started he declared, "The United States has ordered me to defend these islands. I propose to defend them." As a matter of fact, MacArthur had always maintained that the Philippines could be defended. His defense plan, put into operation by the Commonwealth government, called for a large citizen army, a small fleet of hard-hitting, medium-sized bombers and a substantial number of torpedo-carrying patrol boats. With this military establishment, he declared, the cost of conquering the Philippines could be made so prohibitive that no foreign country would be willing to pay it.

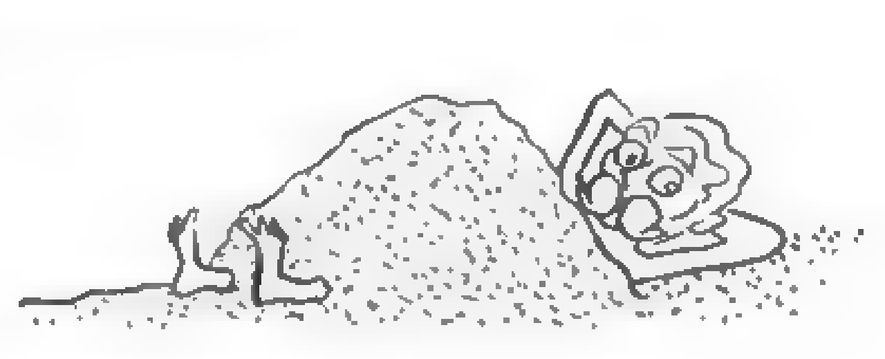
Most military experts disagreed with MacArthur. The consensus of experts was voiced by Maj. Gen. Hagood, who reported President Hoover: "It is not within the wildest possibility to maintain or to raise in the Philippine Islands a sufficient force to defend it against any probable foe."

Whatever hopes MacArthur had of defending the Philippines received a bad jolt when the news of the disaster at Pearl Harbor came in. They received another blow a few hours later when his own air force was crippled in an attack on Clark Field. High Commissioner Francis B. Sayre has described the conference he held with MacArthur immediately after word of these two separate disasters had been received.

"He was pacing the floor of his office," said Sayre, "and I could see from the drawn lines on his face how grave the situation must be. He read to me the radio telling of the tragic losses suffered at Pearl Harbor and the damage to the Navy on which our relief vitally depended. He went on to tell me how many of our planes had been destroyed on the ground at Clark Field. Our hearts were heavy and it was hard to believe that we were not in some horrible nightmare from which we would awake."

As long as he had some big bombers left, MacArthur was able to keep the Japanese from the Philippines. Capt. Colin Kelly sank the *Haruna*, before he died a hero's death, and a substantial number of enemy barges and troop ships were destroyed before reaching Philippine shores. But once his air force had been shattered, with no reinforcements in sight because of the necessity of sending all available planes to Hawaii, MacArthur had to fall back on the original U. S. Army strategy of fighting a delaying action in the Philippines.

The first Japanese landings, at Aparri and Legaspi, on the northernmost and southernmost tips of Luzon, went unopposed. MacArthur was not going to dissipate his strength in actions far from his main base. Then, as the Japanese pincers closed steadily in toward Manila, the defending American and Filipino armies fought a brilliant retreating action, inflicting the heaviest possible damage on the enemy with the slightest possible losses to themselves.



It must be the war. Here it is practically August and not a single All-America football team has been picked.

No, Egbert, Hitler's favorite game is definitely not Russian Bank.

As we understand it, the idea is to effect a price ceiling and then whitewash the Axis.

One of our chief war problems is how to cope with the enormous number of people doing non-essential things. Including those who, at this time of year, go around saying: "Is it hot enough for you?"

Finally, in the last days of December, MacArthur united his northern and southern armies, swung them onto Bataan Peninsula and settled down for the great last stand which was to write a new page in the history of American military campaigns.

MacArthur's command on Bataan was made up of a queer medley of rank amateurs and hard-bitten professionals, of raw recruits and grizzled veterans. Its keystone was the Thirty-First Infantry Regiment of the United States regular army. The Thirty-First, more familiarly known in Manila as the Thirsty-First, is the only regiment in the United States Army that has never seen service in the continental United States.

It was organized in Manila during the first World War, and was subsequently the Manila garrison, with quarters in the old Cuartel de España. It fought in Siberia, after the first World War, when a realistic government at Washington wanted to be sure that Japan wouldn't grab off several fat portions of the revolution-ridden Russian government's territory in Siberia. It served in Shanghai in 1932, when only a display of American and British force kept Japan from entering the International Settlements and banging closed the Open Door in China. But the Thirty-First never got to the United States.

It was as fine an infantry regiment as this country possessed, and it took much of the hammering which the Japanese threw against our forces on Bataan. In addition to the Thirty-First, there were a couple of other regular army regiments on Bataan, and three National Guard outfits, recently arrived from the United States. They were the 192nd and the 194th Tank Battalions, drawn from Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, Kentucky, Minnesota, Mississippi, California and Washington, and the 200th Coast Artillery, which came from New Mexico. When Bataan finally fell, there were 9,000 Americans among the 36,000 troops on the peninsula whom Secretary of War Stimson described as "effectives."

As with the Americans, the core of the Filipino troops was to be found in the regularly organized U. S. Army units, the Filipino Scouts which had served in the Philippines for thirty years. Officered mainly by Americans, these regiments included infantry, cavalry and coast artillery units. Supporting these tough professional soldiers were a division or two of green Philippine Army troops, the soldiers whom MacArthur had trained and then called into the federal service when he was given the Far Eastern command. They were under Filipino officers, many of whom had graduated from West Point. Of the sixteen generals on Bataan, six were Filipinos.

Throughout most of January, MacArthur apparently believed

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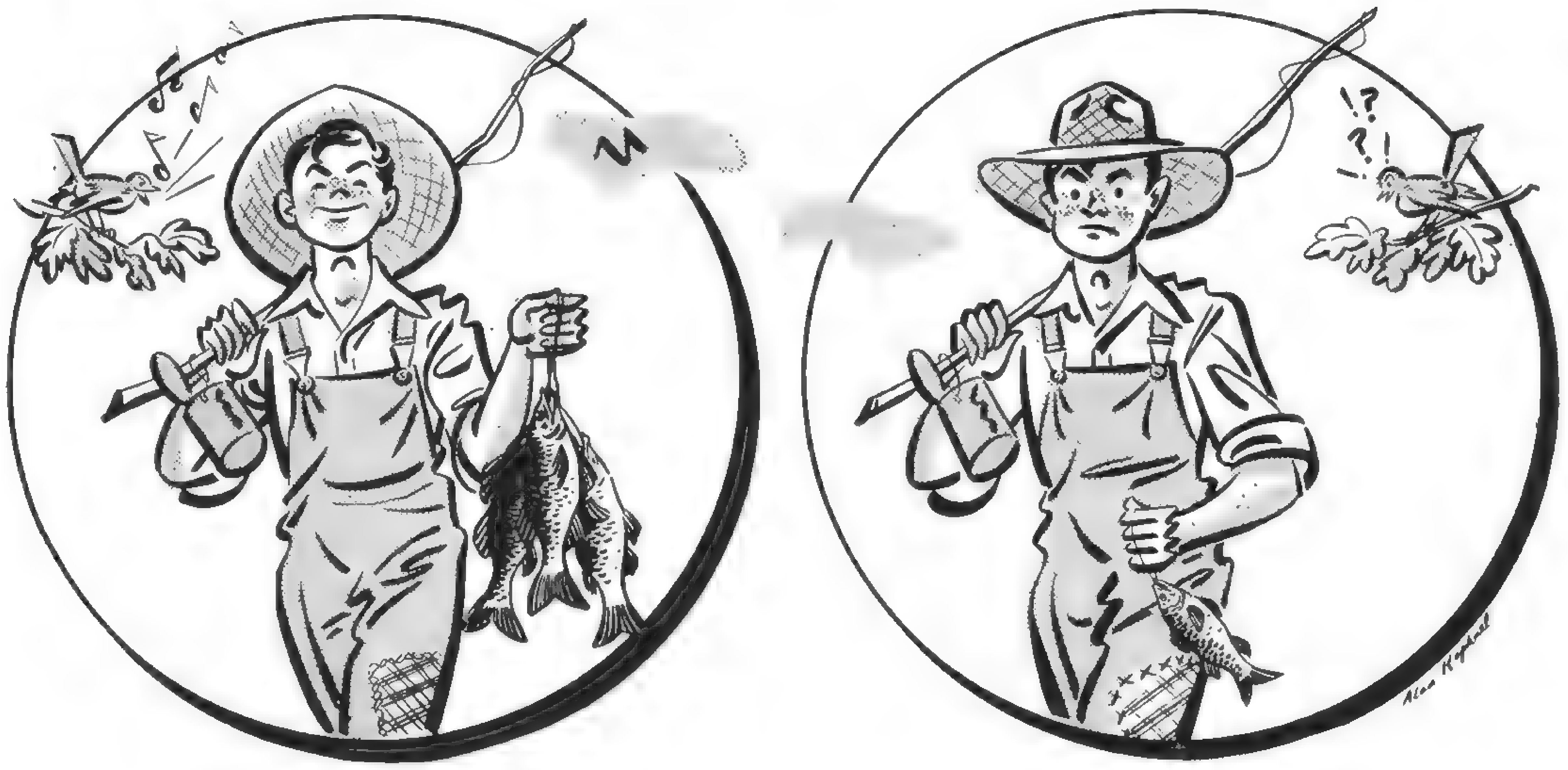
Three *are better than* One



YES, SIR!

And Especially When It's Ad-Readers You're Trying to Catch!

READING The Chicago Daily News is a time honored *family custom* dating back almost 70 years.

It is the family custom always to have each day's copy of The Daily News brought to the *home*—kept in the *home*—and read in the *home.*

That's why The Chicago Daily News averages *three* readers per copy.

* * *

Obviously the advertiser cannot evaluate all Chicago newspapers on the basis of *triple-reading* per copy. In this city of metropolitan size, newspapers are coming off the presses at practically every hour around the clock.

And hundreds of thousands of these copies flowing from the restless printing machine are *single-reader* copies. They represent *low-potential* circulation for the advertising carried in their columns, the margin of waste which advertisers must absorb.

* * *

In 1941 The Chicago Daily News published more than *double* the total grocery linage of any other Chicago newspaper—morning, evening or Sunday.*

Grocery advertisers, whether general or retail, continually put a newspaper to the test week in and week out, twelve months in the year. Their experience has conclusively convinced them that The Daily News is Chicago's *high-potential* advertising medium.

And proven to them, over and over again, that for maximum dollar value for the advertiser three readers are better than one!

**Reported by Media Records. Liquor linage omitted.*

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DAILY NEWS PLAZA: *400 West Madison Street,* CHICAGO • NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza*
DETROIT OFFICE: *7-218 General Motors Building* • SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

DATIN' DATA

Exclamation-point your way to social stardom . . . put a gilt edge on your education . . . with Esquire's soon-to-be published Date Book, a potent partner for your private "little black book." Not for the timid nor for the patron of Plato is this bon mot from the beau monde . . . not for the hermit, nor yet for the hail-fellow-well-wet. But for every last life-loving man who would flaunt a new flair with the fair sex, Esquire's Date Book is required heeding. Between the covers of this intrinsically beautiful book you'll find the royal road to romance, the key to the magic wine cellars of Omar Khayyam. Its under-running philosophy of finesse will gold plate any date, touch the most casual with an electric spark of the cosmic. Esquire's field work (fascinating stuff, that!) has resulted in a formula that will show you how to have your date and keep it, too. So, if there's one bit of hustle in your corpuscles, mark a big new leaf on your calendar for August 15th . . . for that's the day when we can at last tell you the complete, eye-opening details about this entirely new idea in social-lighting —Esquire's Date Book.

—WATCH—

THIS SPACE FOR THE UNVEILING, AND FOR THE ENABLING COUPON

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

—WATCH—

Balance Sheet on Bataan

Continued from pages 18-152

that he could hold Bataan until help came. He even permitted a correspondent to send out a dispatch about a "Bomber for Bataan" fund which the soldiers were subscribing to. The fund, it was ironically reported, would be large enough to pay war bonuses to the crew which carried the plane to the Philippines.

When a Japanese submarine popped up off the California coast and fired the first shells of the war to land on continental United States soil, the story spread from one end of the country to the other that MacArthur had cabled the commanding officer in San Francisco: "Will send relief if you can hold out for a month." There is no evidence that General MacArthur had anything to do with the starting of the story, but it is exactly the sort of sly humor that would greatly appeal to him.

As a matter of fact, the United States was trying to get help to MacArthur, and a few merchant vessels ran the Japanese blockade with food and arms for the defenders of Bataan and Corregidor. But, as Secretary Stimson admitted later, for every ship that got through two were lost.

By the end of February MacArthur must have realized that Bataan had little hope of being anything except a glorious defeat. Still that hope existed, small as it might have been. In a glowing tribute to Igorot troops who staged a particularly savage attack against the enemy, MacArthur said, "I have seen forlorn hopes become realities." This message, addressed to his staff, probably was meant to convey the impression that the forlorn hope of Bataan might yet become a reality.

A few days later, at the orders of his commander-in-chief, MacArthur broke through the enemy blockade and landed in Australia, where he immediately assumed command of the United Nations forces in the Southwest Pacific. In the first statement he made after landing in Australia, MacArthur said, "The President of the United States ordered me to break through the Japanese lines and proceed from Corregidor to Australia for the purpose, as I understand it, of organizing the American offensive against Japan. A primary purpose of this is the relief of the Philippines. I came through and I shall return." There was no promise, however, that he would return in time to relieve Bataan.

Less than a month later, Bataan fell. It was one of the greatest single military disasters in our history. Thirty-six thousand men and sixteen generals, trapped on the rugged peninsula which dips down from the north into Manila Bay, were either captured or killed. Never in history had such a large U. S. force drunk the bitter brew of unconditional surrender.

The final tribute to the heroes of Bataan came from their old commander, General MacArthur, although most of them will have to wait for the end of the war to hear it. "The Bataan force went out as it would have wished," said General MacArthur, "fighting to the end of its flickering and forlorn hope."

Reduced to eating mule meat, ridden by the malaria for which Bataan has long been notorious, without quinine or adequate medical treatment, exhausted by fifteen days of ceaseless enemy artillery and bombing attacks, the defenders of Bataan gave up their fight. Corregidor, of course, could hold out for some time to come, but the real defense of Luzon ended when Bataan fell. An American invading force reconquering the principal Philippine island presumably will take it the way Japan did—by landing troops at Atimonan or Lingayen and moving overland toward the city of Manila. Bataan no longer affords an easy re-entry to Luzon.

Was Bataan worth while? What did MacArthur and his "Gallant Handful" accomplish on that now historic bit of Philippine soil, smaller than a township?

From the strictly military standpoint their achievements more than justified their losses. They held an army estimated at 200,000 men for more than three months, when the Japs needed a large number of their troops for the campaigns to the west and to the south. They tied up a large number of Japanese supply ships, when those ships could have been carrying tanks and troops and munitions to other vital war fronts. Most important of all, they forced the Japs to use up a very substantial amount of their hoard of war material, something which the Japanese industrial machine is not able to replace as rapidly as the United States can turn it out. In war, as in checkers, you can trade your enemy on even terms so long as you have greater resources to start with. On Bataan, the U. S. did far better than trade on even terms.

The real significance of Bataan, however, lay in its moral effect on the American people, not in the ledger books of profit and loss. A whole generation of Americans had been drugged by the false security of a peace which could not endure. The youth of the land had been brought up on the philosophy of "No More Parades." It is galling to recall that in 1932, when pacifism in this country reached its high water mark, General MacArthur himself was picketed in Pittsburgh by sincere but misguided college students carrying anti-war banners and such personally vicious signs as "Generals die in bed."

Each fall, as Europe became an armed camp and great armies of that restless continent marched and counter-marched in their annual maneuvers, American newspapers gloried in the fact that while Europe was thinking of war the United States was going to football games. Anyone who suggested that the best football team in the country couldn't stop one enemy tank was hooted down as a war-monger.

Even after it was obvious that war couldn't be avoided, most Americans refused to face the facts. One of the best examples of our reaction to war has been reported by High Commissioner Sayre, whose position and years in the Far East had made him more acutely aware of the certainty of armed conflict than most of his countrymen. Describing how the war came closer and closer, during the Fall of 1941, Sayre said:

"Finally, on December 1, we received a message from Washington urging us to be on the lookout for a possible Japanese attack. . . . Yet even then the possibility of actual war seemed hard to believe."

If Sayre, after sitting on the rim of the volcano for more than two years, found it hard to believe that there would be an eruption, it is not surprising that most Americans in this country were sure there would be no war. The isolationist press and the so-called non-interventionist groups had sold the entire nation a bill of goods to the effect that this country could never be attacked.

But besides persuading the American people that war would not come, the isolationist publishers and orators had convinced the Axis that the United States would be unable to rise to the challenge of war when it did come. They had made intelligent observers all over the world believe that the Americans were soft, split into irreconcilable factions and ripe for the plucking.

I recall a conversation which I had with a good friend of mine in Manila, Go Puan Seng, the foremost Chinese editor in the Philippines. We had been discussing the Sino-Japanese War, and were both agreed that sooner or later war between the United States and Japan would be inevitable.

"There is only one thing about that war which worries me," Go said. "I have seen the well-dressed, well-equipped, well-fed American soldiers. I have visited the barracks at Fort McKinley, and I have seen American officers enjoying their month's vacation in the country-club atmosphere of Camp John Hay in Baguio.

"Now these things are all fine, but I wonder what effect they will have on your soldiers when war comes. We Chinese have learned that the only way to fight the Japanese is to live as they do, forgetting about the comforts of life, subsisting on a handful of rice a day, doing without medical attention in many cases. I wonder how American soldiers will stand up under a regime of that sort?"

If the Japanese haven't killed Go, he knows the answer now. So does the rest of the world. Bataan answered Go's question, in a way that couldn't be misunderstood.

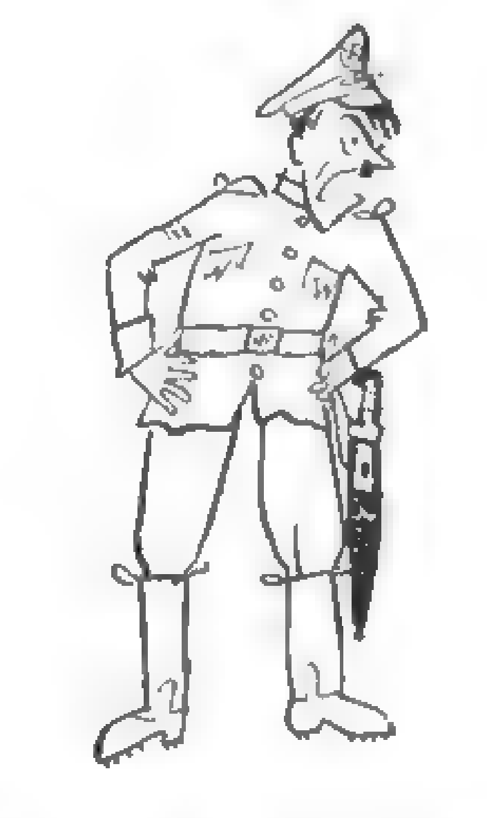
In the days and weeks immediately after Pearl Harbor there was no way of knowing for certain whether the American people would survive the first awful shock of military disaster. No one could be certain that this nation, softened by years of ease and peace, could get lean and tough quickly enough to meet a skillful, ruthless, powerful combination of enemies.

It required Bataan, with all its horrors, to prove to this country and to the world that Americans had not, like many another people before them, grown too soft to stand up to the rigors of modern

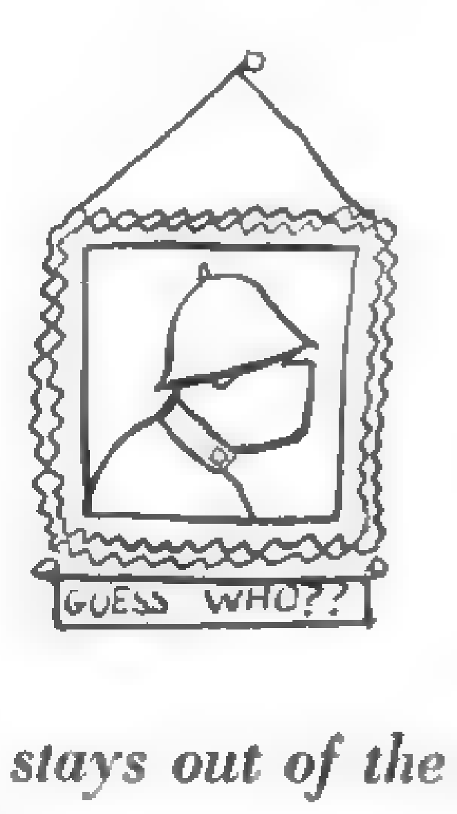
Continued on page 156

A guy with whom I'll sign
no friendship pacts
Is he who says: "Where did
you get those facts?"

What we'd like to get our hands on is a bicycle built for $2.98.



Hitler was only a corporal in the first World War—although he learned to talk like a top sergeant.



If he stays out of the news much longer, a good sixty-four dollar question on the quiz programs will be: "Who is dictator of Italy?"

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PUERTO RICAN 86 PROOF

Perfect for summer drinks...cool and refreshing...a luxury drink at moderate cost...from Puerto Rico, U.S.A.
WHITE LABEL, 86 proof, for cocktails
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SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS: **Schieffelin & Co.**, NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

"Darling, I took your hint, — I now have my L'ORLÉ"

The safe, pleasant way for Women and Men to safeguard their social and business acceptance is to use L'ORLÉ* double-purpose LODORANTE that deodorizes and prevents body and under-arm odors, and refreshes at the same time . . . for WOMEN,—Many intriguing perfume fragrances . . . For MEN,—Tangy, He-man, outdoor scents . . 2-oz. . $1 . . wherever Toiletries are sold,—or post-paid on receipt of $1.10 *(includes tax).*

Write for folders illustrating L'ORLÉ Toiletries for WOMEN and MEN.

*Pronounced LORLAY

PARFUM
GENTLEMEN'S L'odorante

Affinities in the fulfillment of happiness

L'ORLÉ Inc., Creator of Essential Toiletries for Women and Men . . 6 East 39th St., New York

Balance Sheet on Bataan

Continued from pages 18-152-155

warfare no matter how great the odds.

If the defenses of Bataan had wilted under the first direct onslaught of the foe, as did those of Hongkong, Singapore and Java, the United States could never have achieved its present high state of morale. Nor would the rest of the world have had any reason to doubt that an Axis victory in the war was an absolute certainty.

There was one other great gain for this nation in the suffering on Bataan, less tangible perhaps than the heavy blows struck the enemy and less important than the positive proof that American soldiers were still able to hold their own in any part of the world.

That was the heroic example of the Filipino troops, who not only established the right of the Philippines to a place in the concert of free nations but who also vindicated once and for all the basic soundness of U. S. policy toward the Philippines. This policy was stated by President McKinley, when the fortunes of another war threw the Philippines into our lap, and was never deviated from thereafter. Briefly, it was a policy of the Philippines for the Filipinos. We held the Philippines, not to exploit and not for our own profit, but to develop and educate and prepare for their long-awaited self-government.

For forty years foreigners declared that the United States was entirely wrong in its avowed intention of preparing the Filipino people to govern themselves. And when the Philippine independence date was set for July 4, 1946, every colonial power in the world believed the Americans were utterly insane.

Yet when it came to war—the ultimate payoff in all international relations—our Philippine investment in fair dealing paid some very handsome dividends. Three out of every four soldiers on Bataan were Filipinos, and we have General MacArthur's word for it when he said, "No army has ever done so much with so little."

They came from every section of the Philippines, and from every stratum of Philippine society, those Filipinos, and they never wavered in their determination to fight through to the end. Christians, pagans and Mohammedans fought side by side through an ordeal which proved that our experiment in nation building had not failed. The first enlisted man to win a Congressional Medal of Honor in this war was a Filipino, and the first Filipino to get a Distinguished Service Cross was the son of a Filipino who fought against American troops during the Philippine Insurrection. Class distinctions, along with color and racial differentiations were forgotten on Bataan, where wealthy Filipinos dove into foxholes alongside of their former cooks.

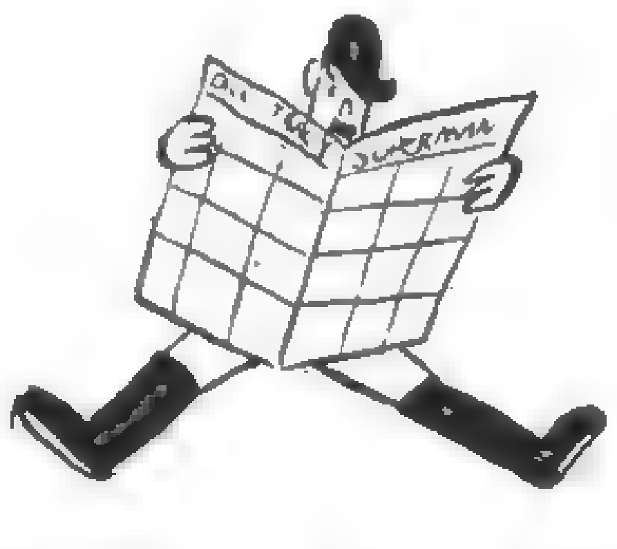
Not since Bataan can anyone say, with the slightest degree of accuracy, that the American plan of building a democracy in the Philippines was a mistake. And the way the Filipinos fought and died on Bataan is proof that a sovereign country can treat a dependency fairly. That fact should never be lost sight of in the postwar settlements. It should become a guiding principle in the great task which will one day face the United Nations, the task of creating a Just Order throughout all of Asia.

Bataan did not serve its original purpose in United States grand strategy. It will never afford an opening wedge for United States troops to re-enter the Philippines. But Bataan was not fought in vain. The men who bled and died on Bataan were not sacrificed on the altar of a mad militarism.

Bataan took a heavy toll of the by no means inexhaustible supplies of Japanese soldiers and Japanese materials. It demonstrated to the United States and to the world that Americans can and will fight. And it gave convincing proof that the sense of mutual trust and fair-dealing which underlay United States-Philippine relations is an extremely sound basis for international dealings.

Bataan was not fought in vain. In many ways the greatest single military defeat of our history has already proved well worth the tears and blood and sense of frustration that it left in its wake. The Americans now know that they can lose still another Bataan, if need be, but that they cannot under any circumstances lose the war and that they need not under any false apprehensions fumble the peace. ⌗

The average pre-war motorist was said to use fifty-five gallons of gas a month.—And in spite of that it got most of us nowhere.



With Dick Tracy, Superman, Buck Rogers and various other comic strip heroes enrolled on our side in this struggle, it's a wonder to us the Axis hasn't folded up already.

Long, Lonesome Road

Continued from page 21

happily—Clay stood very still.

The cop nodded. "All right, soldiers," he said. "You, white boy!" He nodded to Joe. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You get back into town where you belong."

"Oh, yeah," said Joe softly, stepping forward. Then he heard what the officer said to Clay, and he growled, low in his throat.

"Listen, nigger," the cop said, without particular bitterness. "You should have more sense than to be bringing a nice white boy out here. We've had enough trouble. Now you two split it up or I'll run you both in."

"Yas sah, Boss," Clay said. And despite his drinks, Joe was able to marvel at this complete transformation. The slouching soldier who stood there with him was suddenly an ignorant animal with his trainer.

The cop turned and started away as though it were all settled. Joe started softly after him, but Clay grabbed him.

"Joe," he begged. "Do you want to get me killed? I mean it. Let it go, Joe. I'm begging you, let it go."

"That dirty rat, why—"

"I've been trying to tell you, Joe. I thought maybe the war had changed things here, but it hasn't, Joe. Don't you see? This thing goes very deep, down here, pal. It's going to take a long, long time. You can't solve it by hitting a cop or by forcing your way into a white bar, or a white drug store, or a white picture show. You see, Joe, don't you? It would be better if I went on down Walnut and you went back—with—with your own kind."

Joe looked at the signs on West Walnut. "Those places, then," he said. "That's where you can go, eh pal?"

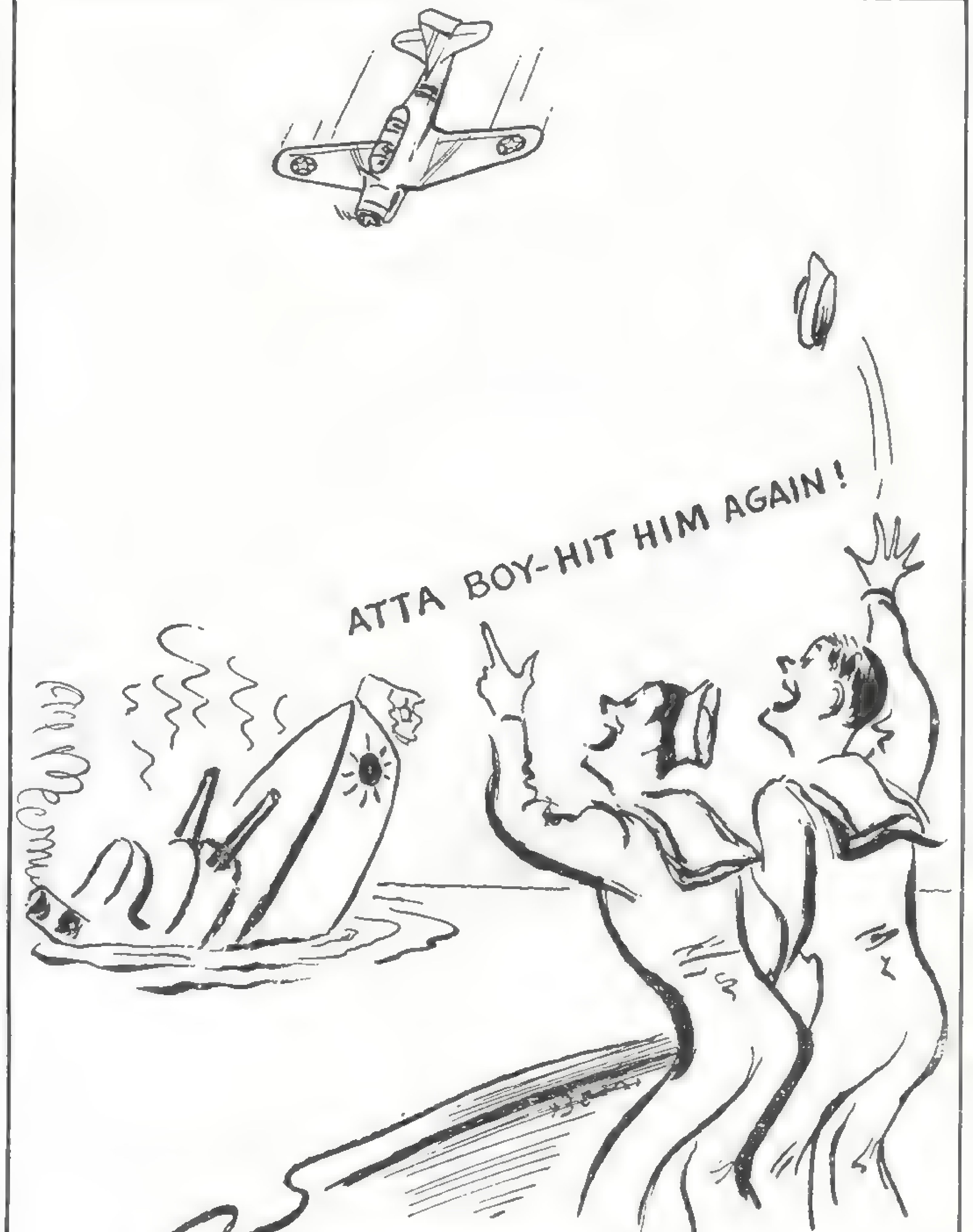
"That's right, Joe. Those are the places I can go."

"Well, hell then." Joe said. "What are we waiting for?"

Clay stood still for a long moment and sweat shone on his black forehead.

"Oh get the hell on back to town, Joe," he said, his voice shaking. "I don't want you hanging around with me, go on, beat it." He gave Joe a shove, and hurried away toward the neon signs.

Joe stood alone on the corner. "He's a smart boy," he muttered. "Smarter'n I am. Yep, I guess it'll take a long time, a long long time." Then his eyes lighted up. "But my skin it's white. I wonder if I can locate that cop?" ⌗


ATTA BOY-HIT HIM AGAIN !

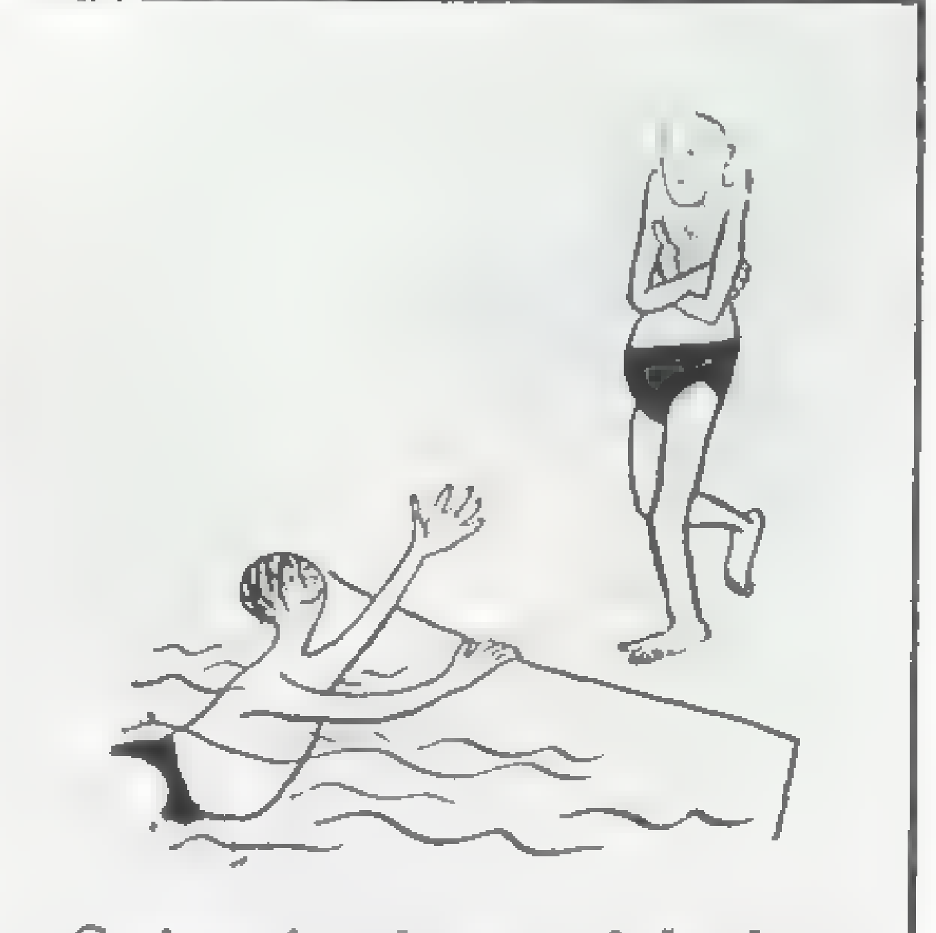
We used to think that guy a dub,
Still he flew a Piper Cub!
Now he's the Navy's leading flier!
Way upstairs and going higher!

Soldier, Sink or Swim

Continued from page 59

is possible for good swimmers, using the pack, leaving the shoes on and swimming the side stroke, to land in large numbers without the use of smaller or shallow water boats. The clothing, of course, would be wet; but they would have a dry pack and a dry gun while making a landing in this fashion.

The difficulties of getting away from a sinking ship are known to be very great. Men may be pulled down by the suction, or they may have to go down to help comrades. Swimming under water requires practice and a different technique from normal diving. The pressure is so increased "down deep" that it is necessary to "blow the ears." In other words, you may puff up the muscles around the neck in such a way as to protect the ears from this pressure. It also takes time to go deeply under water, and a person must understand that the air he has taken in is rapidly becoming carbon dioxide. As a result, he is more in danger of suffocating from this carbon dioxide than he is from the lack of fresh air. Consequently this carbon dioxide must be released gradually. Control must be developed by the swimmer by practice or he will suffer from bleeding after being down in the depths.



Swimming is one of the few sports comparatively unaffected by the war. Nobody yet seems to have invented a substitute for the good old one about "it's all right after you get in."

There have been many heroic examples of the value of swimming in war. Ted Cann, former New York University star and a brother of Howard Cann, the basketball coach, was the first Navy man to win the Congressional Medal of Honor in the previous World War. He saved his ship, the *U. S. May*, by diving and swimming in the bilge water for four hours to repair a leak. Both Ted and Howard are now naval officers.

Endurance swimming is the thing in war. Speaking at the nineteenth annual National Collegiate Athletic Association meeting at Harvard, Henry Ortland, Naval Academy swimming coach, said that: "The fall of both Singapore and Hong Kong was due in no small measure to the swimming ability of the Jap troops who were able to effect landings by swimming ashore with full equipment. Jap endurance swimmers were responsible for the reconstruction of

Continued on page 158

RAWHIDE LUGGAGE HAS NATURE'S
Triumphant Beauty
TUFRAW GENUINE GUTMANN

TUFRAW Rawhide Luggage has a beauty of texture, color and markings only nature can impart. It is the ideal War-Time Luggage, because it is an economical investment in long-time wear and satisfaction.

At better luggage shops and department stores

GENUINE TUFRAW Rawhide by GUTMANN

is made by
Gutmann and Company, Inc., Chicago

RIGID SPECIFICATIONS FOR MOVADO WATERPROOF
MOVADO
REMARKS:
WELL PLANNED ✓
EFFICIENT ✓
NO SUPERFLUOUS PARTS ✓
FEATURES:
WATERPROOF
AIRTIGHT
DUSTPROOF
STURDY
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Soldier, Sink or Swim

Continued from pages 59-157

the Singapore causeway which enabled them to take the city." Ortland revealed that the Navy has changed its methods of swimming instruction from stressing speed and form to endurance and the ability to float for long periods in order that more lives can be saved in emergencies at sea.

Irony

Many youngsters are attending college this summer —giving dad a wonderful opportunity to drive his own car if he only had a car.

Now for the value of swimming in sponsoring physical fitness. Development of prowess in any physical activity requires exercise of some kind. There is general all-around physical fitness, which may be called condition. And then there are the specialized feats, such as already mentioned—swimming with a military pack, or under-water swimming for rescue work. These are specialized forms.

General conditioning requires a general type of exercise, and for this purpose swimming has been found to be one of the best and most effectual of sports. By such an exercise as moderate swimming the vasomotor adjustment of the heart is improved to such an extent that with fifty or sixty beats it will pump more blood than the untrained heart can with seventy or eighty beats. It has been found also that the heart that beats sixty times a minute works only twenty minutes and rests forty minutes of each hour, while the heart beating eighty times per minute must work twenty-three minutes of that hour. In fact the non-athlete's heart, doing strenuous exercise, beats so fast that it hardly has time to fill between beats; thus, instead of pumping more and more blood to the active muscles it reaches its maximum, beyond which more beats per minute yield no further returns in increased heart output. The duty of the vasomotor system is to direct the blood into the most active parts. It is the equivalent of turning low the radiators in unused rooms while opening up those in occupied rooms. That is why you will see men at the end of a hard run, swinging their arms, bringing about a new balance after the overwork of one set of muscles.

The value of swimming as a conditioning exercise may be judged from the fact that it has been found that the physically handicapped, particularly those who have had infantile paralysis, can exercise in the water, when they have very little use of their muscles out of water. The reason for this is that the water supports the body, and they merely have to employ the motions of control, not of lifting the weight. By this method the muscles may be built up as in other physical activities, without the tearing down action of out-of-water activities. For that reason the exercising in water builds muscles faster.

Furthermore, in the water, all the little auxiliary muscles that are not ordinarily used are brought into action. It is always evident that persons who do a great deal of swimming have long, smooth, graceful appearing muscles, instead of the knotty, short, hard muscles of the gymnast, football player, or pugilist. Those short, hard muscles may be quicker, but the long, supple muscles have more endurance.

In a nine-year research survey recently completed by a special committee of the College Physical Education Association, swimming stood out way above all of the thirty-two sports studied. The committee formulated five objectives to govern its work: (1) Physical and organic growth and the improvement of body function and body stability; (2) social traits and qualities that come to make up a good citizen and the development of sound moral ideas; (3) psychological development, including satisfactions resulting from stimulating exercises both physical and social; (4) safety skills to increase the individual's capacity for the protection in emergencies, both in handling himself and assisting others; (5) recreational skills that have a distinct function as hobbies for leisure time hours both during school and in after-school life.

All of these traits, which according to the scientific study are fostered better by swimming than by any other sport, are of even greater value to soldiers, who are men under stress, than civilians and college students. Yet even in the face of these facts, not enough emphasis is being made on swimming in the services. Reports are made that at the naval training stations the pools are not being used with the idea of conditioning the men, or training them in some aquatic team sport, such as water polo. The tanks are being used only, for the most part, to teach the men how to swim. In fact one report says that the officers' wives are using the pools more than the men.

This, it seems to me, is a costly oversight in our present military program. There may, unfortunately, be some day a costly price to pay for this neglect of the great values and benefits of swimming and its possible techniques that have direct values in many of the emergencies of a war such as this. ⧺

Football for Morale

Continued from page 22

football will be merely a means to that end.

In this effort at Maryland to teach boys morale and how to fight, I will have the whole-hearted co-operation of Colonel Wysor and the other officers of the Military Department under whom there are 12 companies and 1,500 men in an excellent R.O.T.C. Unit. We plan to have a football team in each of these companies and should have more than 500 in football suits during the fall.

Yes, of course, occasionally, a fellow will get a bad knee, or a minor injury; but don't forget, at the same time they're getting tough. They're getting fit. And you've got to be fit to survive against the unsporting opponents we are now up against.

So you can see, I think, that it's going to be the players who count in football this year; not the thousands in the stands. That's the place football is going to occupy in the future, until the war is won. That's its precise role and function. The recreation side will be for the participant and not for the spectator. That's the big transformation coming in football. Football as we have known it, the big spectacle, is gone. It's now going to be a participant sport. Its major objective is not the money for relief purposes that is going to be raised by these games. Its major goal is going to be to train men in team work and morale, to make them fit . . . I may say, the fittest, in this struggle in which only the fittest will survive.

All the operation of the modern mechanisms for war is in the hands of groups of soldiers, teams . . . not individuals, as in the past. We win by better team work in our squadrons. And team work is grounded on morale, which is learned better in football than in any other sport.

Then, of course, there is another, more technical factor, that fits curiously into this picture—one in which I happen to be peculiarly involved. I refer, of course, to the sudden vogue for the T-formation. I may say from a personal viewpoint that while of course deeply gratifying, the great furore over the T is almost always slightly amusing to me. These fads, caught up on a wave of publicity, come and go; and the basic reasons for the popularity are never known, understood, or even mentioned. So it has been with the T, which nevertheless is particularly significant at this moment of transition from select teams to football for all.

We approve of letting college freshmen play varsity football. Now a fellow can have his character built a whole year in advance.

Every football coach knows that it doesn't make much difference what formations you are committed to. The material and how it is used makes the offense. And that is right, sound. But football coaches have been great copycats. I don't know what the reason is except that if a thing succeeds, why right away everybody thinks that's the only way to do it.

It doesn't make such difference whether you use the T-formation or not. It's an approach to football that is involved—rather than a basic backfield formation. In those other old styles, whether single wingback, double wingback, or what have you, the offense depended on blocking, blocking . . . *knocking* the other fellow out of the way and then coming through with the ball carrier. I want you to understand that, for it is right in here that we come to the difference, the change, the transition to the thing that has made the T-formation successful . . . not the formation itself. The old blocking, power game depended on material, superior material; and it was in *its* day, *its* era that we had all this scouring around the country for big, powerful, outstanding material. But the T-formation style, in its modern development of the last couple of years, puts all the emphasis on feinting and deception and quickness and speed. You can find more boys who will become adept at using the T-formation, or the principles that have made the T-formation, and that's exactly why it fits so exceptionally well into the present situation when the military requires as many men as possible to be groomed and tempered in the hot crucible of competitive football. Therefore, the T-formation this fall, in addition to the boom that would naturally attend its publicity, will be the popular system because it is so adaptable to the abilities of so many players.

Coaches repeatedly ask me for plays off this formation, and yet until they understand that it is the actual *philosophy* of speed power that is the fundamental factor of this style, these plays are worthless.

I would like to ask: "How long has the nation been hearing about the T-formation?" Just the last couple of years. Yet it is almost as old as football itself. How long do you think the Chicago Bears have been using the T? Ever since they were organized in the early 20's. And yet you have only heard about the T-formation the last

Continued on page 160

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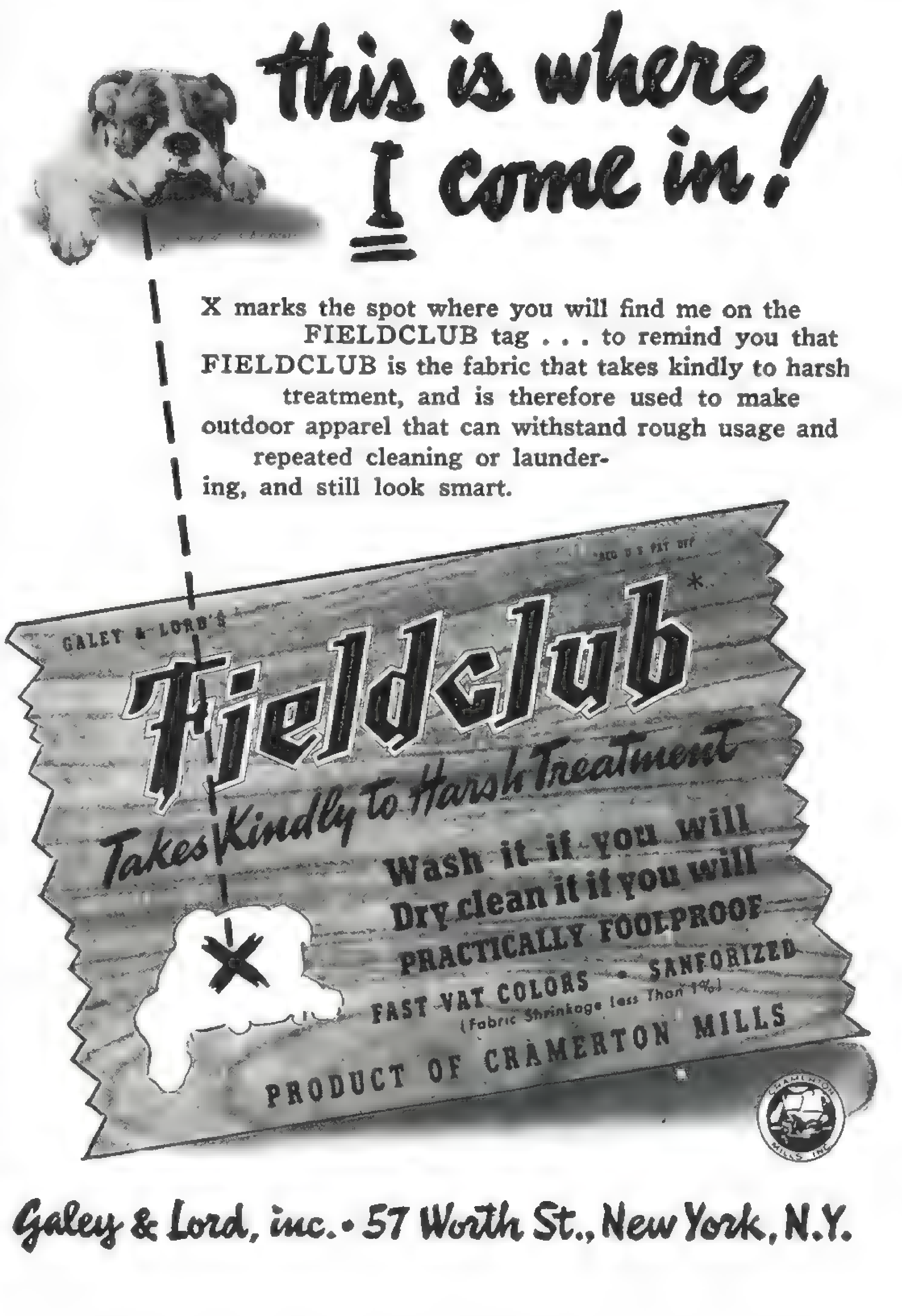

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Football for Morale

Continued from pages 22-159

couple of years. Why was that, do you suppose?

The T-formation was about the *only* formation the high school teams had way back in 1908. It has always been used somewhere in the country. In very recent years teams like Purdue and Notre Dame now and then for a change of pace would spring quick plays from their T-formation before going into their usual shift. Yet nobody said anything about the T-formation then. In those days all the talk was the shift, the double wingbacks, the single wingback. Why all this sudden flair for the T? What's the story? I get a lot of letters from coaches and newspaper men asking me for the inside dope. What's the inside dope? Well, it isn't so much, as far as the T itself is concerned.

I was coaching there at Chicago, teaching boys to go in there and fight against hopeless odds. And I want to tell you that takes guts. It isn't so bad to fight a man when you have an even chance to win; but to get into that ring when you're outclassed as much as if you were facing Joe Louis takes what it takes in this man's game. I wasn't winning much, and a football coach who isn't winning is just a joke to the public. I may say I found few sympathetic ears with the notable exceptions of Al Smart of Esquire Magazine, a great sportsman, and George Halas, founder, owner and coach of the Chicago Bears, and one of the shrewdest football men the game has ever known.

Football is a science to me, the maneuvering of men to attain an objective. It is very comparable to military strategy. So when George Halas didn't laugh at me or my theories I naturally warmed up to him. He didn't make fun of me and he was willing to listen. So when I'd make a suggestion he'd listen and we'd discuss it. He had been using the T-formation for a long time, and he had implicit faith in it. So as I propounded some of these pet theories of mine, he would take them, try them out. Some results were apparent. Then we both went to work in earnest. We put our theories together; we added spreads and combinations. It was a combined proposition. We'd go down to his office on the average of four nights a week from eight o'clock to midnight and discuss all these various possibilities. It wasn't a one-man proposition at all. It was a joint project. I did a good bit of the inventing, but George did the selecting and correcting. I'd come along with something and say: "You know football;

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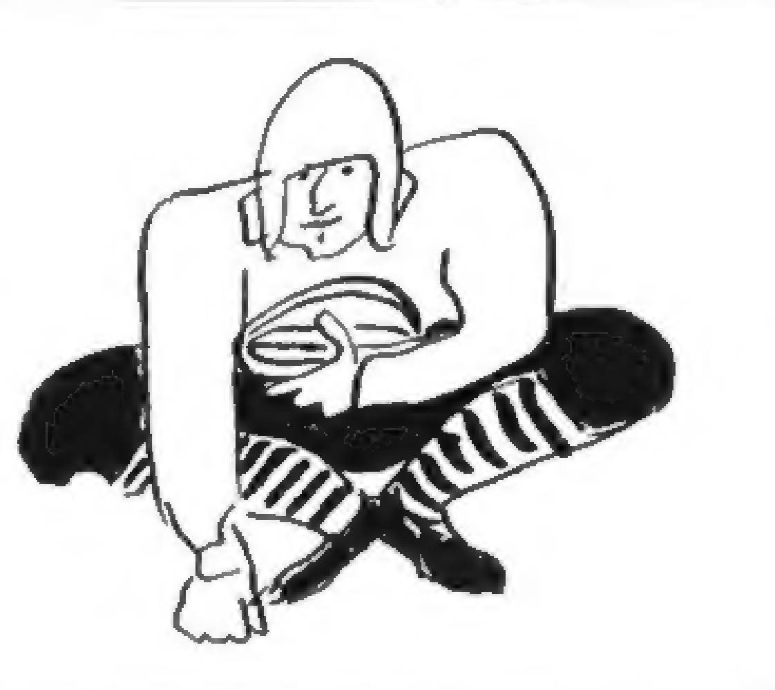

A great many college football teams will play freshmen next fall. This makes the outlook so uncertain that some of the more conservative experts aren't expected to pick their all-America teams until September this year.

you pick this to pieces and take what you like." That's the way it was done, gradually, experimentally.

Then I went out to Stanford and found little Frankie Albert, Norm Standlee, Pete Kemetovic and Hugh Gallarneau—boys ideally suited to the T-formation. These great backs behind a sturdy line won nine straight games and then the Rose Bowl. That brought us plenty of publicity. The T looked new to these young bloods of today who couldn't remember as far back as 1908. At the same time the Bears were winning tremendously in the National football league.

But let's not be led too much about this T-formation. Let's consider what makes it tick, what is more important about this system than all the talk about the T.

For after all it's really not the backfield formation called the T-formation that is the important thing in this transition, although that has had all the publicity. It is not the revival of the T-formation that is indicative; it is the basic change-over from the old power game that came out of Yale with Harry Williams, Walter Camp, Howard Jones and many others to the new type of attack based primarily on speed, finesse and deception. "Execution" Jones they used to call the late Howard Jones, whose theory was: "Tell 'em where you're going, and go there anyway." That was possible and effective with superior man power. It is still good football at Minnesota, where I played. But the basic value of the T type of play is that more men of limited capabilities can be utilized in this system and that is what the services want now—as many men as possible deriving all the possible benefits of this hard, contact, team game.

I played the T-formation under Harry Williams. But regardless of what backfield formations I have used as a coach I have always had my quarterback take the ball from center; I have always had a man in motion; and I have always used spread formations. These I regard as far more important than the backfield formation, whatever it may be; and there is evidence to that effect I believe in the fact that the T-formation did not have a vogue until these basic variations were applied to it.

It is simply, clearly, definitely and completely a breakaway from the old power game based on blocking, *power* blocking. That is the key point that is never, or seldom ever brought up. Concealment of the ball by the quarter turning around instantly, as in the early days, sets the stage for a finesse, deceptive, speed type of attack. The direct pass to the back of the other systems instantly reveals where the ball is, and that fact forced the spinner and fake spinner to be developed in those attacks.

Speed or deception football, whether worked from the T-formation or any other formation, is a complete breakaway from the old power game; it is based on an entirely different strategy, and as I said before, an entirely different philosophy. This type of play literally opens up the play—just as the swiftness of the airplane and the light tanks has opened up the threat of attack in war, making it very difficult, if not impossible, for a wide front of fixed positions to be held effectively. The big heavy ponderous slow-moving men in the power offensive could move only relatively forward along a very limited sector of the field. Our quick, shifty, feinting, speedy men with their fast getaway and quick turns and sidethrusts can threaten the defensive line from side line to side line constantly, thus opening up a wider territory for attack, and consequently, of course, a wider territory to be defended. Instead of threatening a segment of ground scarcely wider than from end to end, we threaten continually the entire width of the playing field.

This has always been the type of football that has appealed to me, although I was brought up and played under the old system. I experimented in this field for a number of years because I believed it superior football. Its success has served only to verify my convictions on attack. To me it is just better football.

And for many reasons this philosophy of attack happens to fit in perfectly in the present possibilities of football as military training. It gives more boys a better chance. For example, our left half at Stanford, Pete Kemetovic, was one of the greatest ball-carriers who ever played. But he couldn't pass or kick or block. He weighed only 165. In many systems he would have been useless.

Another thing: we give all of the boys a chance to carry or handle the ball. That's the sport; just as every ball player wants to bat. Rockne went to a great a-do to build up publicity for the blockers. But it was sheer drudgery.

And blocking itself was much more difficult in those systems because you had to hold the blocks so long. *We* are gone from there

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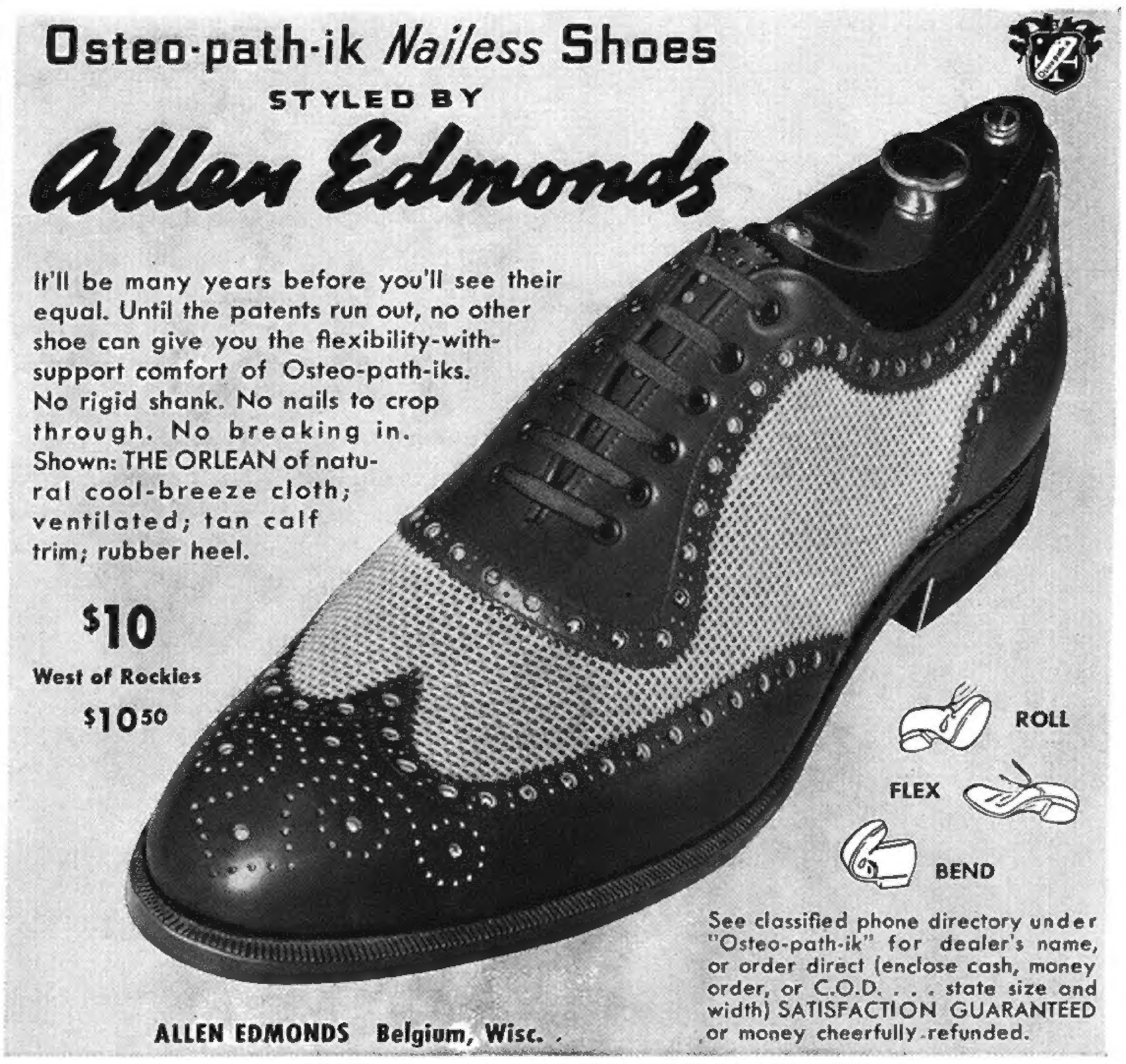

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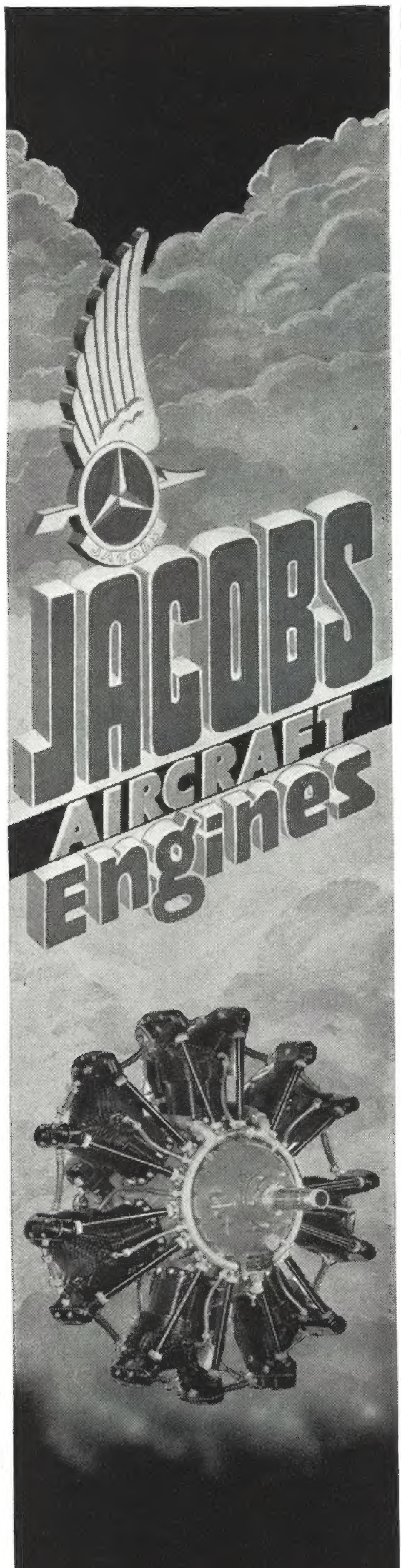

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Football for Morale

Continued from pages 22-159-161

in a hurry, so we can use "brush" blocks and multiple "brush" blocks. We go for all or nothing. Then consider our center. He becomes a key offensive man, because he can really block. He simply hands that ball back automatically to the quarter without looking at him at all and is in just as good a position to block as any of the other linemen. In the direct pass game he has to make sure his pass is good and probably take a beating that he can't see coming.

All the way through it is a type of game that gives the boy who isn't physically a super-athlete a chance. He can use his skill and wits and his imagination and his courage and fortitude and all the other things that aren't purely physical. Albert couldn't run or block worth writing home about. He was too slight, almost delicate. He was, however, a superlative ball handler, a great kicker and passer, and he could really call signals. Yet quarterbacks in all systems except the T-formation are primarily blockers.

The T-formation gives men like George McAfee, Hugh Gallarneau, Ray McLean, and Bob Swisher of the Bears full play for the use of their great talents. They are the faking, deceptive, quick reacting type. They are slim, slender lightweights. They are smart, thoughtful, courageous and never get rattled. They look for opportunities, recognize them. The good players in the T-formation type of offense will depend on these same qualities to hold their own on defense. The other team may score on us with their power; but we'll score on them faster with our speed and finesse. There's much more room for individual initiative, originality and imagination in our system; it gives the players a chance to use their heads. Players who are successful in this type of play will have fast reactions and quick, keen perception.

Another thing—a player who has some leeway on the field, who feels some individual responsibility, rather than being just a robot moved about here and there from the sidelines, gains confidence, confidence in himself—which multiplied by the entire team means *team* confidence. Confidence—*team* confidence—is the most subtle thing there is in the world; because one man may be confident, and eight discouraged, and two don't give a darn. You know the "bellcow" on the farm is the cow that all the others follow. I always look for a "bellcow" on my squads—a gang leader. There are boys like that, natural leaders. Norm Standlee was like that at Stanford. When "The Chief" was around, the boys just naturally felt that everything was all right.

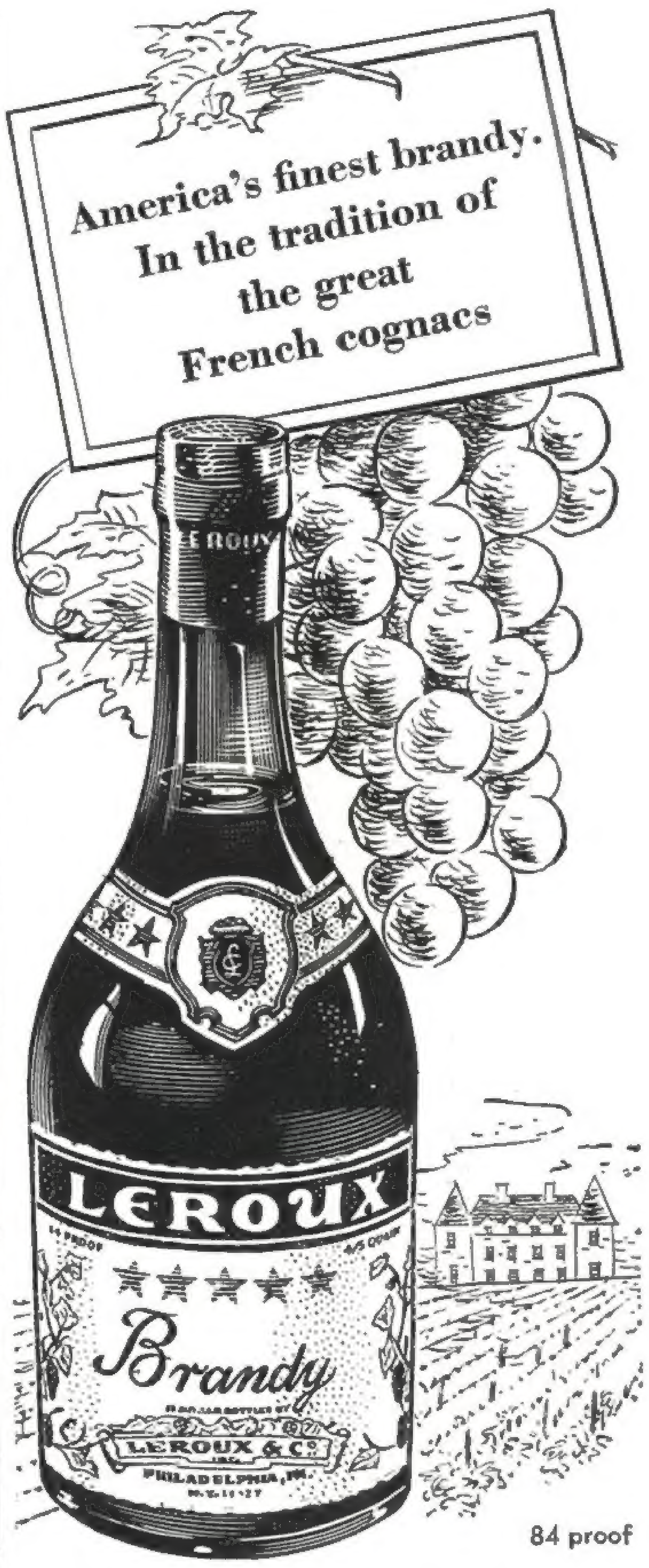
We will need leaders like that in our forces—many of them; and football will help bring them out, develop them. Our type of play, giving leeway to individual initiative and leadership, will help bring out these characteristics in many of the men . . . those who have it.

Perhaps all this is revolutionary; yet it's strange to me that it should seem so. But for too long a time we have held to an ingrown belief that football is all power; based on power. One of the great coaches of the old school watched many of our spring practices two years ago at Stanford with a notebook in his hand, and wrote a friend that this was the worst thing to call football he had ever witnessed. "If they win one game next fall," he said, "then you can throw everything I ever taught about football into the Pacific Ocean."

You would expect the old school to react in that way to our type of game. The old timers have always been exponents of the old power-game of football. They would naturally think our type of blocking terrible, because we didn't require power blocks. We made use of other possible factors to attain the same goal—quicker and easier. Small wonder the old school of thought shakes its head disapprovingly.

However, regardless of the approval or disapproval of my fellow football men all over the country, I think that I have found my greatest satisfaction in the success of this philosophy of football in the fact that through fortuitous circumstances it actually happens to be the very best type of game for the needs of our present critical emergency. The best and most satisfying thing I can find about the T-formation type of football lies in the fact that it just happens to be about the best type of offensive to get into the psychology of the men, for the type of warfare imposed upon us by these new lightning-quick types of war paraphernalia. For that reason I will be able to view without any alarm that great boom of military football that is coming this fall, and with it a widespread use of the wide open type of offense as exemplified by the T-formation. ⧺

Tough times loom ahead. In addition to all those hard-to-pronounce Russian battlegrounds it will soon be time to practice up on the Fordham football team.



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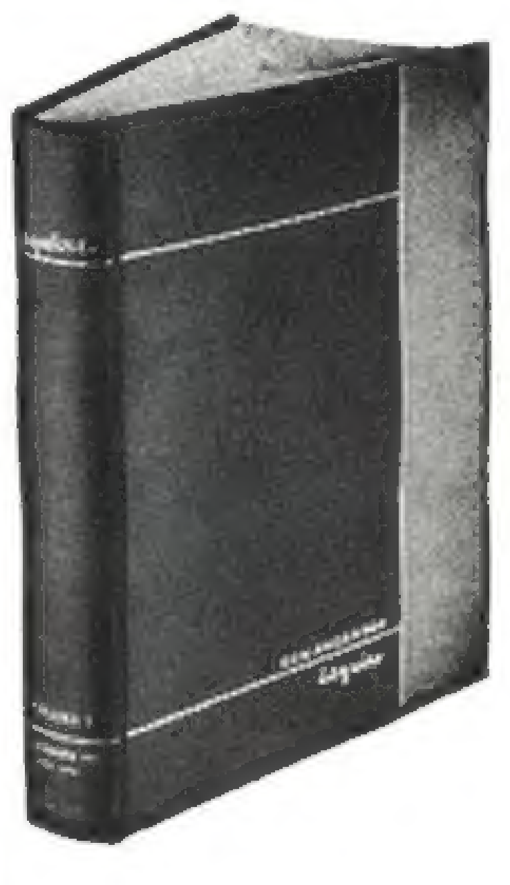

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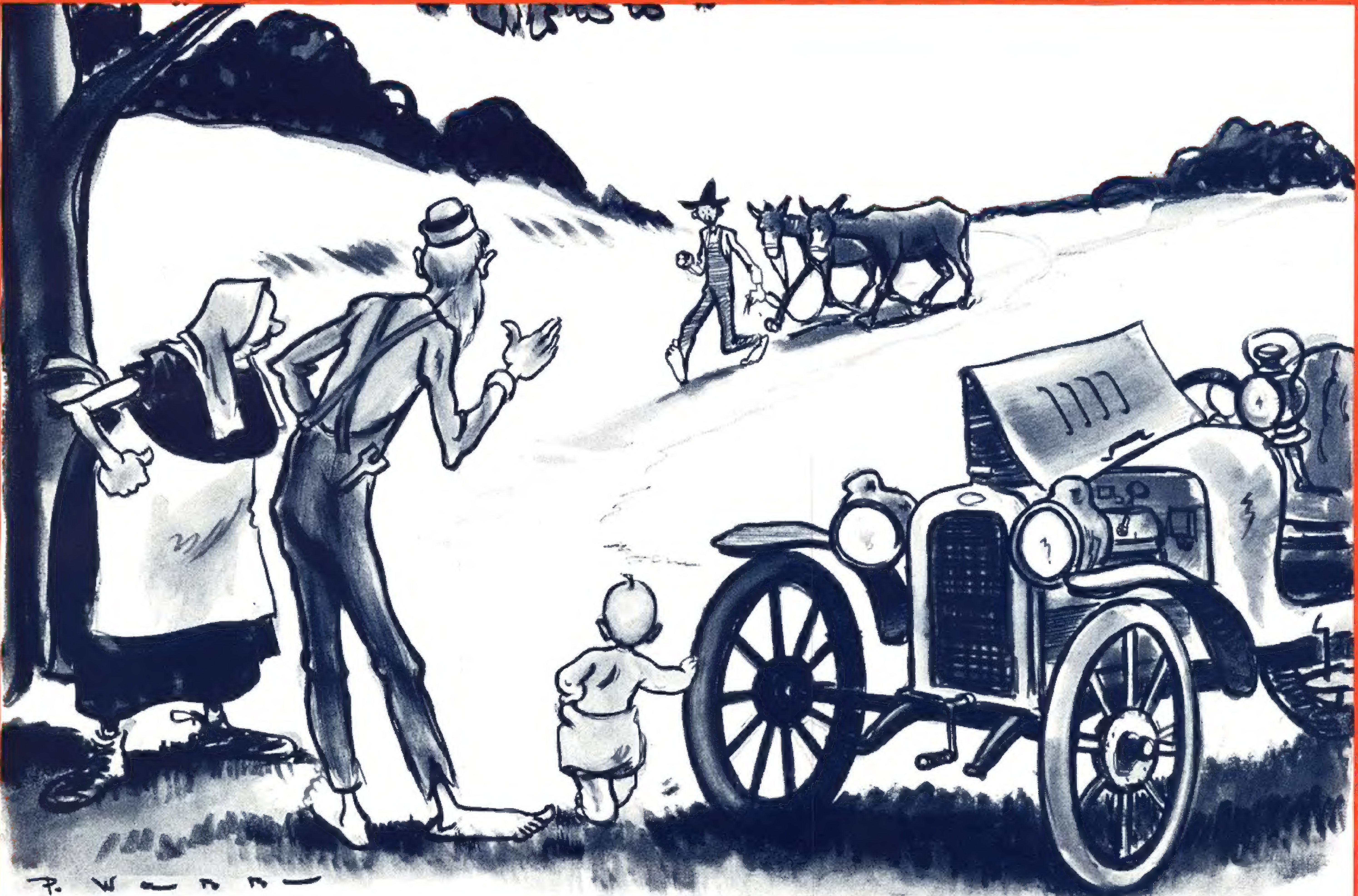

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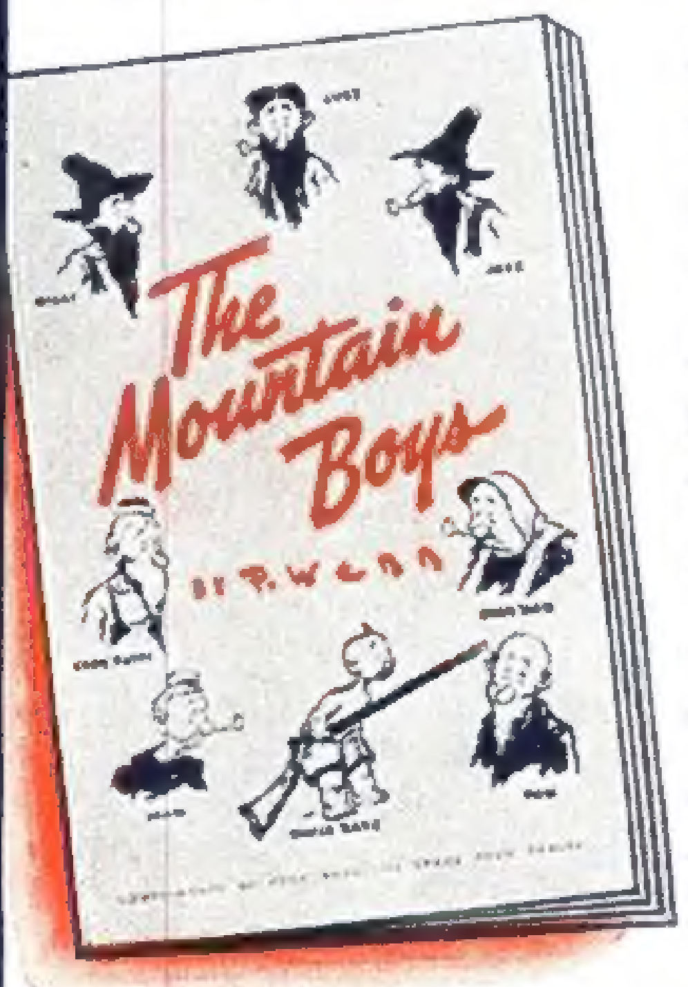

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Engineer Tom Floyd (right) *and technician test bomber-controls in Douglas cold chamber*

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